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THE
BRITISH POETS.

INCLUDING
TRANSLATIONS.

IN ONE HUNDRED VOLUMES.

LXXXV.

VIRGIL, VOL. I.



CHISWICK:

Printed by C. Whittingham,
COLLEGE HOUSE;

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1822.



THE
WORKS OF VIRGIL,

TRANSLATED BY
JOHN DRYDEN.

VOL. I.

Chiswick:
FROM THE PRESS OF C. WHITTINGHAM,
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THE
WORKS OF VIRGIL.

PASTORALS.

TO THE
RIGHT HON. HUGH LORD CLIFFORD¹,
Baron of Chudleigh.

MY LORD,

I HAVE found it not more difficult to translate Virgil, than to find such patrons as I desire for my translation. For though England is not wanting in a learned nobility, yet such are my unhappy circumstances, that they have confined me to a narrow choice². To the greater part I have not the honour to be known; and to some of them I cannot show at present, by any public act, that grateful respect which I shall ever bear them in my heart. Yet I have no reason to complain of Fortune; since, in the midst of that abundance, I could not possibly have chosen better, than the worthy son of so illustrious a father. He was the patron of my manhood, when I flourished in the opinion of the world;

¹ The son of lord-treasurer Clifford, to whom the Dedicator had inscribed his tragedy of 'Amboyna.'

² Dryden is here supposed to allude to the circumscribed sphere of his own religion and politics.

though with small advantage to my fortune, till he awakened the remembrance of my royal master. He was that Pollio, or that Varus, who introduced me to Augustus; and though he soon dismissed himself from state affairs, yet, in the short time of his administration, he shone so powerfully upon me, that, like the heat of a Russian summer, he ripened the fruits of poetry in a cold climate, and gave me wherewithal to subsist at least in the long winter which succeeded. What I now offer to your lordship, is the wretched remainder of a sickly age, worn out with study and oppressed by fortune; without other support than the constancy and patience of a Christian. You, my lord, are yet in the flower of your youth, and may live to enjoy the benefits of the peace which is promised Europe; I can only hear of that blessing: for years, and, above all things, want of health, have shut me out from sharing in the happiness. The poets, who condemn their Tantalus to hell, had added to his torments, if they had placed him in Elysium, which is the proper emblem of my condition. The fruit and the water may reach my lips, but cannot enter: and, if they could, yet I want a palate as well as a digestion. But it is some kind of pleasure to me, to please those whom I respect: and I am not altogether out of hope, that these Pastorals of Virgil may give your lordship some delight, though made English by one who scarce remembers that passion which inspired my author when he wrote them. These were his first essay in poetry (if the 'Ceiris' was not his): and it was more excusable in him to describe love when he

was young, than for me to translate him when I am old. He died at the age of fifty-two; and I began this work in my great climacteric. But having perhaps a better constitution than my author, I have wronged him less, considering my circumstances, than those who have attempted him before, either in our own or any modern language. And though this version is not void of errors, yet it comforts me that the faults of others are not worth finding. Mine are neither gross nor frequent in those Eclogues, wherein my master has raised himself above that humble style in which pastoral delights: and which, I must confess, is proper to the education and converse of shepherds: for he found the strength of his genius betimes, and was, even in his youth, preluding to his Georgics and his *Æneïs*. He could not forbear to try his wings, though his pinions were not hardened to maintain a long laborious flight. Yet sometimes they bore him to a pitch as lofty as ever he was able to reach afterwards. But when he was admonished by his subject to descend, he came down gently, circling in the air, and singing to the ground; like a lark, melodious in her mounting, and continuing her song till she alights; still preparing for a higher flight at her next sally, and tuning her voice to better music. The fourth, the sixth, and the eighth Pastorals, are clear evidences of this truth. In the three first, he contains himself within his bounds: but addressing to Pollio, his great patron, and himself no vulgar poet, he no longer could restrain the freedom of his spirit, but began to assert his native character, which is

PASTORALS.

sublimity—putting himself under the conduct of the same Cumæan Sibyl, whom afterwards he gave for a guide to his Æneas. It is true, he was sensible of his own boldness; and we know it by the *paulo majora*, which begins his fourth Eclogue. He remembered, like young Manlius, that he was forbidden to engage: but what avails an express command to a youthful courage, which presages victory in the attempt? Encouraged with success, he proceeds further in the sixth, and invades the province of philosophy. And, notwithstanding that Phœbus had forewarned him of singing wars, as he there confesses, yet he presumed that the search of nature was as free to him as to Lucretius, who at his age explained it according to the principles of Epicurus. In his eighth Eclogue he has innovated nothing; the former part of it being the complaint and despair of a forsaken lover; the latter, a charm of an enchantress, to renew a lost affection. But the complaint perhaps contains some topics which are above the condition of his persons; and our author seems to have made his herdsmen somewhat too learned for their profession: the charms are also of the same nature; but both were copied from Theocritus, and had received the applause of former ages in the original. There is a kind of rusticity in all those pompous verses; somewhat of a holiday shepherd strutting in his country buskins. The like may be observed both in the *Pollio* and the *Silenus*, where the similitudes are drawn from the woods and meadows. They seem to me to represent our poet betwixt a farmer and a courtier, when he left

Mantua for Rome, and dressed himself in his best habit to appear before his patron, somewhat too fine for the place whence he came, and yet retaining part of its simplicity. In the ninth pastoral, he collects some beautiful passages, which were scattered in Theocritus, which he could not insert into any of his former Eclogues, and yet was unwilling they should be lost. In all the rest he is equal to his Sicilian master, and observes, like him, a just decorum both of the subject and the persons; as particularly in the third Pastoral, where one of his shepherds describes a bowl, or mazer, curiously carved.

In medio duo signa : Conon, et quis fuit alter,
Descripsit radio totum qui gentibus orbem ?

He remembers only the name of Conon, and forgets the other on set purpose. Whether he means Anaximander or Eudoxus, I dispute not : but he was certainly forgotten, to show his country swain was no great scholar.

After all, I must confess that the boorish dialect of Theocritus has a secret charm in it, which the Roman language cannot imitate : though, Virgil has drawn it down as low as possibly he could, as in the *cujum pecus*, and some other words, for which he was so unjustly blamed by the bad critics of his age, who could not see the beauties of that *merum rus*, which the poet described in those expressions. But Theocritus may justly be preferred as the original, without injury to Virgil, who modestly contents himself with the second place, and glories only in being the first who transplanted pastoral into his own

country, and brought it there to bear as happily as the cherry trees which Lucullus brought from Pontus.

Our own nation has produced a third poet in this kind, not inferior to the two former: for the *Shepherd's Kalendar* of Spenser is not to be matched in any modern language, not even by Tasso's *Aminta*; which infinitely transcends Guarini's *Pastor Fido*, as having more of nature in it, and being almost wholly clear from the wretched affectation of learning. I will say nothing of the *Piscatory Eclogues*³, because no modern Latin can bear criticism. It is no wonder, that, rolling down, through so many barbarous ages, from the spring of Virgil, it bears along with it the filth and ordures of the Goths and Vandals. Neither will I mention Monsieur Fontenelle, the living glory of the French. It is enough for him to have excelled his master Lucian, without attempting to compare our miserable age with that of Virgil or Theocritus. Let me only add, for his reputation,

Si Pergama dextrâ
Defendi possent, etiam hac defensa fuissent.

But Spenser, being master of our northern dialect, and skilled in Chaucer's English, has so exactly imitated the Doric of Theocritus, that his love is a perfect image of that passion which God infused into both sexes, before it was corrupted with the knowledge of arts, and the ceremonies of what we call good manners.

³ The *Piscatoria* of Sannazarius, which are facetiously censured by Tickell in No. 28 of the *Guardian*.

My lord, I know to whom I dedicate, and could not have been induced by any motive to put this part of Virgil, or any other, into unlearned hands. You have read him with pleasure, and, I dare say, with admiration, in the Latin, of which you are a master. You have added to your natural endowments (which without flattery are eminent), the superstructures of study, and the knowledge of good authors. Courage, probity, and humanity, are inherent in you. These virtues have ever been habitual to the ancient house of Cumberland, from whence you are descended, and of which our chronicles make so honourable mention in the long wars betwixt the rival families of York and Lancaster. Your forefathers have asserted the party which they chose, till death, and died for its defence in the fields of battle. You have, besides, the fresh remembrance of your noble father, from whom you never can degenerate.

Nec imbellem feroces
Progenerant aquilæ columbam.

It being almost morally impossible for you to be other than you are by kind, I need neither praise nor incite your virtue. You are acquainted with the Roman history, and know, without my information, that patronage and clientship always descended from the fathers to the sons; and that the same plebeian houses had recourse to the same patrician line which had formerly protected them, and followed their principles and fortunes to the last: so that I am your lordship's by descent, and part of your inheritance. And the

natural inclination which I have to serve you adds to your paternal right; for I was wholly yours from the first moment when I had the happiness and honour of being known to you. Be pleased therefore to accept the rudiments of Virgil's poetry, coarsely translated, I confess; but which yet retain some beauties of the author, which neither the barbarity of our language, nor my unskilfulness, could so much sully, but that they appear sometimes in the dim mirror which I hold before you. The subject is not unsuitable to your youth, which allows you yet to love, and is proper to your present scene of life. Rural recreations abroad, and books at home, are the innocent pleasures of a man who is early wise, and gives Fortune no more hold of him than of necessity he must. It is good on some occasions to think beforehand as little as we can; to enjoy as much of the present as will not endanger our futurity; and to provide ourselves of the virtuosos's saddle, which will be sure to amble, when the world is upon the hardest trot. What I humbly offer to your lordship, is of this nature. I wish it pleasant, and am sure it is innocent. May you ever continue your esteem for Virgil, and not lessen it for the faults of his translator; who is, with all manner of respect and sense of gratitude,

my Lord,
Your lordship's most humble
and most obedient servant,

JOHN DRYDEN.

PREFACE;

WITH A

SHORT DEFENCE OF VIRGIL,

AGAINST SOME OF THE REFLECTIONS OF MONSIEUR
FONTENELLE,

BY WILLIAM WALSH, Esq¹.

As the writings of greatest antiquity are in verse, so, of all sorts of poetry, pastorals seem the most ancient; being formed upon the model of the first innocence and simplicity, which the moderns (better to dispense themselves from imitating) have wisely thought fit to treat as fabulous and impracticable. And yet they, by obeying the unsophisticated dictates of nature, enjoyed the most valuable blessings of life; a vigorous health of body, with a constant serenity and freedom of mind; whilst we, with all our fanciful refinements, can scarcely pass an autumn without some access of a fever, or a whole day not ruffled by some unquiet passion. He was not then looked

¹ Mr. Malone seems to think it probable, that Dr. Knightly Chetwood was the author of this Preface, though attributed to the early patron of Pope. See Dryden's *Prose Works*, vol. iii. p. 549.


upon as a very old man, who reached to a greater number of years than in these times an ancient family can reasonably pretend to; and we know the names of several, who saw and practised the world for a longer space of time, than we can read the account of, in any one entire body of history. In short, they invented the most useful arts, pasturage, tillage, geometry, writing, music, astronomy, &c.; whilst the moderns, like extravagant heirs made rich by their industry, ungratefully deride the good old gentlemen who left them the estate. It is not therefore to be wondered at, that pastorals are fallen into disesteem, together with that fashion of life upon which they were grounded. And methinks I see the reader already uneasy at this part of Virgil, counting the pages, and posting to the *Æneis*: so delightful an entertainment is the very relation of public mischief and slaughter now become to mankind. And yet Virgil passed a much different judgment on his own works: he valued most this part, and his *Georgics*, and depended upon them for his reputation with posterity; but censures himself in one of his letters to Augustus, for meddling with heroics, the invention of a degenerating age. This is the reason that the rules of pastoral are so little known or studied. Aristotle, Horace, and the Essay on Poetry, take no notice of it: and Monsieur Boileau (one of the most accurate of the moderns, because he never loses the ancients out of his sight) bestows scarce half a page on it.

It is the design therefore of the few following pages to clear this sort of writing from vulgar prejudices; to vindicate our author from some unjust imputations; to look into some of the rules of this sort of poetry, and inquire what sort of versification is most proper for it: in which point we are so much

inferior to the ancients, that this consideration alone were enough to make some writers think as they ought, that is meanly, of their own performances.

As all sorts of poetry consist in imitation; 'pastoral is the imitation of a shepherd considered under that character.' It is requisite, therefore, to be a little informed of the condition and qualification of these shepherds.

One of the ancients has observed truly, but satirically enough, that, 'Mankind is the measure of every thing.' And thus, by a gradual improvement of this mistake, we come to make our own age and country the rule and standard of others, and ourselves at last the measure of them all. We figure the ancient countrymen like our own, leading a painful life in poverty and contempt, without wit, or courage, or education. But men had quite different notions of these things for the first four thousand years of the world. Health and strength were then in more esteem than the refinements of pleasure; and it was accounted a great deal more honourable to till the ground, or keep a flock of sheep, than to dissolve in wantonness and effeminating sloth. Hunting has now an idea of quality joined to it, and is become the most important business in the life of a gentleman: anciently, it was quite otherways. M. Fleury has severely remarked, that this extravagant passion for hunting is a strong proof of our Gothic extraction, and shows an affinity of humour with the savage Americans. The barbarous Franks and other Germans (having neither corn nor wine of their own growth), when they passed the Rhine, and possessed themselves of countries better cultivated, left the tillage of the land to the old proprietors; and afterwards continued to hazard their lives as freely for their diversion, as they had done



before for their necessary subsistence. The English gave this usage the sacred stamp of fashion; and from hence it is, that most of our terms of hunting are French. The reader will, I hope, give me his pardon for my freedom on this subject, since an ill accident, occasioned by hunting, has kept England in pain, these several months together, for one of the best and greatest peers² which she has bred for some ages; no less illustrious for civil virtues and learning, than his ancestors were for all their victories in France.

But there are some prints still left of the ancient esteem for husbandry, and their plain fashion of life, in many of our surnames, and in the escutcheons of the most ancient families, even those of the greatest kings, the roses, the lilies, the thistle, &c. It is generally known, that one of the principal causes of the deposing of Mahomet the Fourth, was, that he would not allot part of the day to some manual labour, according to the law of Mahomet; an ancient practice of his predecessors. He that reflects on this will be the less surprised to find that Charlemagne, eight hundred years ago, ordered his children to be instructed in some profession: and eight hundred years yet higher, that Augustus wore no clothes but such as were made by the hands of the empress and her daughters; and Olympias did the same for Alexander the Great. Nor will he wonder that the Romans, in great exigency, sent for their dictator from the plough, whose whole estate was but of four acres; too little a spot now for the orchard or kitchen-garden of a private gentleman. It is commonly known, that the founders of three the most renowned monarchies in the world were shepherds: and the subject of husbandry has been adorned by the

² The Duke of Shrewsbury.

writings and labour of more than twenty kings. It ought not, therefore, to be matter of surprise to a modern writer, that kings (the shepherds of the people in Homer,) laid down their first rudiments in tending their mute subjects; nor that the wealth of Ulysses consisted in flocks and herds; the intendants over which were then in equal esteem with officers of state in latter times. And therefore Eumæus is called *δαίς ὑφορβός* in Homer; not so much because Homer was a lover of a country life, to which he rather seems averse, but by reason of the dignity and greatness of his trust, and because he was the son of a king, stolen away, and sold by the Phœnician pirates; which the ingenious Mr. Cowley seems not to have taken notice of. Nor will it seem strange, that the master of the horse to king Latinus, in the ninth *Æneid*, was found in the homely employment of cleaving blocks, when news of the first skirmish betwixt the Trojans and Latins was brought to him.

Being therefore of such quality, they cannot be supposed so very ignorant and unpolished: the learning and good breeding of the world was then in the hands of such people. He who was chosen by the consent of all parties to arbitrate so delicate an affair as, which was the fairest of the three celebrated beauties of heaven,—he who had the address to debauch away Helen from her husband, her native country, and from a crown,—understood what the French call by the too soft name of *galanterie*; he had accomplishments enough, how ill use soever he made of them. It seems therefore that M. Fontenelle had not duly considered the matter, when he reflected so severely upon Virgil, as if he had not observed the laws of decency in his pastorals, in making shepherds speak to things beside their cha-

racter, and above their capacity. He stands amazed that shepherds should thunder out, as he expresses himself, the formation of the world, and that too according to the system of Epicurus. 'In truth, (says he, page 176) I cannot tell what to make of this whole piece (the sixth Pastoral). I can neither comprehend the design of the author, nor the connexion of the parts. First come the ideas of philosophy, and presently after these incoherent fables,' &c. To expose him yet more, he subjoins, 'It is Silenus himself who makes all this absurd discourse. Virgil says, indeed, that he had drank too much the day before, perhaps the debauch hung in his head when he composed this poem, &c.' Thus far M. Fontenelle; who, to the disgrace of reason, as himself ingenuously owns, first built his house, and then studied architecture; I mean first composed his Eclogues, and then studied the rules. In answer to this, we may observe, first, that this very pastoral which he singles out to triumph over, was recited by a famous player on the Roman theatre, with marvellous applause; insomuch, that Cicero, who had heard part of it only, ordered the whole to be rehearsed; and, struck with admiration of it, conferred then upon Virgil the glorious title of

Magnæ spes altera Romæ.

Nor is it old Donatus only who relates this: we have the same account from another very credible and ancient author; so that here we have the judgment of Cicero, and the people of Rome, to confront the single opinion of this adventurous critic. A man ought to be well assured of his own abilities, before he attacks an author of established reputation. If M. Fontenelle had perused the fragments of the Phœnician antiquity, traced the progress of

learning through the ancient Greek writers, or so much as consulted his learned countryman Huetius, he would have found (which falls out unluckily for him) that a Chaldean shepherd discovered to the Egyptians and Greeks the creation of the world. And what subject more fit for such a pastoral, than that great affair which was first notified to the world by one of that profession? Nor does it appear (what he takes for granted), that Virgil describes the original of the world according to the hypothesis of Epicurus. He was too well seen in antiquity to commit such a gross mistake; there is not the least mention of *chance* in that whole passage, nor of the *clinamen principiorum*, so peculiar to Epicurus's hypothesis. Virgil had not only more piety, but was of too nice a judgment to introduce a god denying the power and providence of the Deity, and singing a hymn to the atoms and blind chance. On the contrary, his description agrees very well with that of Moses: and the eloquent commentator Dacier, who is so confident that Horace had perused the sacred history, might with greater reason have affirmed the same thing of Virgil: for, besides the famous passage in the sixth *Æneid* (by which this may be illustrated), where the word *principio* is used in front of both by Moses and Virgil, and the seas are first mentioned, and the *spiritus intus alit*, which might not improbably, as M. Dacier would suggest, allude to the '*Spirit moving upon the face of the waters*;' but omitting this parallel place, the successive formation of the world is evidently described in these words,

Rerum paulatim sumere formas :

and it is hardly possible to render more literally that verse of Moses, *Let the waters be gathered into*

one place, and let the dry land appear, than in this of Virgil,

Tum durare solum, et discludere Nerea ponto.

After this, the formation of the sun is described (exactly in the Mosaical order), and next the production of the first living creatures, and that too in a small number (still in the same method),

Rara per ignotos errent animalia montes.

And here the aforesaid author would probably remark, that Virgil keeps more exactly to the Mosaic system, than an ingenious writer, who will by no means allow mountains to be coeval with the world. Thus much will make it probable at least, that Virgil had Moses in his thoughts, rather than Epicurus, when he composed this poem. But it is further remarkable, that this passage was taken from a song attributed to Apollo, who, himself, too, unluckily had been a shepherd; and he took it from another yet more ancient, composed by the first inventor of music, and at that time a shepherd too; and this is one of the noblest fragments of Greek antiquity. And, because I cannot suppose the ingenious M. Fontenelle one of their number, who pretend to censure the Greeks, without being able to distinguish Greek from Ephesian characters, I shall here set down the lines from which Virgil took this passage, though none of the commentators have observed it.

——— *ἱερὰ δ' οἱ ἴσμετο φωνή,
Κραίων ἀθανάτης τε θεῶς, καὶ γαίαν ἱεμνήν,
ὧς τὰ πρῶτα γέγοντο, καὶ ὡς λάχε μοῖραν ἕκαστος, &c.*

Thus Linus too began his poem, as appears by a fragment of it preserved by Diogenes Laertius; and the like may be instanced in Musæus himself; so

that our poet here, with great judgment (as always), follows the ancient custom of beginning their more solemn songs with the creation; and does it too most properly under the person of a shepherd. And thus the first and best employment of poetry was, to compose hymns in honour of the great Creator of the universe.

Few words will suffice to answer his other objections. He demands why those several transformations are mentioned in that poem? And is not fable then the life and soul of poetry? Can himself assign a more proper subject of pastoral than the *Saturnia regna*, the age and scene of this kind of poetry? What theme more fit for the song of a god, or to imprint religious awe, than the omnipotent power of transforming the species of creatures at their pleasure? Their families lived in groves, near the clear springs; and what better warning could be given to the hopeful young shepherds, than that they should not gaze too much into the liquid dangerous looking-glass, for fear of being stolen by the water-nymphs; that is, falling in and being drowned, as Hylas was? Pasiphaë's monstrous passion for a bull is certainly a subject enough fitted for bucolics. Can M. Fontenelle tax Silenus for fetching too far the transformation of the sisters of Phaëton into trees, when perhaps they sat at that very time under the hospitable shade of those alders and poplars;—or the metamorphosis of Philomela into that ravishing bird, which makes the sweetest music of the groves? If he had looked into the ancient Greek writers, or so much as consulted honest Servius, he would have discovered, that under the allegory of this drunkenness of Silenus, the refinement and exultation of men's minds by philosophy was intended. But if the author of these reflections can take such

flights in his wine, it is almost pity that drunkenness should be a sin, or that he should ever want good store of Burgundy and Champaign. But indeed he seems not to have ever drank out of Sile-nus's tankard, when he composed either his Critique or Pastorals.

His censure on the fourth seems worse grounded than the other. It is entitled, in some ancient manuscripts, the History of the Renovation of the World: he complains that he 'cannot understand what is meant by those many figurative expressions:' but if he had consulted the younger Vossius's dissertation on this Pastoral, or read the excellent oration of the emperor Constantine (made French by a good pen of their own), he would have found there the plain interpretation of all those figurative expressions; and, withal, very strong proofs of the truths of the Christian religion: such as converted heathens; as Valerianus and others. And upon account of this piece, the most learned of all the Latin fathers calls Virgil a Christian, even before Christianity. Cicero takes notice of it in his books of Divination; and Virgil probably had put it in verse a considerable time before the edition of his Pastorals. Nor does he appropriate it to Pollio, or his son, but complimentally dates it from his consulship; and, therefore, some one who had not so kind thoughts of M. Fontenelle as I, would be inclined to think him as bad a catholic as critic in this place.

But, in respect to some books he has wrote since, I pass by a great part of this, and shall only touch briefly some of the rules of this sort of poem.

The first is, that an air of piety upon all occasions should be maintained in the whole poem. This appears in all the ancient Greek writers, as

Homer, Hesiod, Aratus, &c. And Virgil is so exact in the observation of it (not only in this work, but in his *Æneis* too), that a celebrated French writer taxes him for permitting *Æneas* to do nothing without the assistance of some god. But by this it appears, at least, that M. St. Evremont is no Jansenist.

M. Fontenelle seems a little defective in this point: he brings in a pair of shepherdesses disputing very warmly, whether *Victoria* be a goddess or a woman. Her great condescension and compassion, her affability and goodness (none of the meanest attributes of the divinity), pass for convincing argument that she could not possibly be a goddess.

Les Déeses, toujours fières et méprisantes,
Ne rassureroient point les bergères tremblantes
Par d'obligeans discours, des souris gracieux.
Mais tu l'as vu : cette auguste personne,
Qui vient de paroître en ces lieux,
Prend soin de rassurer au moment qu'elle étonne ;
Sa bonté descendant sans peine jusqu' à nous.

In short, she has too many divine perfections to be a deity, and therefore she is a mortal; which was the thing to be proved. It is directly contrary to the practice of all ancient poets, as well as to the rules of decency and religion, to make such odious preferences. I am much surprised, therefore, that he should use such an argument as this:

Cloris, as-tu vu des déesses
Avoir un air si facile et si doux ?

Was not *Aurora*, and *Venus*, and *Luna*, and I know not how many more of the heathen deities, too easy of access to *Tithonus*, to *Anchises*, and to *Endymion*? Is there any thing more sparkish and better-humoured than *Venus's* accosting her son in the

deserts of Libya? or than the behaviour of Pallas to Diomedes, one of the most perfect and admirable pieces of all the Iliads; where she condescends to *raillé* him so agreeably; and, notwithstanding her severe virtue, and all the ensigns of majesty with which she so terribly adorns herself, condescends to ride with him in his chariot! But the Odysseys are full of greater instances of condescension than this.

This brings to mind that famous passage of Lucan, in which he prefers Cato to all the gods at once:

Victrix causa diis placuit, sed victa Catoni—

which Brebœuf has rendered so flatly, and which may be thus paraphrased:

Heaven meanly with the conqueror did comply;
But Cato, rather than submit, would die.

It is an unpardonable presumption in any sort of religion to compliment their princes at the expense of their deities.

But, letting that pass, this whole eclogue is but a long paraphrase of a trite verse in Virgil, and Homer,

Nec vox hominem sonat : O Dea certe !

So true is that remark of the admirable Earl of Roscommon, if applied to the Romans, rather, I fear, than to the English, since his own death :

..... one sterling line,
Drawn to French wire, would through whole pages shine.

Another rule is, that the characters should represent that ancient innocence, and unpractised plainness, which was then in the world. Pére Rapin has gathered many instances of this out of Theocritus and Virgil; and the reader can do it as well as himself. But M. Fontenelle transgressed this rule,

when he hid himself in the thicket, to listen to the private discourse of the two shepherdesses. This is not only ill-breeding at Versailles: the Arcadian shepherdesses themselves would have set their dogs upon one, for such an unpardonable piece of rudeness.

A third rule is, that there should be some *ordonnance*, some design or little plot, which may deserve the title of a pastoral scene. This is every where observed by Virgil, and particularly remarkable in the first Eclogue, the standard of all pastorals. A beautiful landscape presents itself to your view; a shepherd with his flock around him, resting securely under a spreading beech, which furnished the first food to our ancestors; another in a quite different situation of mind and circumstances; the sun setting; the hospitality of the more fortunate shepherd, &c. And here M. Fontenelle seems not a little wanting.

A fourth rule, and of great importance in this delicate sort of writing, is, that there be choice diversity of subjects; that the eclogue, like a beautiful prospect should charm by its variety. Virgil is admirable in this point, and far surpasses Theocritus, as he does every where, when judgment and contrivance have the principal part. The subject of the first Pastoral is hinted above.

The second contains the love of Corydon for Alexis, and the seasonable reproach he gives himself, that he left his vines half pruned (which, according to the Roman rituals, derived a curse upon the fruit that grew upon it), whilst he pursued an object undeserving his passion.

The third, a sharp contention of two shepherds for the prize of poetry.

The fourth contains the discourse of a shepherd

comforting himself, in a declining age, that a better was ensuing.

The fifth, a lamentation for a dead friend, the first draught of which is probably more ancient than any of the pastorals now extant; his brother being at first intended; but he afterwards makes his court to Augustus, by turning it into an apotheosis of Julius Cæsar.

The sixth is the Silenus.

The seventh, another poetical dispute, first composed at Mantua.

The eighth is the description of a despairing lover, and a magical charm.

He sets the ninth after all these, very modestly, because it was particular to himself; and here he would have ended that work, if Gallus had not prevailed upon him to add one more in his favour.

Thus curious was Virgil in diversifying his subjects. But M. Fontenelle is a great deal too uniform: begin where you please, the subject is still the same. We find it true what he says of himself,

Toujours, toujours de l'amour.

He seems to take pastorals and love verses for the same thing. Has human nature no other passion? Does not fear, ambition, avarice, pride, a *capriccio* of honour, and laziness itself, often triumph over love? But this passion does all, not only in pastorals, but in modern tragedies too. A hero can no more fight, or be sick, or die, than he can be born without a woman. But dramatics have been composed in complaisance to the humour of the age, and the prevailing inclination of the great, whose example has a more powerful influence, not only in the little court behind the scenes, but on the great theatre of the world. However, this inundation of love verses

is not so much an effect of their amorousness, as of immoderate self-love; this being the only sort of poetry, in which the writer can, not only without censure, but even with commendation, talk of himself. There is generally more of the passion of Narcissus, than concern for Chloris and Corinna, in this whole affair. Be pleased to look into almost any of those writers, and you shall meet every where that eternal *Moi*, which the admirable Pascal so judiciously condemns. Homer can never be enough admired for this one so particular quality, that he never speaks of himself, either in the *Iliad* or the *Odysseys*: and if Horace had never told us his genealogy, but left it to the writer of his life, perhaps he had not been a loser by it. This consideration might induce those great critics, Varius and Tucca, to raze out the four first verses of the *Æneis*, in great measure, for the sake of that unlucky *Ille ego*. But extraordinary geniuses have a sort of prerogative, which may dispense them from laws, binding to subject wits. However, the ladies have the less reason to be pleased with those addresses, of which the poet takes the greater share to himself. Thus the beau presses into their dressing room; but it is not so much to adore their fair eyes, as to adjust his own steenkirk and peruke, and set his countenance in their glass.

A fifth rule (which one may hope will not be contested) is, that the writer should show in his compositions some competent skill of the subject matter, that which makes the character of persons introduced. In this, as in all other points of learning, decency, and economy of a poem, Virgil much excels his master Theocritus. The poet is better skilled in husbandry than those that get their bread by it. He describes the nature, the diseases, the remedies, the proper places, and seasons, of feeding, of

watering their flocks; the furniture, diet, the lodging and the pastimes, of his shepherds. But the persons brought in by M. Fontenelle are shepherds in masquerade, and handle their sheepphook as awkwardly as they do their oaten reed. They saunter about with their *chers moutons*; but they relate as little to the business in hand, as the painter's dog, or a Dutch ship does to the history designed. One would suspect some of them, that instead of leading out their sheep into the plains of Mont Brison and Marcelli, to the flowery banks of Lignon, or the Charente, they are driving directly *à la boucherie*, to make money of them. I hope hereafter M. Fontenelle will choose his servants better.

A sixth rule is, that as the style ought to be natural, clear, and elegant, it should have some peculiar relish of the ancient fashion of writing. Parables in those times were frequently used, as they are still by the eastern nations; philosophical questions, enigmas, &c.; and of this we find instances in the sacred writings, in Homer, contemporary with king David, in Herodotus, in the Greek tragedians. This piece of antiquity is imitated by Virgil with great judgment and discretion. He has proposed one riddle, which has never yet been solved by any of his commentators. Though he knew the rules of rhetoric as well as Cicero himself, he conceals that skill in his Pastorals, and keeps close to the character of antiquity. Nor ought the connexions and transitions to be very strict and regular; this would give the Pastorals an air of novelty; and of this neglect of exact connexion, we have instances in the writings of the ancient Chinese, of the Jews, and Greeks, in Pindar, and other writers of dithyrambics, in the choruses of Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides. If M. Fontenelle and Ruæus had considered this, the one would have spared his critique of the sixth, and

the other his reflections upon the ninth Pastoral. The over scrupulous care of connexions makes the modern compositions oftentimes tedious and flat : and by the omission of them it comes to pass, that the *Pensées* of the incomparable M. Pascal, and perhaps of M. Bruyère, are two of the most entertaining books which the modern French can boast of. Virgil, in this point, was not only faithful to the character of antiquity, but copies after Nature herself. Thus a meadow, where the beauties of the spring are profusely blended together, makes a more delightful prospect, than a curious *parterre* of sorted flowers in our gardens : and we are much more transported with the beauty of the heavens, and admiration of their Creator, in a clear night, when we behold stars of all magnitudes promiscuously moving together, than if those glorious lights were ranked in their several orders, or reduced into the finest geometrical figures.

Another rule omitted by Père Rapin, as some of his are by me (for I do not design an entire treatise in this preface), is, that not only the sentences should be short and smart (upon which account he justly blames the Italian and French, as too talkative), but that the whole piece should be so too. Virgil transgressed this rule in his first Pastoral, (I mean those which he composed at Mantua), but rectified the fault in his riper years. This appears by the *Culex*, which is as long as five of his Pastorals put together. The greater part of those he finished have less than a hundred verses; and but two of them exceed that number. But the *Silenus*, which he seems to have designed for his masterpiece, in which he introduces a god singing, and he too full of inspiration (which is intended by that ebriety, which M. Fontenelle so unreasonably ridicules), though it goes through so vast a field of

matter, and comprises the mythology of near two thousand years, consists but of fifty lines; so that its brevity is no less admirable, than the subject matter, the noble fashion of handling it, and the deity speaking. Virgil keeps up his characters in this respect too, with the strictest decency: for poetry and pastime was not the business of men's lives in those days, but only their seasonable recreation after necessary labours. And therefore the length of some of the modern Italian and English compositions is against the rules of this kind of poesy.

I shall add something very briefly, touching the versification of pastorals, though it be a mortifying consideration to the moderns. Heroic verse (as it is commonly called) was used by the Greeks in this sort of poem, as very ancient and natural; lyrics, iambics, &c. being invented afterwards: but there is so great a difference in the numbers of which it may be compounded, that it may pass rather for a genus, than species, of verse. Whosoever shall compare the numbers of the three following verses, will quickly be sensible of the truth of this observation.

Tityre, tu patulæ recubans sub tegmine fagi—

the first of the Georgics,

Quid faciat lætas segetes, quo sidere terram—

and of the Æneïs,

Arma, virumque cano, Trojæ qui primus ab oris.

The sound of the verses is almost as different as the subjects. But the Greek writers of pastoral usually limited themselves to the example of the first; which Virgil found so exceedingly difficult, that he quitted it, and left the honour of that part to Theocritus. It is indeed probable, that what we *improperly* call rhyme, is the most ancient sort of

poetry; and learned men have given good arguments for it: and therefore a French historian commits a gross mistake, when he attributes that invention to a king of Gaul, as an English gentleman does, when he makes a Roman emperor the inventor of it. But the Greeks, who understood fully the force and power of numbers, soon grew weary of this childish sort of verse, as the younger Vossius justly calls it; and, therefore, those rhyming hexameters, which Plutarch observes in Homer himself, seem to be the remains of a barbarous age. Virgil had them in such abhorrence, that he would rather make a false syntax, than what we call a rhyme. Such a verse as this,

Vir, precor, uxori, frater succurre sorori,]

was passable in Ovid: but the nicer ears in Augustus's court could not pardon Virgil for

At regina pyrâ——

so that the principal ornament of modern poetry was accounted deformity by the Latins and Greeks. It was they who invented the different terminations of words, those happy compositions, those short monosyllables, those transpositions for the elegance of the sound and sense, which are wanting so much in modern languages. The French sometimes crowd together ten or twelve monosyllables into one disjointed verse. They may understand the nature of, but cannot imitate, those wonderful spondees of Pythagoras, by which he could suddenly pacify a man that was in a violent transport of anger; nor those swift numbers of the priests of Cybele, which had the force to enrage the most sedate and phlegmatic tempers. Nor can any modern put into his own language the energy of that single poem of Catullus.

Super alta vectus Atys, &c.

Latin is but a corrupt dialect of Greek; and the French, Spanish, and Italian, a corruption of Latin; and therefore a man might as well go about to persuade me that vinegar is a nobler liquor than wine, as that the modern compositions can be as graceful and harmonious as the Latin itself. The Greek tongue very naturally falls into iambics, and therefore the diligent reader may find six or seven and twenty of them in those accurate orations of Isocrates. The Latin as naturally falls into heroic; and therefore the beginning of Livy's History is half a hexameter, and that of Tacitus an entire one. The Roman historian³, describing the glorious effort of a colonel to break through a brigade of the enemies just after the defeat at Cannæ, falls, unknowingly, into a verse not unworthy Virgil himself—

*Hæc ubi dicta dedit, stringit gladium, cuneoque
Facto, per medios— &c.*

Ours, and the French, can at best but fall into blank verse, which is a fault in prose. The misfortune indeed is common to us both; but we deserve more compassion, because we are not vain of our barbarities. As age brings men back into the state and infirmities of childhood, upon the fall of their empire the Romans doted into rhyme, as appears sufficiently by the hymns of the Latin church; and yet a great deal of the French poetry does hardly deserve that poor title. I shall give an instance out of a poem which had the good luck to gain the prize in 1685; for the subject deserved a nobler pen.

*Tous les jours ce grand roy, des autres roys l'exemple,
S'ouvre un nouveau chemin au falte de ton temple, &c.*

The judicious Malherbe exploded this sort of verse near eighty years ago. Nor can I forbear wondering at that passage of a famous academician, in which

³ Livy.

he, most compassionately, excuses the ancients for their not being so exact in their compositions as the modern French, because they wanted a dictionary, of which the French are at last happily provided. If Demosthenes and Cicero had been so lucky as to have had a dictionary, and such a patron as cardinal Richelieu, perhaps they might have aspired to the honour of Balzac's legacy of ten pounds, *Le prix de l'éloquence*.

On the contrary, I dare assert that there are hardly ten lines in either of those great orators, or even in the catalogue of Homer's ships, which are not more harmonious, more truly rhythmical, than most of the French or English sonnets; and therefore they lose, at least, one half of their native beauty by translation.

I cannot but add one remark on this occasion, that the French verse is oftentimes not so much as rhyme, in the lowest sense; for the childish repetition of the same note cannot be called music; such instances are infinite, as in the forecited poem:

épris	trophée	caché
mépris	Orphée	cherché

M. Boileau himself has a great deal of this *μονοτονία*, not by his own neglect, but purely by the faultiness and poverty of the French tongue. M. Fontenelle at last goes into the excessive paradoxes of M. Perrault, and boasts of the vast number of their excellent songs; preferring them to the Greek and Latin. But an ancient writer, of as good credit, has assured us that seven lives would hardly suffice to read over the Greek odes; but a few weeks would be sufficient, if a man were so very idle as to read over all the French. In the mean time, I

should be very glad to see a catalogue of but fifty of theirs with

Exact propriety of word and thought⁴.

Notwithstanding all the high encomiums and mutual gratulations which they give one another, (for I am far from censuring the whole of that illustrious society, to which the learned world is much obliged) after all those golden dreams at the Louvre, that their pieces will be as much valued, ten or twelve ages hence, as the ancient Greek or Roman, I can no more get it into my head that they will last so long, than I could believe the learned Dr. H——k⁵, of the Royal Society, if he should pretend to show me a butterfly that had lived a thousand winters.

When M. Fontenelle wrote his *Eclogues*, he was so far from equaling Virgil or Theocritus, that he had some pains to take before he could understand in what the principal beauty and graces of their writings do consist.

Cum mortuis non nisi larvæ luctantur.

⁴ Essay of Poetry.

⁵ Probably Robert Hook, M. D. an eminent philosopher, and curator of experiments to the Royal Society.

PASTORALS.

I.

TITYRUS AND MELIBŒUS.

The Argument.

The occasion of the first Pastoral was this. When Augustus had settled himself in the Roman empire, that he might reward his veteran troops for their past service, he distributed among them all the lands that lay about Cremona and Mantua; turning out the right owners for having sided with his enemies. Virgil was a sufferer among the rest; who afterwards recovered his estate by Mæcenas's intercession; and, as an instance of his gratitude, composed the following pastoral, where he sets out his own good fortune in the person of Tityrus, and the calamities of his Mantuan neighbours in the character of Melibœus.

MELIBŒUS.

BENEATH the shade which beechen boughs diffuse,

You, Tityrus, entertain your silvan muse.
Round the wide world in banishment we roam,
Forced from our pleasing fields and native home;
While, stretch'd at ease, you sing your happy loves,
And Amaryllis fills the shady groves.

TITYRUS.

These blessings, friend, a deity bestow'd;
For never can I deem him less than god.
The tender firstlings of my woolly breed
Shall on his holy altar often bleed.
He gave my kine to graze the flowery plain,
And to my pipe renew'd the rural strain.

MELIBŒUS.

I envy not your fortune, but admire,
That, while the raging sword and wasteful fire
Destroy the wretched neighbourhood around,
No hostile arms approach your happy ground.
Far different is my fate; my feeble goats
With pains I drive from their forsaken cotes :
And this, you see, I scarcely drag along,
Who, yeanning, on the rocks has left her young;
The hope and promise of my failing fold.
My loss, by dire portents, the gods foretold;
For, had I not been blind, I might have seen :—
Yon riven oak, the fairest of the green,
And the hoarse raven, on the blasted bough,
By croaking from the left, presaged the coming
 blow.
But tell me, Tityrus, what heavenly power
Preserved your fortunes in that fatal hour?

TITYRUS.

Fool that I was! I thought imperial Rome
Like Mantua, where on market-days we come,
And thither drive our tender lambs from home.
So kids and whelps their sires and dams express,
And so the great I measured by the less.
But country towns, compared with her, appear
Like shrubs, when lofty cypresses are near.

MELIBŒUS.

What great occasion call'd you hence to Rome?

TITYRUS.

Freedom, which came at length, though slow to
Nor did my search of liberty begin, [come.
Till my black hairs were changed upon my chin;
Nor Amaryllis would vouchsafe a look,
Till Galatea's meaner bonds I broke.
Till then a helpless, hopeless, homely swain,
I sought not freedom, nor aspired to gain :
Though many a victim from my folds was bought,
And many a cheese to country markets brought,
Yet all the little that I got, I spent,
And still return'd as empty as I went.

MELIBŒUS.

We stood amazed to see your mistress mourn,
Unknowing that she pined for your return;
We wonder'd why she kept her fruit so long,
For whom so late the' ungather'd apples hung.
But now the wonder ceases, since I see
She kept them only, Tityrus, for thee ;
For thee the bubbling springs appear'd to mourn,
And whispering pines made vows for thy return.

TITYRUS.

What should I do?—While here I was enchain'd,
No glimpse of godlike liberty remain'd;
Nor could I hope, in any place but there,
To find a god so present to my prayer.
There first the youth of heavenly birth I view'd,
For whom our monthly victims are renew'd.
He heard my vows, and graciously decreed
My grounds to be restored, my former flocks to
feed.

MELIBŒUS.

O fortunate old man! whose farm remains—
For you sufficient—and requites your pains;
Though rushes overspread the neighbouring
plains,
Though here the marshy grounds approach your
fields,
And there the soil a stony harvest yields.
Your teeming ewes shall no strange meadows try,
Nor fear a rot from tainted company.
Behold! yon bordering fence of willow trees
Is fraught with flowers, the flowers are fraught with
bees:

The busy bees, with a soft murmuring strain,
Invite to gentle sleep the labouring swain.
While, from the neighbouring rock, with rural
songs,
The pruner's voice the pleasing dream prolongs,
Stock-doves and turtles tell their amorous pain,
And, from the lofty elms, of love complain.

TITYRUS.

The' inhabitants of seas and skies shall change,
And fish on shore, and stags in air, shall range,
The banish'd Parthian dwell on Arar's brink,
And the blue German shall the Tigris drink,
Ere I, forsaking gratitude and truth,
Forget the figure of that godlike youth.

MELIBŒUS.

But we must beg our bread in climes unknown,
Beneath the scorching or the freezing zone:
And some to far Oaxis shall be sold,
Or try the Libyan heat, or Scythian cold;
The rest among the Britons be confined,
A race of men from all the world disjoin'd.

O! must the wretched exiles ever mourn,
Nor, after length of rolling years, return?
Are we condemn'd by Fate's unjust decree,
No more our houses and our homes to see?
Or shall we mount again the rural throne,
And rule the country kingdoms, once our own?
Did we for these barbarians plant and sow?
On these, on these, our happy fields bestow?
Good Heaven! what dire effects from civil discord flow!

Now let me graff my pears, and prune the vine;
The fruit is theirs, the labour only mine.
Farewell, my pastures, my paternal stock,
My fruitful fields, and my more fruitful flock!
No more, my goats, shall I behold you climb
The steepy cliffs, or crop the flowery thyme!
No more, extended in the grot below,
Shall see you browsing on the mountain's brow
The prickly shrubs; and after on the bare,
Lean down the deep abyss, and hang in air.
No more my sheep shall sip the morning dew;
No more my song shall please the rural crew:
Adieu, my tuneful pipe! and all the world, adieu!

TITYRUS.

This night, at least, with me forget your care;
Chesnuts, and curds and cream, shall be your fare;
The carpet ground shall be with leaves o'erspread;
And boughs shall weave a covering for your head.
For see, yon sunny hill the shade extends;
And curling smoke from cottages ascends.

II.

ALEXIS.

The Argument.

The commentators can by no means agree on the person of Alexis, but are all of opinion that some beautiful youth is meant by him, to whom Virgil here makes love, in Corydon's language and simplicity. His way of courtship is wholly pastoral: he complains of the boy's coyness; recommends himself for his beauty and skill in piping; invites the youth into the country, where he promises him the diversions of the place, with a suitable present of nuts and apples. But when he finds nothing will prevail, he resolves to quit his troublesome amour, and betake himself again to his former business.

YOUNG Corydon, the' unhappy shepherd swain,
 The fair Alexis loved, but loved in vain;
 And underneath the beechen shade, alone,
 Thus to the woods and mountains made his
 moan:—

Is this, unkind Alexis, my reward?
 And must I die unpitied, and unheard?
 Now the green lizard in the grove is laid;
 The sheep enjoy the coolness of the shade;
 And Thestylis wild thyme and garlic beats
 For harvest hinds, o'erspent with toil and heats;
 While in the scorching sun I trace in vain
 Thy flying footsteps o'er the burning plain.

The creaking locusts with my voice conspire,
They fried with heat, and I with fierce desire.
How much more easy was it to sustain
Proud Amaryllis, and her haughty reign,
The scorns of young Menalcas, once my care,
Though he was black, and thou art heavenly fair.
Trust not too much to that enchanting face;
Beauty's a charm; but soon the charm will pass.
White lilies lie neglected on the plain,
While dusky hyacinths for use remain.
My passion is thy scorn; nor wilt thou know
What wealth I have, what gifts I can bestow;
What stores my dairies and my folds contain—
A thousand lambs that wander on the plain;
New milk, that all the winter never fails,
And all the summer overflows the pails.
Amphion sung not sweeter to his herd,
When summon'd stones the Theban turrets rear'd.
Nor am I so deform'd; for late I stood
Upon the margin of the briny flood:
The winds were still; and, if the glass be true,
With Daphnis I may vie, though judged by you.
O leave the noisy town! O come and see
Our country cots, and live content with me!
To wound the flying deer, and from their cotes
With me to drive afield the browsing goats;
To pipe and sing, and, in our country strain,
To copy, or perhaps contend with, Pan.
Pan taught to join with wax unequal reeds;
Pan loves the shepherds, and their flocks he feeds.
Nor scorn the pipe: Amyntas, to be taught,
With all his kisses would my skill have bought.
Of seven smooth joints a mellow pipe I have,
Which with his dying breath Damœtas gave,

And said—"This, Corydon, I leave to thee;
For only thou deservest it after me."
His eyes Amyntas durst not upward lift; [gift.—
For much he grudged the praise, but more the
Besides, two kids, that in the valley stray'd,
I found by chance, and to my fold convey'd:
They drain two bagging udders every day;
And these shall be companions of thy play;
Both fleck'd with white, the true Arcadian strain,
Which Thestylis had often begg'd in vain:
And she shall have them, if again she sues,
Since you the giver and the gift refuse.
Come to my longing arms, my lovely care!
And take the presents which the nymphs prepare.
White lilies in full canisters they bring,
With all the glories of the purple spring.
The daughters of the flood have search'd the mead
For violets pale, and cropp'd the poppy's head,
The short narcissus and fair daffodil, [smell;
Pansies to please the sight, and cassia sweet to
And set soft hyacinths with iron-blue,
To shade marsh marigolds with shining hue;
Some bound in order, others loosely strow'd,
To dress thy bower, and trim thy new abode.
Myself will search our planted grounds at home,
For downy peaches and the glossy plum;
And thrash the chesnuts in the neighbouring grove,
Such as my Amaryllis used to love.
The laurel and the myrtle sweets agree,
And both in nosegays shall be bound for thee.
Ah, Corydon! ah, poor unhappy swain!
Alexis will thy homely gifts disdain:
Nor, shouldst thou offer all thy little store,
Will rich Iolas yield, but offer more.

What have I done, to name that wealthy swain?
So powerful are his presents, mine so mean!
The boar amidst my crystal streams I bring,
And southern winds to blast my flowery spring.
Ah cruel creature! whom dost thou despise?
The gods, to live in woods, have left the skies;
And godlike Paris, in the' Idæan grove,
To Priam's wealth preferr'd C  none's love.
In cities, which she built, let Pallas reign;
Towers are for gods, but forests for the swain.
The greedy lioness the wolf pursues,
The wolf the kid, the wanton kid the browse;
Alexis, thou art chased by Corydon:
All follow several games, and each his own.
See, from afar, the fields no longer smoke;
The sweating steers, unharness'd from the yoke,
Bring, as in triumph, back the crooked plough;
The shadows lengthen as the sun goes low;
Cool breezes now the raging heats remove:
Ah, cruel Heaven! that made no cure for love!
I wish for balmy sleep, but wish in vain;
Love has no bounds in pleasure, or in pain.
What frenzy, shepherd, has thy soul possess'd?
Thy vineyard lies half pruned, and half undress'd.
Quench, Corydon, thy long unanswer'd fire!
Mind what the common wants of life require;
On willow twigs employ thy weaving care;
And find an easier love, though not so fair.'

III. PALÆMON,

MENALCAS, DAMÆTAS, PALÆMON.

The Argument.

Damætas and Menalcas, after some smart strokes of country raillery, resolve to try who has the most skill at song : and accordingly make their neighbour Palæmon judge of their performances : who, after a full hearing of both parties, declares himself unfit for the decision of so weighty a controversy, and leaves the victory undetermined.

MENALCAS.

Ho, swain! what shepherd owns those ragged
sheep?

DAMÆTAS.

Ægon's they are : he gave them me to keep.

MENALCAS.

Unhappy sheep of an unhappy swain!
While he Neæra courts, but courts in vain,
And fears that I the damsel shall obtain,
Thou, varlet, dost thy master's gains devour;
Thou milk'st his ewes, and often twice an hour;
Of grass and fodder thou defraud'st the dams,
And of their mother's dugs the starving lambs.

DAMÆTAS.

Good words, young catamite, at least to men.
We know who did your business, how, and when;

And in what chapel too you play'd your prize,
And what the goats observed with leering eyes:—
The nymphs were kind, and laugh'd; and there
your safety lies.

MENALCAS.

Yes, when I cropp'd the hedges of the leys,
Cut Micon's tender vines, and stole the stays!

DAMÆTAS.

Or rather, when, beneath yon ancient oak,
The bow of Daphnis, and the shafts, you broke,
When the fair boy received the gift of right;
And, but for mischief, you had died for spite.

MENALCAS.

What nonsense would the fool thy master prate,
When thou, his knave, canst talk at such a rate!
Did I not see you, rascal, did I not,
When you lay snug to snap young Damon's goat?
His mongrel bark'd; I ran to his relief, [thief!'
And cried—'There, there he goes! stop, stop the
Discover'd, and defeated of your prey,
You skulk'd behind the fence, and sneak'd away.

DAMÆTAS.

An honest man may freely take his own:
The goat was mine, by singing fairly won.
A solemn match was made; he lost the prize.
Ask Damon, ask if he the debt denies.
I think he dares not; if he does, he lies.

MENALCAS.

Thou sing with him? thou booby!—Never pipe
Was so profaned to touch that blubber'd lip.
Dunce at the best! in streets but scarce allow'd
To tickle, on thy straw, the stupid crowd.

DAMCETAS.

To bring it to the trial, will you dare
Our pipes, our skill, our voices to compare?
My brinded heifer to the stake I lay;
Two thriving calves she suckles twice a day.
And twice beside her biestings never fail
To store the dairy with a brimming pail.
Now back your singing with an equal stake.

MENALCAS.

That should be seen, if I had one to make.
You know too well, I feed my father's flock;
What can I wager from the common stock?
A stepdame too I have, a cursed she,
Who rules my hen-peck'd sire, and orders me.
Both number twice a day the milky dams;
And once she takes the tale of all the lambs.
But, since you will be mad, and since you may
Suspect my courage, if I should not lay;
The pawn I proffer shall be full as good:
Two bowls I have, well turn'd, of beechen wood;
Both by divine Alcimedon were made;
To neither of them yet the lip is laid.
The lids are ivy; grapes in clusters lurk
Beneath the carving of the curious work.
Two figures on the sides emboss'd appear—
Conon, and, what's his name who made the sphere,
And show'd the seasons of the sliding year,
Instructed in his trade the labouring swain,
And when to reap, and when to sow the grain?

DAMCETAS.

And I have two, to match your pair, at home;
The wood the same; from the same hand they come,
(The kimbo handles seem with bear's-foot carved)
And never yet to table have been served;

Where Orpheus on his lyre laments his love,
With beasts encompass'd, and a dancing grove.
But these, nor all the proffers you can make,
Are worth the heifer which I set to stake.

MENALCAS.

No more delays, vain boaster, but begin!
I prophesy beforehand, I shall win.
Palæmon shall be judge how ill you rhyme:
I'll teach you how to brag another time.

DAMÆTAS.

Rhymer, come on! and do the worst you can;
I fear not you, nor yet a better man.
With silence, neighbour, and attention wait:
For 'tis a business of a high debate.

PALEMON.

Sing then; the shade affords a proper place,
The trees are clothed with leaves, the fields with
grass;

The blossoms blow, the birds on bushes sing,
And Nature has accomplish'd all the spring.
The challenge to Damætas shall belong;
Menalcas shall sustain his under-song:
Each in his turn your tuneful numbers bring;
By turns the tuneful Muses love to sing.

DAMÆTAS.

From the great father of the gods above
My Muse begins; for all is full of Jove;
To Jove the care of heaven and earth belongs;
My flocks he blesses, and he loves my songs.

MENALCAS.

Me Phœbus loves; for he my Muse inspires,
And, in her songs, the warmth he gave, requires.
For him, the god of shepherds and their sheep,
My blushing hyacinths and my bays I keep.

DAMÆTAS.

My Phyllis me with pelted apples plies :
Then tripping to the woods the wanton hies,
And wishes to be seen, before she flies.

MENALCAS.

But fair Amyntas comes unask'd to me,
And offers love, and sits upon my knee,
Not Delia to my dogs is known so well as he.

DAMÆTAS.

To the dear mistress of my love-sick mind,
Her swain a pretty present has design'd :
I saw two stock doves billing, and ere long
Will take the nest; and hers shall be the young.

MENALCAS.

Ten ruddy wildings in the wood I found,
And stood on tiptoes, reaching from the ground :
I sent Amyntas all my present store ;
And will, to-morrow, send as many more.

DAMÆTAS.

The lovely maid lay panting in my arms ;
And all she said and did was full of charms.
Winds ! on your wings to heaven her accents bear ;
Such words as heaven alone is fit to hear.

MENALCAS.

Ah ! what avails it me, my love's delight,
To call you mine, when absent from my sight ?
I hold the nets, while you pursue the prey,
And must not share the dangers of the day.

DAMÆTAS.

I keep my birthday : send my Phyllis home :
At shearing-time, Iolas, you may come.

MENALCAS.

With Phyllis I am more in grace than you ;
Her sorrow did my parting steps pursue :
' Adieu, my dear ! (she said) a long adieu !'

DAMŒTAS.

The nightly wolf is baneful to the fold,
Storms to the wheat, to buds the bitter cold;
But from my frowning fair more ills I find
Than from the wolves, and storms, and winter wind.

MENALCAS.

The kids with pleasure browse the bushy plain;
The showers are grateful to the swelling grain;
To teeming ewes the sallow's tender tree;
But, more than all the world, my love to me.

DAMŒTAS.

Pollio my rural verse vouchsafes to read:
A heifer, Muses, for your patron breed.

MENALCAS.

My Pollio writes himself:—a bull he bred,
With spurning heels, and with a butting head.

DAMŒTAS.

Who Pollio loves, and who his Muse admires,
Let Pollio's fortune crown his full desires.
Let myrrh instead of thorn his fences fill,
And showers of honey from his oaks distil.

MENALCAS.

Who hates not living Bavius, let him be [thee!
(Dead Mævius) damn'd to love thy works and
The same ill taste of sense would serve to join
Dog foxes in the yoke, and shear the swine.

DAMŒTAS.

Ye boys, who pluck the flowers, and spoil the
spring,
Beware the secret snake that shoots a sting.

MENALCAS.

Graze not too near the banks, my jolly sheep;
The ground is false; the running streams are deep:

See, they have caught the father of the flock,
Who dries his fleece upon the neighbouring rock.

DAMÆTAS.

From rivers drive the kids, and sling your hook;
Anon I'll wash them in the shallow brook.

MENALCAS.

To fold, my flock!—when milk is dried with heat,
In vain the milkmaid tugs an empty teat.

DAMÆTAS.

How lank my bulls from plenteous pasture come!
But love, that drains the herd, destroys the groom.

MENALCAS.

My flocks are free from love, yet look so thin,
Their bones are barely cover'd with their skin.
What magic has bewitch'd the woolly dams,
And what ill eyes beheld the tender lambs?

DAMÆTAS.


Say, where the round of heaven, which all contains,
To three short ells on earth our sight restrains:
Tell that, and rise a Phœbus for thy pains.

MENALCAS.

Nay, tell me first, in what new region springs
A flower, that bears inscribed the names of kings;
And thou shalt gain a present as divine
As Phœbus' self; for Phyllis shall be thine.

PALEMÓN.

So nice a difference in your singing lies,
That both have won, or both deserved the prize.
Rest equal happy both; and all who prove
The bitter sweets, and pleasing pains, of love.
Now dam the ditches, and the floods restrain;
Their moisture has already drench'd the plain.



IV.

POLLIO.

The Argument.

The poet celebrates the birthday of Salonius, the son of Pollio, born in the consulship of his father, after the taking of Salonæ, a city in Dalmatia. Many of the verses are translated from one of the Sibyls, who prophesied of our Saviour's birth.

SICILIAN Muse, begin a loftier strain! [plain,
 Though lowly shrubs, and trees that shade the
 Delight not all; Sicilian Muse, prepare
 To make the vocal woods deserve a consul's care.
 The last great age, foretold by sacred rhymes,
 Renews its finish'd course: Saturnian times
 Roll round again; and mighty years, begun
 From their first orb, in radiant circles run.
 The base degenerate iron offspring ends;
 A golden progeny from heaven descends.
 O chaste Lucina! speed the mother's pains;
 And haste the glorious birth! thy own Apollo
 reigns!

The lovely boy, with his auspicious face,
 Shall Pollio's consulship and triumph grace:
 Majestic months set out with him to their ap-
 pointed race.

The father banish'd virtue shall restore;
 And crimes shall threat the guilty world no more.
 The son shall lead the life of gods, and be
 By gods and heroes seen, and gods and heroes see.

The jarring nations he in peace shall bind,
And with paternal virtues rule mankind.
Unbidden earth shall wreathing ivy bring,
And fragrant herbs (the promises of spring),
As her first offerings to her infant king. [speed,
The goats with strutting dugs shall homeward
And lowing herds secure from lions feed.
His cradle shall with rising flowers be crown'd :
The serpent's brood shall die ; the sacred ground
Shall weeds and poisonous plants refuse to bear ;
Each common bush shall Syrian roses wear.
But when heroic verse his youth shall raise,
And form it to hereditary praise,
Unlabour'd harvests shall the fields adorn,
And cluster'd grapes shall blush on every thorn ;
The knotted oaks shall showers of honey weep ;
And through the matted grass the liquid gold
shall creep.

Yet, of old fraud some footsteps shall remain ;
The merchant still shall plough the deep for gain ;
Great cities shall with walls be compass'd round,
And sharpen'd shares shall vex the fruitful ground ;
Another Tiphys shall new seas explore ;
Another Argo land the chiefs upon the' Iberian
Another Helen other wars create, [shore ;
And great Achilles urge the Trojan fate.
But when to ripen'd manhood he shall grow,
The greedy sailor shall the seas forego :
No keel shall cut the waves for foreign ware,
For every soil shall every product bear.
The labouring hind his oxen shall disjoin :
No plough shall hurt the glebe, no pruning hook
the vine ;
Nor wool shall in dissembled colours shine ;

But the luxurious father of the fold,
 With native purple, and unborrow'd gold,
 Beneath his pompous fleece shall proudly sweat;
 And under Tyrian robes the lamb shall bleat.
 The Fates, when they this happy web have spun,
 Shall bless the sacred clue, and bid it smoothly run.
 Mature in years, to ready honours move,
 O of celestial seed! O foster son of Jove!
 See, labouring Nature calls thee to sustain
 The nodding frame of heaven, and earth, and main!
 See to their base restored, earth, seas, and air;
 And joyful ages, from behind, in crowding ranks
 appear.

To sing thy praise, would Heaven my breath
 prolong,

Infusing spirits worthy such a song,
 Not Thracian Orpheus should transcend my lays,
 Nor Linus, crown'd with never fading bays;
 Though each his heavenly parent should inspire,
 The Muse instruct the voice, and Phœbus tune
 the lyre.

Should Pan contend in verse, and thou my theme,
 Arcadian judges should their god condemn.

Begin, auspicious boy! to cast about
 Thy infant eyes, and, with a smile, thy mother
 single out.

Thy mother well deserves that short delight,
 The nauseous qualms of ten long months and
 travail to requite.

Then smile! the frowning infant's doom is read:
 No god shall crown the board, nor goddess
 bless the bed.

V.

DAPHNIS.

The Argument.

Mopsus and Menalcas, two very expert shepherds at a song, begin one by consent to the memory of Daphnis, who is supposed by the best critics to represent Julius Cæsar. Mopsus laments his death; Menalcas proclaims his divinity; the whole eclogue consisting of an elegy and an apotheosis.



MENALCAS.

SINCE on the downs our flocks together feed,
And since my voice can match your tuneful reed,
Why sit we not beneath the grateful shade,
Which hazles, intermix'd with elms, have made?

MOPSUS.

Whether you please that silvan scene to take,
Where whistling winds uncertain shadows make;
Or will you to the cooler cave succeed,
Whose mouth the curling vines have overspread?

MENALCAS.

Your merit and your years command the choice;
Amyntas only rivals you in voice.

MOPSUS.

What will not that presuming shepherd dare,
Who thinks his voice with Phœbus' may compare?

MENALCAS.

Begin you first ; if either Alcon's praise,
Or dying Phyllis, have inspired your lays :
If her you mourn, or Codrus you commend,
Begin ; and Tityrus your flock shall tend.

MOPSUS.

Or shall I rather the sad verse repeat,
Which on the beech's bark I lately writ?
I writ, and sung betwixt. Now bring the swain
Whose voice you boast, and let him try the strain.

MENALCAS.

Such as the shrub to the tall olive shows,
Or the pale sallow to the blushing rose ;
Such is his voice, if I can judge aright,
Compared to thine, in sweetness and in height.

MOPSUS.

No more, but sit and hear the promised lay :
The gloomy grotto makes a doubtful day.
The nymphs about the breathless body wait
Of Daphnis, and lament his cruel fate.
The trees and floods were witness to their tears :
At length the rumour reach'd his mother's ears.
The wretched parent, with a pious haste,
Came running, and his lifeless limbs embraced.
She sigh'd, she sobb'd ; and, furious with despair,
She rent her garments, and she tore her hair,
Accusing all the gods, and every star.
The swains forgot their sheep, nor near the brink
Of running waters brought their herds to drink.
The thirsty cattle, of themselves, abstain'd
From water, and their grassy fare disdain'd.

The death of Daphnis woods and hills deplore ;
They cast the sound to Libya's desert shore ;
The Libyan lions hear, and hearing roar.
Fierce tigers Daphnis taught the yoke to bear,
And first with curling ivy dress'd the spear.
Daphnis did rites to Bacchus first ordain,
And holy revels for his reeling train.

As vines the trees, as grapes the vines adorn,
As bulls the herds, and fields the yellow corn ;
So bright a splendour, so divine a grace,
The glorious Daphnis cast on his illustrious race.
When envious Fate the godlike Daphnis took,
Our guardian gods the fields and plains forsook :
Pales no longer swell'd the teeming grain,
Nor Phœbus fed his oxen on the plain :
No fruitful crop the sickly fields return ;
But oats and darnel choke the rising corn :
And where the vales with violets once were
crown'd,

Now knotty burrs and thorns disgrace the ground.
Come, shepherds, come, and strow with leaves
the plain :

Such funeral rites your Daphnis did ordain.
With cypress boughs the crystal fountains hide,
And softly let the running waters glide.
A lasting monument to Daphnis raise,
With this inscription to record his praise :—
' Daphnis, the fields' delight, the shepherds' love,
Renown'd on earth, and deified above ;
Whose flock excell'd the fairest on the plains,
But less than he himself surpass'd the swains.'

MENALCAS.

O heavenly poet! such thy verse appears,
So sweet, so charming to my ravish'd ears,

As to the weary swain, with cares oppress'd,
Beneath the silvan shade, refreshing rest;
As to the feverish traveller, when first
He finds a crystal stream to quench his thirst.
In singing, as in piping, you excel;
And scarce your master could perform so well.
O fortunate young man! at least your lays
Are next to his, and claim the second praise.
Such as they are, my rural songs I join,
To raise our Daphnis to the powers divine;
For Daphnis was so good, to love whate'er was
mine.

MOPSUS.

How is my soul with such a promise raised!
For both the boy was worthy to be praised,
And Stimicon has often made me long
To hear, like him, so soft, so sweet a song.

MENALCAS.

Daphnis, the guest of heaven, with wondering eyes
Views, in the milky way, the starry skies,
And far beneath him, from the shining sphere,
Beholds the moving clouds, and rolling year.
For this, with cheerful cries the woods resound,
The purple spring arrays the various ground,
The nymphs and shepherds dance, and Pan
himself is crown'd.

The wolf no longer prowls for nightly spoils,
Nor birds the springes fear, nor stags the toils;
For Daphnis reigns above, and deals from thence
His mother's milder beams, and peaceful influence.
The mountain tops unshorn, the rocks, rejoice;
The lowly shrubs partake of human voice.

Assenting Nature, with a gracious nod,
Proclaims him, and salutes the new-admitted god.
Be still propitious, ever good to thine!
Behold! four hallow'd altars we design;
And two to thee, and two to Phœbus rise;
On both is offer'd annual sacrifice.
The holy priests at each returning year,
Two bowls of milk, and two of oil, shall bear;
And I myself the guests with friendly bowls
will cheer.

Two goblets will I crown with sparkling wine,
The generous vintage of the Chian vine:
These will I pour to thee, and make the nectar thine.
In winter shall the genial feast be made
Before the fire; by summer in the shade.
Damœtas shall perform the rites divine;
And Lycian Ægon in the song shall join.
Alphesibœus, tripping, shall advance,
And mimic satyrs in his antic dance.
When to the nymphs our annual rites we pay,
And when our fields with victims we survey;
While savage boars delight in shady woods,
And finny fish inhabit in the floods;
While bees on thyme, and locusts feed on dew—
Thy grateful swains these honours shall renew.
Such honours as we pay to powers divine,
To Bacchus and to Ceres shall be thine.
Such annual honours shall be given; and thou
Shalt hear, and shalt condemn thy suppliants to
their vow.

MOPSUS.

What present, worth thy verse, can Mopsus find?
Not the soft whispers of the southern wind,

That play through trembling trees, delight me more;
Nor murmuring billows on the sounding shore;
Nor winding streams, that through the valley glide,
And the scarce cover'd pebbles gently chide.

MENALCAS.

Receive you first this tuneful pipe, the same
That play'd my Corydon's unhappy flame;
The same that sung Neæra's conquering eyes,
And, had the judge been just, had won the prize.

MOPSUS.

Accept from me this sheep-hook in exchange;
The handle brass, the knobs in equal range.
Antigenes, with kisses, often tried
To beg this present, in his beauty's pride,
When youth and love are hard to be denied.
But what I could refuse to his request,
Is yours unask'd; for you deserve it best.

VI.

SILENUS.

The Argument.

Two young shepherds, Chromis and Mnasyllus, having been often promised a song by Silenus, chance to catch him asleep in this pastoral; where they bind him hand and foot, and then claim his promise. Silenus, finding they would be put off no longer, begins his song, in which he describes the formation of the universe, and the original of animals, according to the Epicurean philosophy; and then runs through the most surprising transformations which have happened in Nature since her birth. This pastoral was designed as a compliment to Syron the Epicurean, who instructed Virgil and Varus in the principles of that philosophy. Silenus acts as tutor, Chromis and Mnasyllus as the two pupils.

I FIRST transferr'd to Rome Sicilian strains;
Nor blush'd the Doric Muse to dwell on Mantuan plains.

But when I tried her tender voice, too young,
And fighting kings and bloody battles sung,
Apollo check'd my pride, and bade me feed
My fattening flocks, nor dare beyond the reed.
Admonish'd thus, while every pen prepares
To write thy praises, Varus, and thy wars,
My pastoral Muse her humble tribute brings;
And yet not wholly uninspired she sings:
For all who read, and, reading, not disdain
These rural poems, and their lowly strain,

The name of Varus oft inscribed shall see,
In every grove, and every vocal tree;
And all the silvan reign shall sing of thee:
Thy name, to Phœbus and the Muses known,
Shall in the front of every page be shown;
For he, who sings thy praise, secures his own.
Proceed, my Muse!—Two Satyrs, on the ground,
Stretch'd at his ease, their sire Silenus found.
Dozed with the fumes, and heavy with his load,
They found him snoring in his dark abode,
And seized with youthful arms the drunken god.
His rosy wreath was dropp'd not long before,
Borne by the tide of wine, and floating on the floor.
His empty can, with ears half worn away,
Was hung on high, to boast the triumph of the day.
Invaded thus, for want of better bands,
His garland they unstring, and bind his hands;
For, by the fraudulent god deluded long,
They now resolve to have their promised song.
Ægle came in, to make their party good—
The fairest Nais of the neighbouring flood—
And, while he stares around with stupid eyes,
His brows with berries, and his temples, dyes.
He finds the fraud, and, with a smile, demands
On what design the boys had bound his hands.
'Loose me, (he cried) 'twas impudence to find
A sleeping god; 'tis sacrilege to bind.
To you the promised poem I will pay;
Thy nymph shall be rewarded in her way.'
He raised his voice; and soon a numerous throng
Of tripping Satyrs crowded to the song;
And silvan Fauns, and savage beasts, advanced;
And nodding forests to the numbers danced.

Not by Hæmonian hills the Thracian bard,
Nor awful Phœbus was on Pindus heard
With deeper silence or with more regard.
He sung the secret seeds of Nature's frame;
How seas, and earth, and air, and active flame,
Fell through the mighty void, and, in their fall,
Were blindly gather'd in this goodly ball.
The tender soil then, stiffening by degrees,
Shut from the bounded earth the bounding seas.
Then earth and ocean various forms disclose;
And a new sun to the new world arose;
And mists, condensed to clouds, obscure the sky;
And clouds, dissolved, the thirsty ground supply.
The rising trees the lofty mountains grace:
The lofty mountains feed the savage race,
Yet few, and strangers, in the' unpeopled place.
From thence the birth of man the song pursued,
And how the world was lost, and how renew'd:
The reign of Saturn, and the golden age;
Prometheus' theft, and Jove's avenging rage;
The cries of Argonauts for Hylas drown'd,
With whose repeated name the shores resound;
Then mourns the madness of the Cretan queen:—
Happy for her if herds had never been!
What fury, wretched woman, seized thy breast?
The maids of Argos (though, with rage possess'd,
Their imitated lowings fill'd the grove)
Yet shunn'd the guilt of thy preposterous love,
Nor sought the youthful husband of the herd,
Though labouring yokes on their own necks they
fear'd,
And felt for budding horns on their smooth fore-
heads rear'd.

Ah, wretched queen! you range the pathless wood,
While on a flowery bank he chews the cud,
Or sleeps in shades, or through the forest roves,
And roars with anguish for his absent loves.
'Ye nymphs, with toils his forest-walk surround,
And trace his wandering footsteps on the ground.
But, ah! perhaps my passion he disdains,
And courts the milky mothers of the plains.
We search the' ungrateful fugitive abroad,
While they at home sustain his happy load.'
He sung the lover's fraud; the longing maid,
With golden fruit, like all the sex, betray'd;
The sisters mourning for their brother's loss;
Their bodies hid in barks, and furr'd with moss;
How each a rising alder now appears,
And o'er the Po distils her gummy tears:
Then sung, how Gallus, by a Muse's hand,
Was led and welcomed to the sacred strand;
The senate rising to salute their guest;
And Linus thus their gratitude express'd:—
'Receive this present, by the Muses made,
The pipe on which the' Ascræan pastor play'd;
With which of old he charm'd the savage train,
And call'd the mountain ashes to the plain.
Sing thou, on this, thy Phœbus; and the wood
Where once his fane of Parian marble stood:
On this his ancient oracles rehearse,
And with new numbers grace the god of verse.'
Why should I sing the double Scylla's fate?
The first by love transform'd, the last by hate—
A beauteous maid above; but magic arts
With barking dogs deform'd her nether parts:
What vengeance on the passing fleet she pour'd,
The master frighted, and the mates devour'd.

Then ravish'd Philomel the song express'd;
The crime reveal'd; the sisters' cruel feast;
And how in fields the lapwing Tereus reigns,
The warbling nightingale in woods complains;
While Procne makes on chimney tops her moan,
And hovers o'er the palace once her own.
Whatever songs besides the Delphian god
Had taught the laurels, and the Spartan flood,
Silenus sung: the vales his voice rebound,
And carry to the skies the sacred sound.—
And now the setting sun had warn'd the swain
To call his counted cattle from the plain:
Yet still the' unwearied sire pursues the tuneful
strain.
Till, unperceived, the heavens with stars were hung,
And sudden night surprised the yet unfinish'd song.

VII.

MELIBŒUS.

The Argument.

Melibœus here gives us the relation of a sharp poetical contest between Thyrsis and Corydon, at which he himself and Daphnis were present; who both declared for Corydon.

BENEATH a holm, repair'd two jolly swains
 (Their sheep and goats together grazed the plains),
 Both young Arcadians, both alike inspired
 To sing, and answer as the song required.
 Daphnis, as umpire, took the middle seat;
 And Fortune thither led my weary feet.
 For, while I fenced my myrtles from the cold,
 The father of my flock had wander'd from the fold.
 Of Daphnis I inquired: he, smiling, said,
 'Dismiss your fear, (and pointed where he fed:)
 And, if no greater cares disturb your mind,
 Sit here with us, in covert of the wind.
 Your lowing heifers, of their own accord,
 At watering time will seek the neighbouring ford.
 Here wanton Mincius winds along the meads,
 And shades his happy banks with bending reeds.
 And see, from yon old oak that mates the skies,
 How black the clouds of swarming bees arise.'
 What should I do? nor was Alcippe nigh,
 Nor absent Phyllis could my care supply,

To house and feed by hand my weaning lambs,
And drain the strutting udders of their dams.
Great was the strife betwixt the singing swains;
And I preferr'd my pleasure to my gains.
Alternate rhyme the ready champions chose:
These Corydon rehearsed, and Thyrsis those.

CORYDON.

Ye Muses, ever fair, and ever young,
Assist my numbers, and inspire my song.
With all my Codrus, O! inspire my breast;
For Codrus, after Phœbus, sings the best.
Or, if my wishes have presumed too high,
And stretch'd their bounds beyond mortality,
The praise of artful numbers I resign,
And hang my pipe upon the sacred pine.

THYRSIS.

Arcadian swains, your youthful poet crown
With ivy-wreaths; though surly Codrus frown.
Or, if he blast my Muse with envious praise,
Then fence my brows with amulets of bays,
Lest his ill arts, or his malicious tongue,
Should poison or bewitch my growing song.

CORYDON.

These branches of a stag, this tusky boar
(The first essay of arms untried before),
Young Micon offers, Delia, to thy shrine:
But speed his hunting with thy power divine;
Thy statue then of Parian stone shall stand;
Thy legs in buskins with a purple band.

THYRSIS.

This bowl of milk, these cakes (our country fare),
For thee, Priapus, yearly we prepare,
Because a little garden is thy care.

But, if the falling lambs increase my fold,
Thy marble statue shall be turn'd to gold.

CORYDON.

Fair Galatea, with thy silver feet,
O, whiter than the swan, and more than Hybla
Tall as a poplar, taper as the pole! [sweet!
Come, charm thy shepherd, and restore my soul.
Come, when my lated sheep at night return,
And crown the silent hours, and stop the rosy morn.

THYRSIS.

May I become as abject in thy sight,
As seaweed on the shore, and black as night;
Rough as a burr, deform'd like him who chaws
Sardinian herbage to contract his jaws;
Such and so monstrous let thy swain appear,
If one day's absence looks not like a year.
Hence from the field, for shame! the flock deserves
No better feeding, while the shepherd starves.

CORYDON.

Ye mossy springs, inviting easy sleep, [keep,
Ye trees, whose leafy shades those mossy fountains
Defend my flock! The summer heats are near,
And blossoms on the swelling vines appear.

THYRSIS.

With heapy fires our cheerful hearth is crown'd;
And firs for torches in the woods abound:
We fear not more the winds and wintry cold,
Than streams the banks, or wolves the bleating fold.

CORYDON.

Our woods, with juniper and chesnuts crown'd,
With falling fruits and berries paint the ground;
And lavish Nature laughs, and strows her stores
around.

But if Alexis from our mountains fly,
E'en running rivers leave their channels dry.

THYRSIS.

Parch'd are the plains, and frying is the field,
Nor withering vines their juicy vintage yield.
But, if returning Phyllis bless the plain,
The grass revives; the woods are green again,
And Jove descends in showers of kindly rain.

CORYDON.

The poplar is by great Alcides worn;
The brows of Phœbus his own bays adorn;
The branching vine the jolly Bacchus loves;
The Cyprian queen delights in myrtle groves;
With hazle Phyllis crowns her flowing hair;
And, while she loves that common wreath to wear,
Nor bays, nor myrtle boughs, with hazle shall
compare.

THYRSIS.

The towering ash is fairest in the woods;
In gardens, pines; and poplars by the floods:
But if my Lycidas will ease my pains,
And often visit our forsaken plains,
To him the towering ash shall yield in woods,
In gardens, pines; and poplars by the floods.

MELIBŒUS.

These rhymes I did to memory commend,
When vanquish'd Thyrsis did in vain contend;
Since when 'tis Corydon among the swains;
Young Corydon without a rival reigns,

VIII.

PHARMACEUTRIA.

The Argument.

This pastoral contains the songs of Damon and Alpheſibœus. The first of them bewails the loss of his mistress, and repines at the success of his rival Mopsus. The other repeats the charms of some enchantress, who endeavoured by her spells and magic to make Daphnis in love with her.

THE mournful muse of two despairing swains,
 The love rejected, and the lovers' pains;
 To which the savage lynxes listening stood;
 The rivers stood on heaps, and stopp'd the running flood;
 The hungry herd their needful food refuse—
 Of two despairing swains, I sing the mournful muse.

Great Pollio! thou, for whom thy Rome prepares
 The ready triumph of thy finish'd wars, [pares
 Whether Timavus or the' Illyrian coast,
 Whatever land or sea thy presence boast;
 Is there an hour in Fate reserved for me,
 To sing thy deeds in numbers worthy thee?
 In numbers like to thine, could I rehearse
 Thy lofty tragic scenes, thy labour'd verse;
 The world another Sophocles in thee,
 Another Homer should behold in me.

Amidst thy laurels let this ivy twine:
Thine was my earliest muse; my latest shall be
thine. [drew,

Scarce from the world the shades of night with-
Scarce were the flocks refresh'd with morning dew,
When Damon, stretch'd beneath an olive shade,
And wildly staring upwards, thus inveigh'd
Against the conscious gods, and cursed the cruel
maid—

• Star of the morning, why dost thou delay?
Come, Lucifer, drive on the lagging day,
While I my Nisa's perjured faith deplore—
Witness, ye powers, by whom she falsely swore!
The gods, alas! are witnesses in vain;
Yet shall my dying breath to Heaven complain.
Begin with me, my flute, the sweet Mænalian strain.

‘ The pines of Mænalus, the vocal grove,
Are ever full of verse, and full of love:
They hear the hinds, they hear their god complain,
Who suffer'd not the reeds to rise in vain.
Begin with me, my flute, the sweet Mænalian strain.

‘ Mopsus triumphs; he weds the willing fair.
When such is Nisa's choice, what lover can de-
spair?

Now griffons join with mares; another age
Shall see the hound and hind their thirst assuage,
Promiscuous, at the spring. Prepare the lights,
O Mopsus! and perform the bridal rites.

Scatter thy nuts among the scrambling boys:
Thine is the night, and thine the nuptial joys.
For thee the sun declines: O happy swain!
Begin with me, my flute, the sweet Mænalian strain.

‘ O Nisa! justly to thy choice condemn'd!
Whom hast thou taken, whom hast thou condemn'd?

For him, thou hast refused my browsing herd,
Scorn'd my thick eyebrows and my shaggy beard.
Unhappy Damon sighs and sings in vain,
While Nisa thinks no god regards a lover's pain.
Begin with me, my flute, the sweet Mænalian strain.

'I view'd thee first (how fatal was the view!)
And led thee where the ruddy wildings grew,
High on the planted hedge, and wet with morn-
ing dew.

Then scarce the bending branches I could win;
The callow down began to clothe my chin.

I saw; I perish'd; yet indulged my pain.

Begin with me, my flute, the sweet Mænalian strain.

'I know thee, Love! in deserts thou wert bred,
And at the dugs of savage tigers fed;

Alien of birth, usurper of the plains! [strains.

Begin with me, my flute, the sweet Mænalian

'Relentless Love the cruel mother led

The blood of her unhappy babes to shed:

Love lent her sword; the mother struck the blow;

Inhuman she; but more inhuman thou:

Alien of birth, usurper of the plains! [strains.

Begin with me, my flute, the sweet Mænalian

'Old doting Nature, change thy course anew;

And let the trembling lamb the wolf pursue,

Let oaks now glitter with Hesperian fruit,

And purple daffodils from alder shoot;

Fat amber let the tamarisk distil,

And hooting owls contend with swans in skill;

Hoarse Tityrus strive with Orpheus in the woods

And challenge famed Arion on the floods.

Or, oh! let Nature cease, and Chaos reign!

Begin with me, my flute, the sweet Mænalian strain.

‘ Let earth be sea; and let the whelming tide
The lifeless limbs of luckless Damon hide:
Farewell, ye secret woods, and shady groves,
Haunts of my youth, and conscious of my loves!
From yon high cliff I plunge into the main:
Take the last present of thy dying swain;
And cease, my silent flute, the sweet Mænalian
strain.

Now take your turns, ye Muses, to rehearse
His friend’s complaints, and mighty magic verse.
‘ Bring running water; bind those altars round
With fillets, and with vervain strow the ground:
Make fat with frankincense the sacred fires,
To rekindle my Daphnis with desires.
’Tis done: we want but verse.—Restore, my
charms,

My lingering Daphnis to my longing arms.

‘ Pale Phœbe, drawn by verse, from heaven
descends:

And Circè changed with charms Ulysses’ friends.
Verse breaks the ground, and penetrates the brake,
And in the winding cavern splits the snake.
Verse fires the frozen veins.—Restore, my charms,
My lingering Daphnis to my longing arms.

‘ Around his waxen image first I wind
Three woollen fillets, of three colours join’d;
Thrice bind about his thrice-devoted head,
Which round the sacred altar thrice is led.
Unequal numbers please the gods.—My charms,
Restore my Daphnis to my longing arms.

‘ Knit with three knots the fillets: knit them
strait;

Then say, “ These knots to love I consecrate.”

Haste, Amaryllis, haste!—Restore, my charms,
My lovely Daphnis to my longing arms.

‘As fire this figure hardens, made of clay,
And this of wax with fire consumes away:
Such let the soul of cruel Daphnis be—
Hard to the rest of women, soft to me.
Crumble the sacred mole of salt and corn:
Next in the fire the bays with brimstone burn;
And, while it crackles in the sulphur, say,
“This I for Daphnis burn; thus Daphnis burn
away!

This laurel is his fate.”—Restore, my charms,
My lovely Daphnis to my longing arms.

‘As when the raging heifer through the grove,
Stung with desire, pursues her wandering love;
Faint at the last, she seeks the weedy pools
To quench her thirst, and on the rushes rolls,
Careless of night, unmindful to return;
Such fruitless fires perfidious Daphnis burn,
While I to scorn his love;—Restore, my charms,
My lingering Daphnis to my longing arms.

‘These garments once were his, and left to me,
The pledges of his promised loyalty,
Which underneath my threshold I bestow.
These pawns, O sacred earth! to me my Daph-
nis owe.

As these were his, so mine is he.—My charms,
Restore their lingering lord to my deluded arms.

‘These poisonous plants, for magic use design’d
(The noblest and the best of all the baneful kind),
Old Mæris brought me from the Pontic strand,
And cull’d the mischief of a bounteous land.
Smear’d with these powerful juices, on the plain,
He howls a wolf among the hungry train;

And oft the mighty necromancer boasts,
With these to call from tombs the stalking ghosts,
And from the roots to tear the standing corn
Which, whirl'd aloft, to distant fields is borne :
Such is the strength of spells.—Restore, my
 charms,

My lingering Daphnis to my longing arms.
‘ Bear out these ashes; cast them in the brook;
Cast backwards o’er your head; nor turn your
 look :

Since neither gods nor godlike verse can move,
Break out, ye smother’d fires, and kindle smother’d love.

Exert your utmost power, my lingering charms;
And force my Daphnis to my longing arms.

‘ See, while my last endeavours I delay,
The waking ashes rise, and round our altars play !
Run to the threshold, Amaryllis—hark !
Our Hylax opens, and begins to bark.
Good Heaven ! may lovers what they wish believe ?
Or dream their wishes, and those dreams deceive ?
No more ! my Daphnis comes ! no more, my
 charms !

He comes, he runs, he leaps, to my desiring arms.’

IX.

LYCIDAS AND MÆRIS.

The Argument.

When Virgil, by the favour of Augustus, had recovered his patrimony near Mantua, and went in hope to take possession, he was in danger to be slain by Arius the centurion, to whom those lands were assigned by the emperor, in reward of his service against Brutus and Cassius. This pastoral, therefore, is filled with complaints of his hard usage ; and the persons introduced are, the bailiff of Virgil, Mæris, and his friend Lycidas.

LYCIDAS.

Ho, Mæris! whither on thy way so fast?
This leads to town.

MÆRIS.

O Lycidas! at last

The time is come, I never thought to see,
(Strange revolution for my farm and me!)
When the grim captain in a surly tone
Cries out, ‘ Pack up, ye rascals, and be gone.’
Kick’d out, we set the best face on’t we could:
And these two kids, to’ appease his angry mood,
I bear,—of which the Furies give him good!

LYCIDAS.

Your country friends were told another tale—
That, from the sloping mountain to the vale,

And dodder'd oak, and all the banks along,
Menalcas saved his fortune with a song.

MÆRIS.

Such was the news, indeed; but songs and rhymes
Prevail as much in these hard iron times,
As would a plump of trembling fowl, that rise
Against an eagle sousing from the skies.
And, had not Phœbus warn'd me, by the croak
Of an old raven from a hollow oak,
To shun debate, Menalcas had been slain,
And Mæris not survived him, to complain.

LYCIDAS.

Now Heaven defend! could barbarous rage induce
The brutal son of Mars to insult the sacred Muse?
Who then should sing the nymphs? or who re-
hearse

The waters gliding in a smoother verse?
Or Amaryllis praise that heavenly lay,
That shorten'd, as we went, our tedious way—
' O Tityrus, tend my herd, and see them fed;
To morning pastures, evening waters, led;
And 'ware the Libyan ridgel's butting head.'

MÆRIS.

Or what unfinish'd he to Varus read—
' Thy name, O Varus (if the kinder powers
Preserve our plains, and shield the Mantuan
towers,
Obnoxious by Cremona's neighbouring crime),
The wings of swans, and stronger-pinion'd rhyme,
Shall raise aloft, and soaring bear above—
The' immortal gift of gratitude to Jove.'

LYCIDAS.

Sing on, sing on: for I can ne'er be cloy'd;
So may thy swarms the baleful yew avoid:

So may thy cows their burden'd bags distend,
And trees to goats their willing branches bend.
Mean as I am, yet have the Muses made
Me free, a member of the tuneful trade:
At least the shepherds seem to like my lays:
But I discern their flattery from their praise:
I nor to Cinna's ears, nor Varus', dare aspire,
But gabble, like a goose, amidst the swan-like
choir.

MÆRIS.

'Tis what I have been conning in my mind:
Nor are they verses of a vulgar kind.
'Come, Galatea! come! the seas forsake!
What pleasures can the tides with their hoarse
murmurs make?
See, on the shore inhabits purple spring;
Where nightingales their lovesick ditty sing:
See, meads with purling streams, with flowers
the ground,
The grottos cool, with shady poplars crown'd,
And creeping vines on arbours weaved around.
Come then, and leave the wave's tumultuous roar;
Let the wild surges vainly beat the shore.'

LYCIDAS.

Or that sweet song I heard with such delight;
The same you sung alone one starry night.
The tune I still retain, but not the words.

MÆRIS.

'Why, Daphnis, dost thou search in old records,
To know the seasons when the stars arise?
See, Cæsar's lamp is lighted in the skies,—
The star, whose rays the blushing grapes adorn,
And swell the kindly ripening ears of corn.

Under this influence graft the tender shoot:
Thy children's children shall enjoy the fruit.
The rest I have forgot; for cares and time
Change all things, and untune my soul to rhyme.
I could have once sung down a summer's sun:
But now the chime of poetry is done:
My voice grows hoarse; I feel the notes decay,
As if the wolves had seen me first to-day.
But these, and more than I to mind can bring,
Menalcas has not yet forgot to sing.

LYCIDAS.

Thy faint excuses but inflame me more:
And now the waves roll silent to the shore;
Hush'd winds the topmost branches scarcely bend,
As if thy tuneful song they did attend:
Already we have half our way o'ercome;
Far off I can discern Bianor's tomb.
Here where the labourer's hands have form'd a
 bower

Of wreathing trees, in singing waste an hour.
Rest here thy weary limbs; thy kids lay down:
We've day before us yet, to reach the town;
Or if, ere night, the gathering clouds we fear,
A song will help the beating storm to bear.
And, that thou mayst not be too late abroad,
Sing, and I'll ease thy shoulders of thy load.

MÆRIS.

Cease to request me; let us mind our way:
Another song requires another day.
When good Menalcas comes, if he rejoice,
And find a friend at court, I'll find a voice.

X.

GALLUS.

The Argument.

Gallus, a great patron of Virgil, and an excellent poet, was very deeply in love with one Cytheris, whom he calls Lycoris, and who had forsaken him for the company of a soldier. The poet therefore supposes his friend Gallus retired, in his height of melancholy, into the solitudes of Arcadia (the celebrated scene of pastorals), where he represents him in a very languishing condition, with all the rural deities about him, pitying his hard usage, and condoling his misfortune.

THY sacred succour, Arethusa, bring,
 To crown my labour ('tis the last I sing),
 Which proud Lycoris may with pity view;—
 The Muse is mournful, though the numbers few:
 Refuse me not a verse, to grief and Gallus due.
 So may thy silver streams beneath the tide,
 Unmix'd with briny seas, securely glide.
 Sing then my Gallus, and his hopeless vows;
 Sing, while my cattle crop the tender browse.
 The vocal grove shall answer to the sound,
 And Echo, from the vales, the tuneful voice rebound.

What lawns or woods withheld you from his aid,
 Ye nymphs, when Gallus was to love betray'd,
 To love, unpitied by the cruel maid?
 Not steepy Pindus could retard your course,
 Nor cleft Parnassus, nor the' Aonian source:
 Nothing that owns the Muses could suspend
 Your aid to Gallus:—Gallus is their friend.

For him the lofty laurel stands in tears,
And hung with humid pearls the lowly shrub ap-
pears.

Mænalian pines the godlike swain bemoan,
When, spread beneath a rock, he sigh'd alone;
And cold Lycæus wept from every dropping stone.
The sheep surround their shepherd, as he lies:
Blush not, sweet poet, nor the name despise:
Along the streams his flock Adonis fed;
And yet the queen of beauty bless'd his bed.

The swains and tardy neatherds came, and last
Menalcas, wet with beating winter mast. [flame.
Wondering, they ask'd from whence arose thy
Yet more amazed, thy own Apollo came. [eyes:
Flush'd were his cheeks, and glowing were his
'Is she thy care? is she thy care? (he cries)

Thy false Lycoris flies thy love and thee,
And, for thy rival, beats the raging sea,
The forms of horrid war, and heaven's inclemency.'

Silvanus came: his brows a country crown
Of fennel, and of nodding lilies, drown.

Great Pan arrived; and we beheld him too,
His cheeks and temples of vermillion hue.

'Why, Gallus, this immoderate grief? (he cried)
Think'st thou that love with tears is satisfied?

The meads are sooner drunk with morning dews,
The bees with flowery shrubs, the goats with
browse.'

Unmoved, and with dejected eyes, he mourn'd:
He paused, and then these broken words re-
turn'd—

'Tis pass'd; and pity gives me no relief:

But you, Arcadian swains, shall sing my grief,
And on your hills my last complaints renew;

So sad a song is only worthy you.

How light would lie the turf upon my breast,
If you my sufferings in your songs express'd!
Ah! that your birth and business had been mine—
To pen the sheep, and press the swelling vine!
Had Phillis or Amyntas caused my pain,
Or any nymph or shepherd on the plain, [were,
(Though Phillis brown, though black Amyntas
Are violets not sweet, because not fair?)
Beneath the willows and the shady vine,
My loves had mix'd their pliant limbs with mine:
Phyllis with myrtle wreaths had crown'd my hair,
And soft Amyntas sung away my care.
Come, see what pleasures in our plains abound;
The woods, the fountains, and the flowery ground.
As you are beauteous, were you half so true,
Here could I live, and love, and die with only you.
Now I to fighting fields am sent afar,
And strive in winter camps with toils of war;
While you (alas, that I should find it so!)
To shun my sight, your native soil forego,
And climb the frozen Alps, and tread the' eternal
snow.

Ye frosts and snows, her tender body spare!
Those are not limbs for icicles to tear.
For me, the wilds and deserts are my choice;
The Muses, once my care; my once harmonious
There will I sing, forsaken and alone: [voice.
The rocks and hollow caves shall echo to my moan.
The rind of every plant her name shall know:
And, as the rind extends, the love shall grow.
Then on Arcadian mountains will I chase
(Mix'd with the woodland nymphs) the savage
race;

Nor cold shall hinder me, with horns and hounds
To thrid the thickets, or to leap the mounds.

And now methinks o'er steepy rocks I go,
And rush through sounding woods, and bend the
Parthian bow ;

As if with sports my sufferings I could ease,
Or by my pains the god of love appease.
My frenzy changes: I delight no more
On mountain tops to chase the tusky boar:
No game but hopeless love my thoughts pursue:
Once more, ye nymphs, and songs, and sounding
woods, adieu!

Love alters not for us his hard decrees,
Not though beneath the Thracian clime we freeze,
Or Italy's indulgent heaven forego,
And in mid winter tread Sithonian snow;
Or, when the barks of elms are scorch'd, we keep
On Meroë's burning plains the Libyan sheep.
In hell, and earth, and seas, and heaven above,
Love conquers all; and we must yield to Love.
My Muses, here your sacred raptures end:
The verse was what I owed my suffering friend,
This while I sung, my sorrows I deceived,
And bending osiers into baskets weaved.
The song, because inspired by you, shall shine;
And Gallus will approve, because 'tis mine—
Gallus, for whom my holy flames renew,
Each hour; and every moment rise in view;
As alders, in the spring, their boles extend,
And heave so fiercely, that the bark they rend.
Now let us rise: for hoarseness oft invades
The singer's voice, who sings beneath the shades.
From juniper unwholesome dews distill, [kill.
That blast the sooty corn, the withering herbage
Away, my goats, away! for you have browsed
your fill.

THE ÆNEIS.

TO THE MOST HONOURABLE

JOHN LORD MARQUIS OF NORMANBY¹,
EARL OF MULGRAVE, ETC.

AND KNIGHT OF THE MOST NOBLE ORDER OF THE GARTER.

A HEROIC poem, truly such, is undoubtedly the greatest work which the soul of man is capable to perform. The design of it is to form the mind to heroic virtue by example. It is conveyed in verse, that it may delight while it instructs: the action of it is always one, entire, and great. The least and most trivial episodes or under actions, which are interwoven in it, are parts either necessary or convenient to carry on the main design; either so necessary, that without them the poem must be imperfect; or so convenient, that no others can be imagined more suitable to the place in which they are. There is nothing to be left void in a firm building; even the cavities ought not to be filled with rubbish (which is of a perishable kind, destructive to the strength), but with brick or stone, though of less pieces, yet of the same nature, and fitted to the crannies. Even the least portions of them must be of the epic kind; all things must be grave, majestic, and sublime; nothing of a foreign na-

¹ And afterwards Duke of Buckingham: the author of an 'Essay on Poetry,' in which he is thought to have been aided by Dryden; and whose reputation as a writer, says Dr. Warton, was owing to his rank.

ture, like the trifling *novels*, which Ariosto and others have inserted in their poems; by which the reader is misled into another sort of pleasure opposite to that which is designed in an epic poem. One raises the soul, and hardens it to virtue: the other softens it again, and unhends it into vice. One conduces to the poet's aim, the completing of his work, which he is driving on, labouring and hastening in every line; the other slackens his pace, diverts him from his way, and locks him up like a knight-errant in an enchanted castle, when he should be pursuing his first adventure. Statius, as Bossu has well observed, was ambitious of trying his strength with his master Virgil, as Virgil had before tried his with Homer. The Grecian gave the two Romans an example, in the games which were celebrated at the funerals of Patroclus. Virgil imitated the invention of Homer, but changed the sports. But both the Greek and Latin poet took their occasions from the subject; though, to confess the truth, they were both ornamental, or, at best, convenient parts of it, rather than of necessity arising from it. Statius—who, through his whole poem, is noted for want of conduct and judgment—instead of staying, as he might have done, for the death of Capaneus, Hippomedon, Tydeus, or some other of his seven champions (who are heroes all alike), or more properly for the tragical end of the two brothers, whose exequies the next successor had leisure to perform when the siege was raised, and in the interval betwixt the poet's first action and his second—went out of his way, as it were on premeditated malice, to commit a fault. For he took his opportunity to kill a royal infant by the means of a serpent (that author of all evil) to make way for those funeral honours which he intended for him. Now, if this innocent had been of any relation to his Thebais—if he had either farthered or hindered the taking of the town—the poet might have found some sorry excuse, at least, for detaining the reader from the promised siege. On these terms, this Capaneus of a poet engaged his two immortal predecessors; and his success was answerable to his enterprise.


If this economy must be observed in the minutest parts of an epic poem, which, to a common reader, seem to be

detached from the body, and almost independent of it; what soul, though sent into the world with great advantages of nature, cultivated with the liberal arts and sciences, conversant with histories of the dead, and enriched with observations on the living, can be sufficient to inform the whole body of so great a work? I touch here but transiently, without any strict method, on some few of those many rules of imitating nature, which Aristotle drew from Homer's *Iliads* and *Odysseys*, and which he fitted to the drama; furnishing himself also with observations from the practice of the theatre, when it flourished under Æschylus, Euripides, and Sophocles: for the original of the stage was from the epic poem. Narration, doubtless, preceded acting and gave laws to it: what at first was told artfully, was, in process of time, represented gracefully to the sight and hearing. Those episodes of Homer, which were proper for the stage, the poets amplified each into an action: out of his limbs they formed their bodies: what he had contracted, they enlarged: out of one Hercules, were made infinity of pigmies, yet all endued with human souls: for from him, their great creator, they have each of them the *divinæ particulam auræ*. They flowed from him at first, and are at last resolved into him. Nor were they only animated by him, but their measure and symmetry was owing to him. His one, entire, and great action, was copied by them according to the proportions of the drama. If he finished his orb within the year, it sufficed to teach them, that, their action being less, and being also less diversified with incidents, their orb, of consequence, must be circumscribed in a less compass, which they reduced within the limits either of a natural or an artificial day: so that, as he taught them to amplify what he had shortened—by the same rule, applied the contrary way, he taught them to shorten what he had amplified. Tragedy is the miniature of human life; and epic poem is the draught at length.

Here, my lord, I must contract also; for, before I was aware, I was almost running into a long digression, to prove that there is no such absolute necessity that the time of a stage action should so strictly be confined to twenty-four hours, as never to exceed them; for which

Aristotle contends, and the Grecian stage has practised. Some longer space, on some occasions, I think, may be allowed; especially for the English theatre, which requires more variety of incidents than the French. Corneille himself, after long practice, was inclined to think that the time allotted by the ancients was too short to raise and finish a great action: and better a mechanic rule were stretched or broken, than a great beauty were omitted. To raise, and afterwards to calm, the passions—to purge the soul from pride, by the examples of human miseries which befall the greatest—in few words, to expel arrogance, and introduce compassion, are the great effects of tragedy; great, I must confess, if they were altogether as true as they are pompous. But are habits to be introduced at three hours' warning? are radical diseases so suddenly removed? A mountebank may promise such a cure; but a skilful physician will not undertake it. An epic poem is not so much in haste: it works leisurely; the changes which it makes are slow; but the cure is likely to be more perfect. The effects of tragedy, as I said, are too violent to be lasting. If it be answered, that for this reason, tragedies are often to be seen, and the dose to be repeated; this is tacitly to confess that there is more virtue in one heroic poem, than in many tragedies. A man is humbled one day; and his pride returns the next.

Chemical medicines are observed to relieve oftener than to cure; for it is the nature of spirits to make swift impressions, but not deep. Galenical decoctions, to which I may properly compare an epic poem, have more of body in them; they work by their substance and their weight. It is one reason of Aristotle's to prove that tragedy is the more noble, because it turns in a shorter compass; the whole action being circumscribed within the space of four-and-twenty hours. He might prove as well that a mushroom is to be preferred before a peach, because it shoots up in the compass of a night. A chariot may be driven round a pillar in less space than a large machine, because the bulk is not so great. Is the Moon a more noble planet than Saturn, because she makes her revolution in less than thirty days, and he in little less



than thirty years? Both their orbs are in proportion to their several magnitudes; and, consequently, the quickness or slowness of their motion, and the time of their circumvolutions, is no argument of the greater or less perfection. And besides, what virtue is there in a tragedy, which is not contained in an epic poem, where pride is humbled, virtue rewarded, and vice punished; and those more amply treated, than the narrowness of the drama can admit? The shining quality of an epic hero, his magnanimity, his constancy, his patience, his piety, or whatever characteristic virtue his poet gives him, raises our first admiration. We are naturally prone to imitate what we admire; and frequent acts produce a habit. If the hero's chief quality be vicious; as, for example, the choler and obstinate desire of vengeance in Achilles, yet the moral is instructive: and, besides, we are informed in the very proposition of the *Iliads*, that this anger was pernicious: that it brought a thousand ills on the Grecian camp. The courage of Achilles is proposed to imitation, not his pride and disobedience to his general, nor his brutal cruelty to his dead enemy, nor the selling his body to his father. We abhor these actions while we read them; and what we abhor, we never imitate. The poet only shows them, like rocks or quicksands, to be shunned.

By this example, the critics have concluded, that it is not necessary the manners of the hero should be virtuous. They are poetically good, if they are of a piece: though, where a character of perfect virtue is set before us, it is more lovely; for there the whole hero is to be imitated. This is the *Æneas* of our Author: this is that idea of perfection in an epic poem, which painters and statuary have only in their minds, and which no hands are able to express. These are the beauties of a God in a human body. When the picture of Achilles is drawn in tragedy, he is taken with those warts, and moles, and hard features, by those who represent him on the stage, or he is no more Achilles; for his creator Homer has so described him. Yet even thus he appears a perfect hero, though an imperfect character of virtue. Horace paints him after Homer, and delivers him to be copied on the stage with all those imperfections. Therefore they are either not

faults in a heroic poem, or faults common to the drama. After all, on the whole merits of the cause it must be acknowledged that the epic poem is more for the manners, and tragedy for the passions. The passions, as I have said, are violent : and acute distempers require medicines of a strong and speedy operation. Ill habits of the mind are, like chronical diseases, to be corrected by degrees, and cured by alteratives : wherein, though purges are sometimes necessary, yet diet, good air, and moderate exercise, have the greatest part. The matter being thus stated, it will appear that both sorts of poetry are of use for their proper ends. The stage is more active : the epic poem works at greater leisure, yet is active too, when need requires : for dialogue is imitated by the drama, from the more active parts of it. One puts off a fit, like the *quinquina*, and relieves us only for a time ; the other roots out the distemper, and gives a healthful habit. The sun enlightens and cheers us, dispels fogs, and warms the ground, with his daily beams ; but the corn is sowed, increases, is ripened, and is reaped for use in process of time, and in its proper season. I proceed, from the greatness of the action, to the dignity of the actors ; I mean the persons employed in both poems. There, likewise, tragedy will be seen to borrow from the epopee ; and that which borrows is always of less dignity, because it has not of its own. A subject, it is true, may lend to his sovereign : but the act of borrowing makes the king inferior ; because he wants, and the subject supplies. And suppose the persons of the drama wholly fabulous, or the poet's invention, yet heroic poetry gave him the examples of that invention, because it was first, and Homer the common father of the stage. I know not of any one advantage which tragedy can boast above heroic poetry, but that it is represented to the view, as well as read, and instructs in the closet, as well as on the theatre. This is an uncontended excellence, and a chief branch of its prerogative ; yet I may be allowed to say, without partiality, that herein the actors share the poet's praise. Your lordship knows some modern tragedies which are beautiful on the stage, and yet I am confident you would not read them. Tryphon the

stationer² complains, they are seldom asked for in his shop. The poet, who flourished in the scene, is damned in the *ruelle*; nay more, he is not esteemed a good poet by those who see and hear his extravagancies with delight. They are a sort of stately fustian, and lofty childishness. Nothing but nature can give a sincere pleasure: where that is not imitated, it is grotesque painting; 'the fine woman ends in a fish's tail'³.

I might also add that many things, which not only please, but are real beauties, in the reading, would appear absurd upon the stage; and those not only the *speciosa miracula*, as Horace calls them, of transformations, of Scylla, Antiphates, and the *Læstrigons*, which cannot be represented even in operas; but the prowess of Achilles or Æneas would appear ridiculous in our dwarf heroes of the theatre. We can believe they routed armies, in Homer or in Virgil; but *ne Hercules contra duos* in the drama. I forbear to instance in many things, which the stage cannot or ought not to represent; for I have said already more than I intended on this subject, and should fear it might be turned against me, that I plead for the preeminence of epic poetry, because I have taken some pains in translating Virgil, if this were the first time that I had delivered my opinion in this dispute. But I have more than once already maintained the rights of my two masters against their rivals of the scene, even while I wrote tragedies myself, and had no thoughts of this present undertaking. I submit my opinion to your judgment, who are better qualified than any man I know to decide this controversy. You come, my lord, instructed in the cause, and needed not that I should open it. Your 'Essay of Poetry', which was published without a name, and of which I was not honoured with the confidence, I read over and over with much delight, and as much instruction, and—without flattering you, or making myself more moral than I am—not without some envy. I was loath to be informed how an epic poem should be written, or how a tragedy should be contrived and managed, in

² An allusion to Martial, but apparently pointed at Tonson.

³ See the Exordium to Horace's Art of Poetry.

⁴ Printed in 1682.

better verse, and with more judgment, than I could teach others. A native of Parnassus, and bred up in the studies of its fundamental laws, may receive new lights from his contemporaries : but it is a grudging kind of praise which he gives his benefactors. He is more obliged than he is willing to acknowledge : there is a tincture of malice in his commendations ; for where I own I am taught, I confess my want of knowledge. A judge upon the bench may, out of good nature, or at least interest, encourage the pleadings of a puny counsellor ; but he does not willingly commend his brother serjeant at the bar ; especially when he controls his law, and exposes that ignorance which is made sacred by his place. I gave the unknown author his due commendation, I must confess ; but who can answer for me, and for the rest of the poets who heard me read the poem, whether we should not have been better pleased to have seen our own names at the bottom of the title-page ? Perhaps we commended it the more, that we might seem to be above the censure. We are naturally displeased with an unknown critic, as the ladies are with a lampooner, because we are bitten in the dark, and know not where to fasten our revenge. But great excellencies will work their way through all sorts of opposition. I applauded rather out of decency than affection ; and was ambitious, as some yet can witness, to be acquainted with a man with whom I had the honour to converse, and that almost daily, for so many years together. Heaven knows, if I have heartily forgiven you this deceit. You extorted a praise, which I should willingly have given, had I known you. Nothing had been more easy, than to commend a patron of a long standing. The world would join with me, if the encomiums were just ; and, if unjust, would excuse a grateful flatterer. But to come anonymous upon me, and force me to commend you against my interest, was not altogether so fair, give me leave to say, as it was politic : for, by concealing your quality, you might clearly understand how your work succeeded, and that the general approbation was given to your merit, not your titles. Thus, like Apelles, you stood unseen behind your own Venus, and received the praises of the passing multitude : the work was commended, not the author : and I

doubt not, this was one of the most pleasing adventures of your life.

I have detained your lordship longer than I intended in this dispute of preference betwixt the epic poem and the drama, and yet have not formally answered any of the arguments which are brought by Aristotle on the other side, and set in the fairest light by Dacier. But I suppose, without looking on the book, I may have touched on some of the objections: for, in this address to your lordship, I design not a treatise of heroic poetry, but write in a loose epistolary way; somewhat tending to that subject, after the example of Horace, in his first epistle of the second book of Augustus Cæsar, and in that to the Pisos, which we call his 'Art of Poetry'; in both of which he observes no method that I can trace, whatever Scaliger the father, or Heinsius, may have seen, or rather think they have seen. I have taken up, laid down, and resumed as often as I pleased, the same subject: and this loose proceeding I shall use through all this prefatory dedication. Yet all this while I have been sailing with some side-wind or other toward the point I proposed in the beginning;—the greatness and excellency of an heroic poem, with some of the difficulties which attend that work. The comparison, therefore, which I made betwixt the epopee and the tragedy, was not altogether a digression; for it is concluded on all hands, that they are both the master-pieces of human wit.

In the mean time, I may be bold to draw this corollary from what has been already said, that the file of heroic poets is very short; all are not such, who have assumed that lofty title in ancient or modern ages, or have been so esteemed by their partial and ignorant admirers.

There have been but one great *Ilias*, and one *Æneis*, in so many ages. The next, but the next with a long interval betwixt, was the '*Jerusalem*^s;' I mean not so much in distance of time, as in excellency. After these three are entered, some lord-chamberlain should be appointed, some critic of authority should be set before the door to keep out a crowd of little poets, who press for admission,

^s '*Gierusalemme Liberata*' of Tasso.

and are not of quality. Mævius would be deafening your lordship's ears with his

Fortunam Priami cantabo, et nobile bellum—

mere fustian (as Horace would tell you from behind, without pressing forward), and more smoke than fire. Pulci, Boiardo, and Ariosto, would cry out, 'Make room for the Italian poets, the descendants of Virgil in a right line.' Father Le Moine, with his Saint Louis; and Scudery with his Alaric, for a godly king and Gothic conqueror; and Chapelain would take it ill that his '*Maid*⁶' should be refused a place with Helen and Lavinia. Spenser has a better plea for his Fairy Queen, had his action been finished, or had been one; and Milton, if the Devil had not been his hero, instead of Adam; if the giant had not foiled the knight, and driven him out of his strong hold, to wander through the world with his lady errant; and if there had not been more machining persons than human in his poem. After these, the rest of our English poets shall not be mentioned. I have that honour for them which I ought to have; but, if they are worthies, they are not to be ranked amongst the three whom I have named, and who are established in their reputation.

Before I quitted the comparison betwixt epic poetry and tragedy, I should have acquainted my judge with one advantage of the former over the latter, which I now casually remember out of the preface of Ségrais before his translation of the Æneis, or out of Bossu, no matter which: 'the style of the heroic poem is, and ought to be, more lofty than that of the drama.' The critic is certainly in the right, for the reason already urged: the work of tragedy is on the passions, and in a dialogue: both of them abhor strong metaphors, in which the epopee delights. A poet cannot speak too plainly on the stage: for *volat irrevocabile verbum*; the sense is lost, if it be not taken flying. But what we read alone, we have leisure to digest: there an author may beautify his sense by the boldness of his expression, which if we understand not fully at the first, we may dwell upon it till we find the secret force and ex-

⁶ 'La Pucelle d'Orléans, ou La France délivrée.'

cellence. That which cures the manners by alterative physic, as I said before, must proceed by insensible degrees; but that which purges the passions, must do its business all at once, or wholly fail of its effect; at least, in the present operation, and without repeated doses. We must beat the iron while it is hot; but we may polish it at leisure. Thus, my lord, you pay the fine of my forgetfulness; and yet the merits of both causes are where they were, and undecided, till you declare whether it be more for the benefit of mankind to have their manners in general corrected, or their pride and hardheartedness removed.

I must now come closer to my present business, and not think of making more invasive wars abroad, when, like Hannibal, I am called back to the defence of my own country. Virgil is attacked by many enemies; he has a whole confederacy against him; and I must endeavour to defend him as well as I am able. But their principal objections being against his moral, the duration or length of time taken up in the action of the poem, and what they have to urge against the manners of his hero, I shall omit the rest as mere cavils of grammarians; at the worst, but casual slips of a great man's pen, or inconsiderable faults of an admirable poem, which the author had not leisure to review before his death. Macrobius has answered what the ancients could urge against him; and some things I have lately read in Tanneguy le Fèvre, Valois, and another whom I name not, which are scarce worth answering. They begin with the moral of his poem, which I have elsewhere confessed, and still must own, not to be so noble as that of Homer. But let both be fairly stated; and without contradicting my first opinion, I can show that Virgil's was as useful to the Romans of his age, as Homer's was to the Grecians of his, in what time soever he may be supposed to have lived and flourished. Homer's moral was, to urge the necessity of union, and of a good understanding, betwixt confederate states and princes engaged in a war with a mighty monarch; as also of discipline in an army, and obedience in the several chiefs to the supreme commander of the joint forces. To inculcate this, he sets forth the ruinous effects of discord in the

camp of those allies, occasioned by the quarrel betwixt the general and one of the next in office under him. Agamemnon gives the provocation, and Achilles resents the injury. Both parties are faulty in the quarrel; and accordingly they are both punished: the aggressor is forced to sue for peace to his inferior on dishonourable conditions: the deserter refuses the satisfaction offered; and this obstinacy cost him his best friend. This works the natural effect of choler, and turns his rage against him by whom he was last affronted, and most sensibly. The greater anger expels the less; but his character is still preserved. In the meantime, the Grecian army receives loss on loss, and is half destroyed by a pestilence into the bargain.

Quicquid delirant reges, plectantur Achivi.

As the poet, in the first part of the example, had shown the bad effects of discord, so, after the reconciliation, he gives the good effects of unity; for Hector is slain, and then Troy must fall. By this, it is probable that Homer lived when the Median monarchy was grown formidable to the Grecians, and that the joint endeavours of his countrymen were little enough to preserve their common freedom from an encroaching enemy. Such was his moral; which all critics have allowed to be more noble than that of Virgil, though not adapted to the times in which the Roman poet lived. Had Virgil flourished in the age of Ennius, and addressed to Scipio, he had probably taken the same moral, or some other not unlike it: for then the Romans were in as much danger from the Carthaginian commonwealth, as the Grecians were from the Assyrian or Median monarchy. But we are to consider him as writing his poem in a time when the old form of government was subverted, and a new one just established by Octavius Cæsar; in effect by force of arms, but seemingly by the consent of the Roman people. The commonwealth had received a deadly wound in the former civil wars betwixt Marius and Sylla. The commons, while the first prevailed, had almost shaken off the yoke of the nobility; and Marius and Cinna, like the captains of the mob, under the specious pretence of the public

good, and of doing justice on the oppressors of their liberty, revenged themselves, without form of law, on their private enemies. Sylla, in his turn, proscribed the heads of the adverse party: he too had nothing but liberty and reformation in his mouth (for the cause of religion is but a modern motive to rebellion, invented by the Christian priesthood, refining on the heathen!) Sylla, to be sure, meant no more good to the Roman people than Marius before, whatever he declared; but sacrificed the lives and took the estates of all his enemies, to gratify those who brought him into power. Such was the reformation of the government by both parties. The senate and the commons were the two bases on which it stood; and the two champions of either faction, each destroyed the foundations of the other side: so the fabric, of consequence, must fall betwixt them; and tyranny must be built upon their ruins. This comes of altering fundamental laws and constitutions—like him, who, being in good health, lodged himself in a physician's house, and was over-persuaded by his landlord to take physic (of which he died), for the benefit of his doctor. *Stato ben* (was written on his monument) *ma, per stur meglio, sto qui*⁷.

After the death of those two usurpers, the commonwealth seemed to recover, and held up its head for a little time. But it was all the while in a deep consumption, which is a flattering disease. Pompey, Crassus, and Cæsar, had found the sweets of arbitrary power; and, each being a check to the other's growth, struck up a false friendship amongst themselves, and divided the government betwixt them, which none of them was able to assume alone. These were the public-spirited men of their age; that is, patriots for their own interest. The commonwealth looked with a florid countenance in their management, spread in bulk, and all the while was wasting in the vitals. Not to trouble your lordship with the repetition of what you know—after the death of Crassus, Pompey found himself outwitted by Cæsar, broke with him, overpowered him in the senate, and caused many unjust decrees to pass against him. Cæsar, thus injured,

⁷ I was well; but would be better; and here I am.

and unable to resist the faction of the nobles which was now uppermost (for he was a Marian), had recourse to arms; and his cause was just against Pompey, but not against his country, whose constitution ought to have been sacred to him, and never to have been violated on the account of any private wrong. But he prevailed! and, Heaven declaring for him, he became a providential monarch, under the title of perpetual dictator. He being murdered by his own son, whom I neither dare commend, nor can justly blame (though Dante, in his *Inferno*, has put him and Cassius, and Judas Iscariot betwixt them, into the great devil's mouth), the commonwealth popped up its head for the third time, under Brutus and Cassius, and then sunk for ever.

Thus the Roman people were grossly gulled twice or thrice over, and as often enslaved, in one century, and under the same pretence of reformation. At last the two battles of Philippi gave the decisive stroke against liberty; and, not long after, the commonwealth was turned into a monarchy, by the conduct and good fortune of Augustus. It is true, that the despotic power could not have fallen into better hands than those of the first and second Cæsar. Your lordship well knows what obligations Virgil had to the latter of them: he saw, beside, that the commonwealth was lost without resource; the heads of it destroyed; the senate new moulded, grown degenerate, and either bought off, or thrusting their own necks into the yoke, out of fear of being forced. Yet I may safely affirm for our great author (as men of good sense are generally honest), that he was still of republican principles in his heart.

Sécretosque pios, his dantem jura Catonem.

I think I need use no other argument to justify my opinion, than that of this one line, taken from the eighth book of the *Æneis*. If he had not well studied his patron's temper, it might have ruined him with another prince. But Augustus was not discontented (at least that we can find), that Cato was placed, by his own poet, in Elysium, and there giving laws to the holy souls who deserved to be separated from the vulgar sort of good

spirits: for his conscience could not but whisper to the arbitrary monarch, that the kings of Rome were at first elective, and governed not without a senate;—that Romulus was no hereditary prince; and though, after his death, he received divine honours for the good he did on earth, yet he was but a god of their own making;—that the last Tarquin was expelled justly for overt acts of tyranny, and maladministration; for such are the conditions of an elective kingdom: and I meddle not with others, being, for my own opinion, of Montaigne's principles, that an honest man ought to be contented with that form of government, and with those fundamental constitutions of it, which he received from his ancestors, and under which himself was born; though at the same time he confessed freely, that if he could have chosen his place of birth, it should have been at Venice;—which for many reasons I dislike, and am better pleased to have been born an Englishman.

But, to return from my long rambling—I say that Virgil having maturely weighed the condition of the times in which he lived—that an entire liberty was not to be retrieved; that the present settlement had the prospect of a long continuance in the same family, or those adopted into it; that he held his paternal estate from the bounty of the conqueror, by whom he was likewise enriched, esteemed, and cherished; that this conqueror, though of a bad kind, was the very best of it; that the arts of peace flourished under him; that all men might be happy, if they would be quiet; that now he was in possession of the whole, yet he shared a great part of his authority with the senate; that he would be chosen into the ancient offices of the commonwealth, and ruled by the power which he derived from them; and prorogued his government from time to time, still, as it were, threatening to dismiss himself from public cares, which he exercised more for the common good, than for any delight he took in greatness:—these things, I say, being considered by the poet, he concluded it to be the interest of his country to be so governed; to infuse an awful respect into the people towards such a prince; by that respect to confirm their obedience to him, and by that obedience to

make them happy. This was the moral of his divine poem—honest in the poet; honourable to the emperor, whom he derives from a divine extraction; and reflecting part of that honour on the Roman people, whom he derives also from the Trojans; and not only profitable, but necessary, to the present age, and likely to be such to their posterity. That it was the received opinion that the Romans were descended from the Trojans, and Julius Cæsar from Iulus the son of Æneas, was enough for Virgil; though perhaps he thought not so himself, or that Æneas ever was in Italy, which Bochartus manifestly proves. And Homer, where he says that Jupiter hated the house of Priam, and was resolved to transfer the kingdom to the family of Æneas, yet mentions nothing of his leading a colony into a foreign country, and settling there. But that the Romans valued themselves on their Trojan ancestry, is so undoubted a truth, that I need not prove it. Even the seals which we have remaining of Julius Cæsar, which we know to be antique, have the star of Venus over them (though they were all graven after his death), as a note that he was deified. I doubt not but one reason why Augustus should be so passionately concerned for the preservation of the Æneis (which its author had condemned to be burned, as an imperfect poem, by his last will and testament), was, because it did him a real service, as well as an honour: that a work should not be lost, where his divine original was celebrated in verse which had the character of immortality stamped upon it.

Neither were the great Roman families, which flourished in his time, less obliged to him than the emperor. Your lordship knows with what address he makes mention of them, as captains of ships, or leaders in the war; and even some of Italian extraction are not forgotten. These are the single stars which are sprinkled through the Æneis; but there are whole constellations of them in the fifth book. And I could not but take notice, when I translated it, of some favourite families to which he gives the victory, and awards the prizes, in the person of his hero, at the funeral games which were celebrated in honour of Anchises. I insist not on their names: but am pleased to find the Memmii amongst them, derived from

Menestheus, because Lucretius dedicates to one of that family, a branch of which destroyed Corinth. I likewise either found or formed an image to myself of the contrary kind; that those who lost the prizes, were such as disoblged the poet, or were in disgrace with Augustus, or enemies to Mæcenas; and this was the poetical revenge he took: for *genus irritabile vatum*, as Horace says. When a poet is thoroughly provoked, he will do himself justice, however dear it costs him; *animamque in vulnere ponit*. I think these are not bare imaginations of my own, though I find no trace of them in the commentators: but one poet may judge of another, by himself. The vengeance we defer is not forgotten. I hinted before, that the whole Roman people were obliged by Virgil, in deriving them from Troy; an ancestry which they affected. We and the French are of the same humour: they would be thought to descend from a son, I think, of Hector; and we would have our Britain both named and planted by a descendant of Æneas. Spenser favours this opinion what he can. His Prince Arthur, or whoever he intends by him, is a Trojan. Thus the hero of Homer was a Grecian; of Virgil, a Roman; of Tasso, an Italian.

I have transgressed my bounds, and gone further than the moral led me: but if your lordship is not tired, I am safe enough.

Thus far, I think, my author is defended. But, as Augustus is still shadowed in the person of Æneas (of which I shall say more, when I come to the manners which the poet gives his hero), I must prepare that subject, by showing how dexterously he managed both the prince and people, so as to displease neither, and to do good to both; which is the part of a wise and an honest man, and proves that it is possible for a courtier not to be a knave. I shall continue still to speak my thoughts like a freeborn subject, as I am: though such things, perhaps, as no Dutch commentator could, and I am sure no Frenchman durst. I have already told your lordship my opinion of Virgil; that he was no arbitrary man. Obliged he was to his master for his bounty; and he repays him with good counsel, how to behave himself in his new monarchy, so as to gain the affections of his subjects,

and deserve to be called the father of his country. From this consideration it is, that he chose for the groundwork of his poem, one empire destroyed, and another raised from the ruins of it. This was just the parallel. Æneas could not pretend to be Priam's heir in a lineal succession: for Anchises, the hero's father, was only of the second branch of the royal family; and Helenus, a son of Priam, was surviving, and might lawfully claim before him. It may be, Virgil mentions him on that account. Neither has he forgotten Priamus, in the fifth of his *Æneis*, the son of Polites, youngest son to Priam, who was slain by Pyrrhus, in the second book. Æneas had only married Creusa, Priam's daughter, and by her could have no title, while any of the male issue were remaining. In this case, the poet gave him the next title, which is that of an elective king. The remaining Trojans chose him to lead them forth, and settle them in some foreign country. Ilioneus, in his speech to Dido, calls him expressly by the name of king. Our poet, who all this while had Augustus in his eye, had no desire he should seem to succeed by any right of inheritance derived from Julius Cæsar (such a title being but one degree removed from conquest); for what was introduced by force, by force may be removed. It was better for the people that they should give, than he should take; since that gift was indeed no more, a bottom, than a trust. Virgil gives us an example of this in the person of Mezentius: he governed arbitrarily; he was expelled, and came to the deserved end of all tyrants. Our author shows us another sort of kingship, in the person of Latinus: he was descended from Saturn, and, as I remember, in the third degree. He is described a just and gracious prince, solicitous for the welfare of his people, always consulting with his senate to promote the common good. We find him at the head of them, when he enters into the council hall, speaking first, but still demanding their advice, and steering by it, as far as the iniquity of the times would suffer him. And this is the proper character of a king by inheritance, who is born a father of his country. Æneas, though he married the heiress of the crown, yet claimed no title to it during the life of his father-in-law. *Pater*

arma Latinus habeto, &c. are Virgil's words. As for himself, he was contented to take care of his country gods, who were not those of Latium: wherein our divine author seems to relate to the after practice of the Romans, which was to adopt the gods of those they conquered, or received as members of their commonwealth. Yet, withal, he plainly touches at the office of the high-priesthood, with which Augustus was invested, and which made his person more sacred and inviolable, than even the tribunitial power. It was not therefore for nothing, that the most judicious of all poets made that office vacant by the death of Pantheus in the second book of the *Æneis*, for his hero to succeed in it, and consequently for Augustus to enjoy. I know not that any of the commentators have taken notice of that passage: If they have not, I am sure they ought: and if they have, I am not indebted to them for the observation. The words of Virgil are very plain—

Sacra suosque tibi commendat Troja penates.

As for Augustus, or his uncle Julius, claiming by descent from *Æneas*, that title is already out of doors. *Æneas* succeeded not, but was elected. Troy was foredoomed to fall for ever.

*Postquam res Asiæ Priamique evertere gentem
Immeritam visum superis. Æneis, lib. iii. v. f.*

Augustus, it is true, had once resolved to rebuild that city, and there to make the seat of empire: but Horace writes an ode^s on purpose to deter him from that thought; declaring the place to be accursed, and that the gods would as often destroy it, as it should be raised. Hereupon the emperor laid aside a project so ungrateful to the Roman people. But by this, my lord, we may conclude that he had still his pedigree in his head, and had an itch of being thought a divine king, if his poets had not given him better counsel.

I will pass by many less material objections, for want of room to answer them: what follows next is of great

^s Lib. iii. od. 3.

importance, if the critics can make out their charge; for it is leveled at the manners which our poet gives his hero, and which are the same which were eminently seen in his Augustus. Those manners were, piety to the gods and a dutiful affection to his father, love to his relations, care of his people, courage and conduct in the wars, gratitude to those who had obliged him, and justice in general to mankind.

Piety, as your lordship sees, takes place of all, as the chief part of his character: and the word in Latin is more full than it can possibly be expressed in any modern language; for there it comprehends not only devotion to the gods, but filial love, and tender affection to relations of all sorts. As instances of this, the deities of Troy, and his own Penates, are made the companions of his flight; they appear to him in his voyage, and advise him: and at last he replaces them in Italy, their native country. For his father, he takes him on his back: he leads his little son: his wife follows him; but, losing his footsteps through fear or ignorance, he goes back into the midst of his enemies to find her, and leaves not his pursuit until her ghost appears, to forbid his further search. I will say nothing of his duty to his father while he lived, his sorrow for his death, of the games instituted in honour of his memory, or seeking him, by his command, even after his death, in the Elysian fields. I will not mention his tenderness for his son, which every where is visible—of his raising a tomb for Polydorus, the obsequies for Misenus, his pious remembrance of Deïphobus, the funerals of his nurse, his grief for Pallas, and his revenge taken on his murderer, whom otherwise, by his natural compassion, he had forgiven; and then the poem had been left imperfect; for we could have no certain prospect of his happiness, while the last obstacle to it was unremoved. Of the other parts which compose his character, as a king, or as a general, I need say nothing; the whole Æneis is one continued instance of some one or other of them; and where I find any thing of them taxed, it shall suffice me, as briefly as I can, to vindicate my divine master to your lordship, and by you to the reader. But herein, Ségrais, in his admirable preface to his translation of the Æneis

(as the author of the Dauphin's Virgil justly calls it), has prevented me. Him I follow: and what I borrow from him, am ready to acknowledge to him. For, impartially speaking, the French are as much better critics than the English, as they are worse poets. Thus we generally allow that they better understand the management of a war, than our islanders; but we know we are superior to them in the day of battle. They value themselves on their generals, we on our soldiers. But this is not the proper place to decide that question, if they make it one. I shall perhaps say as much of other nations, and their poets, excepting only Tasso; and hope to make my assertion good, which is but doing justice to my country; part of which honour will reflect on your lordship, whose thoughts are always just, your numbers harmonious, your words chosen, your expressions strong and manly, your verse flowing, and your turns as happy as they are easy. If you would set us more copies, your example would make all precepts needless. In the meantime, that little you have written is owned, and that particularly by the poets (who are a nation not over lavish of praise to their contemporaries), as a principal ornament of our language: but the sweetest essences are always confined in the smallest glasses.

When I speak of your lordship, it is never a digression, and therefore I need beg no pardon for it; but take up Ségrais where I left him, and shall use him less often than I have occasion for him: for his preface is a perfect piece of criticism, full and clear, and digested into an exact method; mine is loose, and, as I intended it, epistolary. Yet I dwell on many things, which he durst not touch: for it is dangerous to offend an arbitrary master; and every patron who has the power of Augustus, has not his clemency. In short, my lord, I would not translate him, because I would bring you somewhat of my own. His notes and observations on every book are of the same excellency; and, for the same reason, I omit the greater part.

He takes notice that Virgil is arraigned for placing piety before valour, and making that piety the chief character of his hero. I have already said, from Bossu, that

a poet is not obliged to make his hero a virtuous man; therefore, neither Homer nor Tasso are to be blamed, for giving what predominant quality they pleased to their first character. But Virgil, who designed to form a perfect prince, and would insinuate that Augustus, whom he calls Æneas in his poem, was truly such, found himself obliged to make him without blemish, thoroughly virtuous; and a thorough virtue both begins and ends in piety. Tasso, without question, observed this before me, and therefore split his hero in two: he gave Godfrey piety, and Rinaldo fortitude, for their chief qualities or manners. Homer, who had chosen another moral, makes both Agamemnon and Achilles vicious; for his design was to instruct in virtue, by showing the deformity of vice. I avoid repetition of what I have said above. What follows, is translated literally from Ségrais.

‘Virgil had considered, that the greatest virtues of Augustus consisted in the perfect art of governing his people: which caused him to reign above forty years in great felicity. He considered that his emperor was valiant, civil, popular, eloquent, politic, and religious; he has given all these qualities to Æneas. But—knowing that piety alone comprehends the whole duty of man towards the gods, towards his country, and towards his relations—he judged that this ought to be his first character, whom he would set for a pattern of perfection. In reality, they who believe that the praises which arise from valour, are superior to those which proceed from any other virtues, have not considered (as they ought) that valour, destitute of other virtues, cannot render a man worthy of any true esteem. That quality, which signifies no more than an intrepid courage, may be separated from many others which are good and accompanied with many which are ill. A man may be very valiant, and yet impious and vicious. But the same cannot be said of piety, which excludes all ill qualities, and comprehends even valour itself, with all other qualities which are good. Can we, for example, give the praise of valour to a man who should see his gods profaned, and should want the courage to defend them? to a man who should abandon his father, or desert his king, in his last necessity?’

Thus far Ségrais, in giving the preference to piety before valour. I will now follow him, where he considers this valour, or intrepid courage, singly in itself; and this also Virgil gives to his Æneas, and that in an heroical degree.

Having first concluded that our poet did for the best, in taking the first character of his hero from that essential virtue on which the rest depends, he proceeds to tell us, that, 'in the ten years' war of Troy, he was considered as the second champion of his country (allowing Hector the first place), and this, even by the confession of Homer, who took all occasions of setting up his own countrymen the Grecians, and of undervaluing the Trojan chiefs.' But Virgil (whom Ségrais forgot to cite) makes Diomedé give him a higher character for strength and courage. His testimony is this, in the eleventh book.

Stetimus tela aspera contra,
 Contulimusque manus: experto credite, quantus
 In clypeum assurgat, quo turbine torqueat hastam.
 Si duo præterea tales Idæa tulisset
 Terra viros, ultro Inachias venisset ad urbes
 Dardanus, et versis lugeret Græcia fati.
 Quicquid apud duræ cessatum est mœnia Trojæ:
 Hectoris Æneæque manu victoria Graiûm
 Hæsit, et in decimum vestigia retulit annum.
 Ambo animis, ambo insignes præstantibus armis:
 Hic pietate prior.

I give not here my translation of these verses (though I think I have not ill succeeded in them), because your lordship is so great a master of the original, that I have no reason to desire you should see Virgil and me so near together: but you may please, my lord, to take notice, that the Latin author refines upon the Greek, and insinuates that Homer had done his hero wrong, in giving the advantage of the duel to his own countryman: though Diomedé was manifestly the second champion of the Grecians; and Ulysses preferred him before Ajax, when he chose him for the companion of his nightly expedition; for he had a head-piece of his own, and wanted only the fortitude of another, to bring him off with safety, and that he might compass his design with honour.

The French translator thus proceeds: 'They who accuse Æneas for want of courage, either understand not

Virgil, or have read him slightly; otherwise they would not raise an objection so easily to be answered.' Hereupon he gives so many instances of the hero's valour, that to repeat them after him would tire your lordship, and put me to the unnecessary trouble of transcribing the greatest part of the three last Æneïds. In short, more could not be expected from an Amadis, a Sir Lancelot, or the whole Round Table, than he performs. *Proxima quæque metit gladio*, is the perfect account of a knight-errant. 'If it be replied (continues Ségrais) that it was not difficult for him to undertake and achieve such hardy enterprises, because he wore enchanted arms; that accusation, in the first place, must fall on Homer, ere it can reach Virgil.' Achilles was as well provided with them as Æneas, though he was invulnerable without them. And Ariosto, the two Tassos (Bernardo and Torquato), even our own Spenser—in a word, all modern poets—have copied Homer as well as Virgil: he is neither the first nor last, but in the midst of them; and therefore is safe, if they are so. 'Who knows (says Ségrais) but that his fated armour was only an allegorical defence, and signified no more than that he was under the peculiar protection of the gods? born, as the astrologers will tell us out of Virgil (who was well versed in the Chaldean mysteries), under the favourable influence of Jupiter, Venus, and the Sun.' But I insist not on this, because I know you believe not there is such an art; though not only Horace and Persius, but Augustus himself, thought otherwise. But, in defence of Virgil, I dare positively say that he has been more cautious, in this particular, than either his predecessor, or his descendants; for Æneas was actually wounded, in the twelfth of the Æneis; though he had the same god-smith to forge his arms, as had Achilles. It seems he was no warlock⁹, as the Scots commonly call such men, who, they say, are iron-free, or lead-free. Yet, after this experiment, that his arms were not impenetrable—when he was cured indeed by his mother's help, because he was that day to conclude the war by the death of Turnus—the poet durst not carry

⁹ Or warlock, a sorcerer. See Ramsay's Gentle Shepherd.

the miracle too far, and restore him wholly to his former vigour: he was still too weak to overtake his enemy: yet we see with what courage he attacked Turnus, when he faces, and renews the combat. I need say no more; for Virgil defends himself without needing my assistance, and proves his hero truly to deserve that name. He was not then a second-rate champion, as they would have him, who think fortitude the first virtue in a hero. But being beaten from this hold, they will not yet allow him to be valiant, because he wept more often, as they think, than well becomes a man of courage.

In the first place, if tears are arguments of cowardice, what shall I say of Homer's hero? Shall Achilles pass for timorous, because he wept; and wept on less occasions than Æneas? Herein Virgil must be granted to have excelled his master. For once both heroes are described lamenting their lost loves: Briseïs was taken away by force from the Grecian: Creüsa was lost for ever to her husband. But Achilles went roaring along the salt-sea shore, and, like a booby, was complaining to his mother, when he should have revenged his injury by arms. Æneas took a nobler course; for having secured his father and son, he repeated all his former dangers, to have found his wife, if she had been above ground. And here, your lordship may observe the address of Virgil: it was not for nothing that this passage was related with all these tender circumstances. Æneas told it: Dido heard it. That he had been so affectionate a husband, was no ill argument to the coming dowager, that he might prove as kind to her. Virgil has a thousand secret beauties, though I have not leisure to remark them.

Ségrais, on this subject of a hero shedding tears, observes, that historians commend Alexander for weeping when he read the mighty actions of Achilles: and Julius Cæsar is likewise praised, when, out of the same noble envy, he wept at the victories of Alexander. But, if we observe more closely, we shall find that the tears of Æneas were always on a laudable occasion. Thus he weeps out of compassion, and tenderness of nature, when, in the temple of Carthage, he beholds the pictures of his friends, who sacrificed their lives in defence of their

country; he deplores the lamentable end of his pilot Palinurus, the untimely death of young Pallas his confederate, and the rest, which I omit. Yet, even for these tears, his wretched critics dare condemn him. They make Æneas little better than a kind of St. Swithin-hero, always raining. One of these censors is bold enough to arraign him of cowardice, when, in the beginning of the first book, he not only weeps, but trembles, at an approaching storm—

*Extemplo Æneæ solvuntur frigore membra:
Ingemit; et duplices tendens ad sidera palmas, &c.*

But to this I have answered formerly, that his fear was not for himself, but for his people. And what can give a sovereign a better commendation, or recommend a hero more to the affection of the reader? They were threatened with a tempest; and he wept: he was promised Italy; and therefore he prayed for the accomplishment of that promise—all this in the beginning of a storm; therefore he showed the more early piety, and the quicker sense of compassion. Thus much I have urged elsewhere in the defence of Virgil: and, since, I have been informed by Mr. Moyle (a young gentleman ¹⁰ whom I can never sufficiently commend), that the ancients accounted drowning an accursed death: so that, if we grant him to have been afraid, he had just occasion for that fear, both in relation to himself and to his subjects. I think our adversaries can carry this argument no further, unless they tell us that he ought to have more confidence in the promise of the gods: but how was he assured that he had understood their oracles aright? Helenus might be mistaken; Phœbus might speak doubtfully; even his mother might flatter him, that he might prosecute his voyage; which if it succeeded happily, he should be the founder of an empire: for that she herself was doubtful of his fortune, is apparent by the address she made to Jupiter on his behalf; to which the god makes answer in these words:

*Parce metû, Cytherea: manent immota tuorum
Fata tibi, &c.*

¹⁰ The son of Sir Walter Moyle.

notwithstanding which, the goddess, though comforted, was not assured: for even after this, through the course of the whole *Æneis*, she still apprehends the interest which Juno might make with Jupiter against her son. For it was a moot point in heaven, whether he could alter fate, or not. And indeed some passages in Virgil would make us suspect that he was of opinion Jupiter might defer fate, though he could not alter it; for, in the latter end of the tenth book, he introduces Juno begging for the life of Turnus, and flattering her husband with the power of changing destiny—*Tua, qui potes, orsu reflectas*. To which he graciously answers:

Si mora præsentis leti, tempusque caduco
Oratur juveni, meque hoc ita ponere sentis;
Tolle fugâ Turnum, atque instantibus eripe fati.
Hactenus indoluisse vacat. Sin altior istis
Sub precibus venia ulla latet, totumque moveri
Mutarive putas bellum; spes pascis inanca.

But, that he could not alter those decrees, the king of gods himself confesses, in the book above cited; when he comforts Hercules for the death of Pallas, who had invoked his aid, before he threw his lance at Turnus—

————Trojæ sub mœnibus altis,
Tot nati cecidere deûm; quin occidit unâ
Sarpedon, mea progenies. Etiam sua Turnum
Fata vocant, metasque dati pervenit ad ævi—

where he plainly acknowledges that he could not save his own son, or prevent the death which he foresaw. Of his power to defer the blow, I once occasionally discoursed with that excellent person Sir Robert Howard, who is better conversant than any man that I know, in the doctrine of the Stoics; and he set me right, from the concurrent testimony of philosophers and poets, that Jupiter could not retard the effects of fate, even for a moment. For, when I cited Virgil, as favouring the contrary opinion in that verse,

Tolle fugâ Turnum, atque instantibus eripe fati—

he replied, (and, I think, with exact judgment) that when Jupiter gave Juno leave to withdraw Turnus from the present danger, it was because he certainly foreknew that

his fatal hour was not come; that it was in destiny for Juno at that time to save him; and that himself obeyed destiny, in giving her that leave.

I need say no more in justification of our hero's courage, and am much deceived, if he ever be attacked on this side of his character again. But he is arraigned with more show of reason by the ladies; who will make a numerous party against him, for being false to love in forsaking Dido. And I cannot much blame them; for to say the truth, it is an ill precedent for their gallants to follow. Yet, if I can bring him off with flying colours, they may learn experience at her cost, and, for her sake, avoid a cave, as the worst shelter they can choose from a shower of rain; especially, when they have a lover in their company.

In the first place, Ségrais observes with much acuteness, that they who blame Æneas for his insensibility of love when he left Carthage, contradict their former accusation of him, for being always crying, compassionate, and effeminately sensible of those misfortunes which befell others. They give him two contrary characters; but Virgil makes him of a piece, always grateful, always tenderhearted. But they are impudent enough to discharge themselves of this blunder, by laying the contradiction at Virgil's door. He, say they, has shown his hero with these inconsistent characters, acknowledging and ungrateful, compassionate and hardhearted, but, at the bottom, fickle and self-interested: for Dido had not only received his weather-beaten troops before she saw him, and given them her protection, but had also offered them an equal share in her dominion—

Vultis et his mecum pariter considerare regnis?
Urbem quam statuo, vestra est.

This was an obligation never to be forgotten; and the more to be considered, because antecedent to her love. That passion, it is true, produced the usual effects of generosity, gallantry, and care to please; and thither we refer them. But, when she had made all these advances, it was still in his power to have refused them: after the intrigue of the cave (call it marriage, or enjoyment only),

he was no longer free to take or leave; he had accepted the favour, and was obliged to be constant, if he would be grateful.

My lord, I have set this argument in the best light I can, that the ladies may not think I write booty: and perhaps it may happen to me, as it did to Doctor Cudworth, who has raised such strong objections against the being of a God, and Providence, that many think he has not answered them. You may please, at least, to hear the adverse party. Ségrais pleads for Virgil, that no less than an absolute command from Jupiter could excuse this insensibility of the hero, and this abrupt departure, which looks so like extreme ingratitude. But, at the same time, he does wisely to remember you, that Virgil had made piety the first character of Æneas; and, this being allowed (as I am afraid it must), he was obliged, antecedent to all other considerations, to search an asylum for his gods in Italy—for those very gods, I say, who had promised to his race the universal empire. Could a pious man dispense with the commands of Jupiter, to satisfy his passion, or (take it in the strongest sense) to comply with the obligations of his gratitude? Religion, it is true, must have moral honesty for its groundwork; or we shall be apt to suspect its truth: but an immediate revelation dispenses with all duties of morality. All casuists agree, that theft is a breach of the moral law: yet, if I might presume to mingle things sacred with profane, the Israelites only spoiled the Egyptians, not robbed them; because the propriety was transferred by a revelation to their lawgiver. I confess, Dido was a very infidel in this point; for she would not believe (as Virgil makes her say), that ever Jupiter would send Mercury on such an immoral errand. But this needs no answer, at least no more than Virgil gives it—

Fata obstant; placidasque viri Deus obstruit aures.

This notwithstanding, as Ségrais confesses, he might have shown a little more sensibility when he left her; for that had been according to his character.

But let Virgil answer for himself. He still loved her, and struggled with his inclinations, to obey the gods :

Curam sub corde premebat,
Multa gemens, magnoque animum labefactus amore.

Upon the whole matter, and humanly speaking, I doubt there was a fault somewhere : and Jupiter is better able to bear the blame, than either Virgil or Æneas. The poet, it seems, had found it out, and therefore brings the deserting hero and the forsaken lady to meet together in the lower regions, where he excuses himself when it is too late ; and accordingly she will take no satisfaction, nor so much as hear him. Now Ségrais is forced to abandon his defence, and excuses his author, by saying, ‘ that the Æneis is an imperfect work, and that death prevented the divine poet from reviewing it ; and for that reason he had condemned it to the fire : though, at the same time, his two translators must acknowledge that the sixth book is the most correct of the whole Æneis. Oh ! how convenient is a machine sometimes in an heroic poem ! This of Mercury is plainly one ; and Virgil was constrained to use it here, or the honesty of his hero would be ill defended. And the fair sex, however, if they had the deserter in their power, would certainly have shown him no more mercy than the Bacchanals did Orpheus ; for, if too much constancy may be a fault sometimes, then want of constancy, and ingratitude after the last favour, is a crime that never will be forgiven. But, of machines, more in their proper place ; where I shall show with how much judgment they have been used by Virgil ; and, in the meantime, pass to another article of his defence, on the present subject ; where, if I cannot clear the hero, I hope at least to bring off the poet ; for here I must divide their causes. Let Æneas trust to his machine, which will only help to break his fall ; but the address is incomparable. Plato, who borrowed so much from Homer, and yet concluded for the banishment of all poets, would at least have rewarded Virgil, before he sent him into exile. But I go further, and say that he ought

to be acquitted ; and deserved, beside, the bounty of Augustus, and the gratitude of the Roman people. If, after this, the ladies will stand out, let them remember that the jury is not all agreed ; for Octavia was of his party, and was of the first quality in Rome ; she was also present at the reading of the sixth *Æneid* ; and we know not that she condemned *Æneas* : but we are sure she presented the poet with a large sum, for his admirable elegy on her son Marcellus.

But let us consider the secret reasons which Virgil had for thus framing this noble episode, wherein the whole passion of love is more exactly described than in any other poet. Love was the theme of his fourth book : and though it is the shortest of the whole *Æneis*, yet there he has given its beginning, its progress, its traverses, and its conclusion ; and had exhausted so entirely this subject, that he could resume it but very slightly in the eight ensuing books.

She was warmed with the graceful appearance of the hero : she smothered those sparkles out of decency ; but conversation blew them up into a flame. Then she was forced to make a confidant of her whom she best might trust, her own sister, who approves the passion, and thereby augments it ; then succeeds her public owning it ; and, after that, the consummation. Of Venus and Juno, Jupiter and Mercury, I say nothing ; for they were all machining work ; but possession having cooled his love, as it increased hers, she soon perceived the change, or at least grew suspicious of a change : this suspicion soon turned to jealousy, and jealousy to rage ; then she disdains and threatens, and again is humble, and entreats ; and nothing availing, despairs, curses, and at last becomes her own executioner. See here the whole process of that passion, to which nothing can be added. I dare go no further, lest I should lose the connexion of my discourse.

To love our native country, and to study its benefit and its glory, to be interested in its concerns, is natural to all men, and is indeed our common duty. A poet makes a further step : for, endeavouring to do honour to it, it is allowable in him even to be partial in its cause ; for he is not tied to truth, or fettered by the laws of his

tory. Homer and Tasso are justly praised for choosing their heroes out of Greece and Italy: Virgil indeed made his a Trojan; but it was to derive the Romans and his own Augustus from him. But all the three poets are manifestly partial to their heroes, in favour of their country: for Dares Phrygius reports of Hector, that he was slain cowardly: Æneas, according to the best account, slew not Mezentius, but was slain by him: and the chronicles of Italy tell us little of that Rinaldo d'Este, who conquers Jerusalem in Tasso. He might be a champion of the church; but we know not that he was so much as present at the siege. To apply this to Virgil: he thought himself engaged in honour to espouse the cause and quarrel of his country against Carthage. He knew he could not please the Romans better, or oblige them more to patronize his poem, than by disgracing the foundress of that city. He shows her ungrateful to the memory of her first husband, doting on a stranger; enjoyed, and afterwards forsaken, by him. This was the original, says he, of the immortal hatred betwixt the two rival nations. It is true, he colours the falsehood of Æneas, by an express command from Jupiter, to forsake the queen, who had obliged him: but he knew the Romans were to be his readers; and them he bribed, perhaps at the expense of his hero's honesty; but he gained his cause, however, as pleading before corrupt judges. They were content to see their founder false to love: for still he had the advantage of the amour: it was their enemy whom he forsook; and she might have forsaken him, if he had not got the start of her: she had already forgotten her vows to her Sichæus: and *varium et mutabile semper femina*, is the sharpest satire, in the fewest words, that ever was made on womankind; for both the adjectives are neuter, and *animal* must be understood, to make them grammar. Virgil does well to put those words into the mouth of Mercury. If a god had not spoken them, neither durst he have written them, nor I translated them. Yet the deity was forced to come twice on the same errand: and the second time, as much a hero as Æneas was, he frightened him. It seems he feared not Jupiter so much as Dido: for your lordship may observe, that, as much intent as he

was upon his voyage, yet he still delayed it, till the messenger was obliged to tell him plainly, that if he weighed not anchor in the night, the queen would be with him in the morning—*notumque, furens quid femina possit*;—she was injured; she was revengeful; she was powerful. The poet had likewise before hinted that the people were naturally perfidious: for he gives their character in the queen, and makes a proverb of *Punica fides*, many ages before it was invented.

Thus I hope, my lord, that I have made good my promise, and justified the poet, whatever becomes of the false knight. And sure a poet is as much privileged to lie, as an ambassador, for the honour and interest of his country; at least as Sir Henry Wotton has defined¹¹.

This naturally leads me to the defence of the famous anachronism, in making Æneas and Dido contemporaries; for it is certain, that the hero lived almost two hundred years before the building of Carthage. One, who imitates Boccacini¹², says that Virgil was accused before Apollo for this error. The god soon found that he was not able to defend his favourite by reason; for the case was clear: he therefore gave this middle sentence, that any thing might be allowed to his son Virgil, on the account of his other merits; that, being a monarch, he had a dispensing power, and pardoned him. But that this special act of grace might never be drawn into example, or pleaded by his puny successors in justification of their ignorance, he decreed for the future, no poet should presume to make a lady die for love two hundred years before her birth. To moralize this story, Virgil is the Apollo who has this dispensing power. His great judgment made the laws of poetry; but he never made himself a slave to them: chronology, at best, is but a cobweb law; and he broke through it with his weight. They who will imitate him wisely, must choose, as he did, an obscure and a remote era, where they may invent at pleasure, and not be easily contradicted. Neither he, nor the Romans, had ever read the Bible, by which only

¹¹ See his life by Isaac Walton, prefixed to 'Reliquiæ Wottonianæ.'

¹² The author of 'Ragguagli di Parnasso' and 'Secretaria di Apollo.'

his false computation of times can be made out against him. This Ségrais says, in his defence, and proves it from his learned friend Bochartus, whose letter on this subject he has printed as the end of the fourth Æneid; to which I refer your lordship and the reader. Yet the credit of Virgil was so great, that he made this fable of his own invention pass for an authentic history, or at least as credible as any thing in Homer. Ovid takes it up after him, even in the same age, and makes an ancient heroine of Virgil's new created Dido; dictates a letter for her, just before her death, to the ungrateful fugitive: and, very unluckily for himself, is for measuring a sword with a man so much superior in force to him, on the same subject. I think I may be judge of this, because I have translated both. The famous author of the 'Art of Love' has nothing of his own: he borrows all from a greater master in his own profession; and, which is worse, improves nothing which he finds. Nature fails him; and, being forced to his old shift, he has recourse to witticism. This passes indeed with his soft admirers, and gives him the preference to Virgil in their esteem. But let them like for themselves, and not prescribe to others; for our author needs not their admiration.

The motives that induced Virgil to coin this fable, I have showed already; and have also begun to show, that he might make this anachronism, by superseding the mechanic rules of poetry, for the same reason that a monarch may dispense with or suspend his own laws, when he finds it necessary so to do, especially if those laws are not altogether fundamental. Nothing is to be called a fault in poetry, (says Aristotle) but what is against the art; therefore, a man may be an admirable poet, without being an exact chronologer. Shall we dare, continues Ségrais, to condemn Virgil for having made a fiction against the order of time, when we commend Ovid and other poets who made many of their fictions against the order of nature? For what are the splendid miracles of the *Metamorphoses*? Yet these are beautiful as they are related, and have also deep learning and instructive mythologies couched under them: but to give, as Virgil does in this episode, the original cause of the long wars

betwixt Rome and Carthage, to draw truth out of fiction after so probable a manner, with so much beauty, and so much for the honour of his country, was proper only to the divine wit of Maro; and Tasso, in one of his discourses, admires him for this particularly. It is not lawful, indeed, to contradict a point of history which is known to all the world; as, for example, to make Hannibal and Scipio contemporaries with Alexander: but, in the dark recesses of antiquity, a great poet may and ought to feign such things as he finds not there, if they can be brought to embellish that subject which he treats. On the other side, the pains and diligence of ill poets is but thrown away, when they want the genius to invent and feign agreeably. But, if the fictions be delightful (which they always are, if they be natural); if they be of a piece; if the beginning, the middle, and the end, be in their due places, and artfully united to each other; such works can never fail of their deserved success. And such is Virgil's episode of Dido and Æneas; where the sonnest critic must acknowledge, that, if he had deprived his Æneis of so great an ornament, because he found no traces of it in antiquity, he had avoided their unjust censure, but had wanted one of the greatest beauties of his poem. I shall say more of this in the next article of their charge against him; which is, want of invention. In the meantime, I may affirm, in honour of this episode, that it is not only now esteemed the most pleasing entertainment of the Æneis, but was so accounted in his own age, and before it was mellowed into that reputation which time has given it; for which I need produce no other testimony than that of Ovid, his contemporary—

Nec legitur pars ulla magis de corpore toto,
Quam non legitimo fœdere junctus amor—

where, by the way, you may observe, my lord, that Ovid, in those words, *Non legitimo fœdere junctus amor*, will by no means allow it to be a lawful marriage betwixt Dido and Æneas. He was in banishment when he wrote those verses, which I cite from his letter to Augustus: 'You, sir (saith he), have sent me into exile for writing my Art

of Love, and my wanton Elegies ; yet your own poet was happy in your good graces, though he brought Dido and Æneas into a cave, and left them there not over honestly together. May I be so bold to ask your majesty, is it a greater fault to teach the art of unlawful love, than to show it in the action? But was Ovid, the court poet, so bad a courtier, as to find no other plea to excuse himself, than by a plain accusation of his master? Virgil confessed it was a lawful marriage betwixt the lovers, that Juno the goddess of matrimony had ratified it by her presence (for it was her business to bring matters to that issue). That the ceremonies were short, we may believe; for Dido was not only amorous, but a widow. Mercury himself, though employed on a quite contrary errand, yet owns it a marriage by an inuendo—*pulchramque uxorius urbem extruis*—he calls Æneas not only a husband, but upbraids him for being a fond husband, as the word *uxorius* implies. Now mark a little, if your lordship pleases, why Virgil is so much concerned to make this marriage (for he seems to be the father of the bride himself, and to give her to the bridegroom). It was to make way for the divorce which he intended afterwards; for he was a finer flatterer than Ovid; and I more than conjecture, that he had in his eye the divorce which not long before had passed betwixt the emperor and Scribonia. He drew this dimple in the cheek of Æneas, to prove Augustus of the same family, by so remarkable a feature in the same place. Thus, as we say in our home-spun English proverb, ‘he killed two birds with one stone;’ pleased the emperor, by giving him the resemblance of his ancestor, and gave him such a resemblance as was not scandalous in that age. For, to leave one wife, and take another, was but matter of gallantry at that time of day among the Romans. *Neque hæc in fœdera veni*, is the very excuse which Æneas makes, when he leaves his lady: ‘I made no such bargain with you at our marriage, to live always drudging on at Carthage: my business was Italy, and I never made a secret of it. If I took my pleasure, had not you your share of it? I leave you free, at my departure, to comfort yourself with the next stranger who happens to be shipwrecked on your coast. Be as kind a

hostess as you have been to me; and you can never fail of another husband. In the meantime I call the gods to witness, that I leave you ashore unwillingly; for, though Juno made the marriage, yet Jupiter commands me to forsake you.' This is the effect of what he saith, when it is dishonoured out of Latin verse, into English prose. If the poet argued not aright, we must pardon him for a poor blind heathen, who knew no better morals.

I have detained your lordship longer than I intended on this objection, which would indeed weigh something in a spiritual court; but I am not to defend our poet there. The next, I think, is but a cavil, though the cry is great against him, and hath continued from the time of Macrobius, to this present age. I hinted it before. They lay no less than want of invention to his charge—a capital crime, I must acknowledge; for a poet is a maker, as the word signifies: and he who cannot make (that is, invent) hath his name for nothing. That which makes this accusation look so strange at the first sight, is, that he has borrowed so many things from Homer, Apollonius Rhodius, and others who preceded him. But, in the first place, if invention is to be taken in so strict a sense, that the matter of a poem must be wholly new, and that in all its parts; then Scaliger hath made out, saith Ségrais, that the history of Troy was no more the invention of Homer, than of Virgil. There was not an old woman, or almost a child, but had it in their mouths, before the Greek poet or his friends digested it into this admirable order in which we read it. At this rate, as Solomon hath told us, there is nothing new beneath the sun. Who then can pass for an inventor, if Homer, as well as Virgil, must be deprived of that glory? Is Versailles the less a new building, because the architect of that palace hath imitated others which were built before it? Walls, doors, and windows, apartments, offices, rooms of convenience and magnificence, are in all great houses. So descriptions, figures, fables, and the rest, must be in all heroic poems: they are the common materials of poetry, furnished from the magazine of nature; every poet hath as much right to them, as every man hath to air or water.

Quid prohibetis aquas? Usus communis aquarum est.

But the argument of the work, that is to say, its principal action, the economy and disposition of it—these are the things which distinguish copies from originals. The poet who borrows nothing from others, is yet to be born; he and the Jews' Messiah will come together. There are parts of the Æneis, which resemble some parts both of the Ilias and of the Odyssees: as, for example, Æneas descended into hell, and Ulysses had been there before him: Æneas loved Dido, and Ulysses loved Calypso. In few words, Virgil hath imitated Homer's Odyssees in his first six books; and, in his last six, the Ilias. But from hence can we infer that the two poets write the same history? Is there no invention in some other parts of Virgil's Æneis? The disposition of so many various matters, is not that his own? From what book of Homer had Virgil his episode of Nisus and Euryalus, of Mezentius and Lausus? From whence did he borrow his design of bringing Æneas into Italy? of establishing the Roman empire on the foundations of a Trojan colony? to say nothing of the honour he did his patron, not only in his descent from Venus, but in making him so like her in his best features, that the goddess might have mistaken Augustus for her son. He had indeed the story from common fame, as Homer had his from the Egyptian priestess. *Eneadum genetrix* was no more unknown to Lucretius, than to him. But Lucretius taught him not to form his hero, to give him piety or valour for his manners, and both in so eminent a degree, that having done what was possible for man to save his king and country, his mother was forced to appear to him, and restrain his fury, which hurried him to death in their revenge. But the poet made his piety more successful; he brought off his father and his son; and his gods witnessed to his devotion, by putting themselves under his protection, to be replaced by him in their promised Italy. Neither the invention nor the conduct of this great action were owing to Homer, or any other poet. It is one thing to copy, and another thing to imitate from nature. The copier is that servile imitator, to whom Horace gives no better a name than that of animal; he will not so much as allow him to be a man. Raphael imitated nature: they who copy one of Raphael's pieces,

imitate but him : for his work is their original. They translate him as I do Virgil ; and fall as short of him as I of Virgil. There is a kind of invention in the imitation of Raphael ; for though the thing was in nature, yet the idea of it was his own. Ulysses traveled ; so did Æneas : but neither of them were the first travellers ; for Cain went into the land of Nod, before they were born : and neither of the poets ever heard of such a man. If Ulysses had been killed at Troy, yet Æneas must have gone to sea, or he could never have arrived in Italy. But the designs of the two poets were as different as the courses of their heroes : one went home, and the other sought a home. To return to my first similitude—Suppose Apelles and Raphael had each of them painted a burning Troy ; might not the modern painter have succeeded as well as the ancient, though neither of them had seen the town on fire ? for the draughts of both were taken from the ideas which they had of nature. Cities had been burned before either of them were in being. But, to close the simile as I began it, they would not have designed it after the same manner : Apelles would have distinguished Pyrrhus from the rest of the Grecians, and showed him forcing his entrance into Priam's palace ; there he had set him in the fairest light, and given him the chief place of all his figures ; because he was a Grecian, and he would do honour to his country. Raphael, who was an Italian, and descended from the Trojans, would have made Æneas the hero of his piece ; and perhaps not with his father on his back, his son in one hand, his bundle of gods in the other, and his wife following (for an act of piety is not half so graceful in a picture as an act of courage). He would have rather drawn him killing Androgeos, or some other, hand to hand ; and the blaze of the fires should have darted full upon his face, to make him conspicuous among his Trojans. This, I think, is a just comparison betwixt the two poets, in the conduct of their several designs. Virgil cannot be said to copy Homer : the Grecian had only the advantage of writing first. If it be urged, that I have granted a resemblance in some parts ; yet therein Virgil has excelled him. For, what are the tears of Calypso for being left, to the fury and death of Dido ? Where is there

the whole process of her passion, and all its violent effects, to be found, in the languishing episode of the *Odysses*? If this be a copy, let the critics show us the same dispositions, features, or colouring, in their original. The like may be said of the descent to hell, which was not of Homer's invention neither: he had it from the story of Orpheus and Eurydice. But to what end did Ulysses make that journey? Æneas undertook it by the express commandment of his father's ghost: there he was to show him all the succeeding heroes of his race, and, next to Romulus (mark, if you please, the address of Virgil), his own patron, Augustus Cæsar. Anchises was likewise to instruct him how to manage the Italian war, and how to conclude it with honour; that is, in other words, to lay the foundations of that empire which Augustus was to govern. This is the noble invention of our author; but it hath been copied by so many signpost daubers, that now it is grown fulsome, rather by their want of skill, than by the commonness.

In the last place, I may safely grant, that, by reading Homer, Virgil was taught to imitate his invention—that is, to imitate like him; which is no more than if a painter studied Raphael, that he might learn to design after his manner. And thus I might imitate Virgil, if I were capable of writing a heroic poem, and yet the invention be my own: but I should endeavour to avoid a servile copying. I would not give the same story under other names, with the same characters, in the same order, and with the same sequel, for every common reader to find me out at the first sight for a plagiarist, and cry, 'This I read before in Virgil, in a better language, and in better verse.' This is like Merry Andrew on the low rope, copying lubberly the same tricks which his master is so dexterously performing on the high.

I will trouble your lordship but with one objection more, which I know not whether found in *Le Fèvre*, or *Valais*; but I am sure I have read it in another French critic¹³, whom I will not name, because I think it is not much for his reputation. Virgil, in the heat of action—

¹³ M. Dacier.

suppose, for example, in describing the fury of his hero in a battle, when he is endeavouring to raise our concerns to the highest pitch—turns short on the sudden into some similitude, which diverts, say they, your attention from the main subject, and mispends it on some trivial image. He pours cold water into the caldron, when his business is to make it boil.

This accusation is general, against all who would be thought heroic poets; but I think it touches Virgil less than any. He is too great a master of his art, to make a blot which may so easily be hit. Similitudes, as I have said, are not for tragedy, which is all violent, and where the passions are in a perpetual ferment; for there they deaden where they should animate; they are not of the nature of dialogue, unless in comedy: a metaphor is almost all the stage can suffer, which is a kind of similitude comprehended in a word. But this figure has a contrary effect in heroic poetry; there it is employed to raise the admiration, which is its proper business: and admiration is not of so violent a nature as fear or hope, compassion or horror, or any concernment we can have for such or such a person on the stage. Not but I confess that similitudes and descriptions, when drawn into an unreasonable length, must needs nauseate the reader. Once, I remember, and but once, Virgil makes a similitude of fourteen lines; and his description of Fame is about the same number. He is blamed for both; and I doubt not but he would have contracted them, had he lived to have reviewed his work; but faults are no precedents. This I have observed of his similitudes in general, that they are not placed (as our unobserving critics tell us) in the heat of any action, but commonly in its declining. When he has warmed us in his description as much as possibly he can, then, lest that warmth should languish, he renews it by some apt similitude, which illustrates his subject, and yet palls not his audience. I need give your lordship but one example of this kind, and leave the rest to your observation, when next you review the whole *Æneis* in the original, unblemished by my rude translation. It is in the first book; where the poet describes Neptune composing the ocean, on which *Æolus* had raised a tempest

without his permission. He had already chidden the rebellious winds for obeying the commands of their usurping master; he had warned them from the sea; he had beaten down the billows with his mace, dispelled the clouds, restored the sunshine, while Triton and Cymothoë were heaving the ships from off the quicksands, before the poet would offer at a similitude for illustration :

Ac, veluti magno in populo cum sæpe coorta est
Seditio, sævitque animis ignobile vulgus,
Jamque faces et saxa volant: furor arma ministrat;
Tum, pietate gravem ac meritis si forte virum quem
Conspexere, silent, arrectisque auribus adstant:
Ille regit dictis animos, et pectora mulcet:
Sic cunctus pelagi cecidit fragor: æquora postquam
Prospiciens genitor, cœloque invectus aperto,
Flectit equos, currûque volans dat lora secundo.

This is the first similitude which Virgil makes in this poem, and one of the longest in the whole: for which reason I the rather cite it. While the storm was in its fury, any allusion had been improper: for the poet could have compared it to nothing more impetuous than itself; consequently he could have made no illustration. If he could have illustrated, it had been an 'ambitious ornament' out of season, and would have diverted our concernment: *nunc, non erat his locus*; and therefore he deferred it to his proper place.

These are the criticisms of most moment which have been made against the Æneis by the ancients or moderns. As for the particular exceptions against this or that passage, Macrobius and Pontanus have answered them already. If I desired to appear more learned than I am, it had been as easy for me to have taken their objections and solutions, as it is for a country parson to take the expositions of the fathers out of Junius and Tremellius, and not to have named the authors from whence I had them: for so Ruæus (otherwise a most judicious commentator on Virgil's works) has used Pontanus, his greatest benefactor; of whom he is very silent; and I do not remember that he once cites him.

What follows next, is no objection; for that implies a fault: and it had been none in Virgil, if he had extended the time of his action beyond a year. At least Aristotle

has set no precise limits to it. Homer's, we know, was within two months: Tasso, I am sure, exceeds not a summer; and if I examined him, perhaps he might be reduced into a much less compass. Bossu leaves it doubtful whether Virgil's action were within the year, or took up some months beyond it. Indeed, the whole dispute is of no more concernment to the common reader, than it is to a ploughman, whether February this year had twenty-eight or twenty-nine days in it. But, for the satisfaction of the more curious (of which number I am sure your lordship is one) I will translate what I think convenient out of Ségrais, whom perhaps you have not read: for he has made it highly probable, that the action of the *Æneis* began in the spring, and was not extended beyond the autumn. And we have known campaigns that have begun sooner, and have ended later.

Ronsard, and the rest whom Ségrais names, who are of opinion that the action of this poem takes up almost a year and a half, ground their calculation thus. Anchises died in Sicily at the end of winter, or beginning of the spring. *Æneas*, immediately after the interment of his father, puts to sea for Italy. He is surprised by the tempest described in the beginning of the first book; and there it is that the scene of the poem opens, and where the action must commence. He is driven by this storm on the coasts of *Afric*: he stays at Carthage all that summer and almost all the winter following; sets sail again for Italy just before the beginning of the spring; meets with contrary winds, and makes Sicily the second time. This part of the action completes the year. Then he celebrates the anniversary of his father's funeral, and shortly after arrives at Cumæ; and from thence his time is taken up in his first treaty with *Latinus*, the overture of the war, the siege of his camp by *Turnus*, his going for succours to relieve it, his return, the raising of the siege by the first battle, the twelve days' truce, the second battle, the assault of *Laurentum*, and the single fight with *Turnus*; all which, they say, cannot take up less than four or five months more; by which account, we cannot suppose the entire action to be contained in a much less compass than a year and a half.

Ségrais reckons another way; and his computation is

not condemned by the learned Ruæus ; who compiled and published the commentaries on our poet, which we call the Dauphin's Virgil.

He allows the time of the year when Anchises died to be in the latter end of winter, or the beginning of the spring ; he acknowledges, that, when Æneas is first seen at sea afterwards, and is driven by the tempest on the coast of Afric, is the time when the action is naturally to begin ; he confesses, further, that Æneas left Carthage in the latter end of winter ; for Dido tells him in express terms, as an argument for his longer stay,

Quin etiam hiberno moliris sidere classem.

But, whereas Ronsard's followers suppose, that, when Æneas had buried his father, he set sail immediately for Italy (though the tempest drove him on the coast of Carthage), Ségrais will by no means allow that supposition, but thinks it much more probable that he remained in Sicily till the midst of July, or the beginning of August ; at which time he places the first appearance of his hero on the sea ; and there opens the action of the poem. From which beginning, to the death of Turnus, which concludes the action, there need not be supposed above ten months of intermediate time : for ' arriving at Carthage in the latter end of summer, staying there the winter following, departing thence in the very beginning of the spring, making a short abode in Sicily the second time, landing in Italy, and making the war, may be reasonably judged the business but of ten months. To this the Ronsardians reply, that having been for seven years before in quest of Italy, and having no more to do in Sicily than to inter his father—after that office was performed, what remained for him, but, without delay, to pursue his first adventure ? To which Ségrais answers, that the obsequies of his father, according to the rites of the Greeks and Romans, would detain him for many days ; that a longer time must be taken up in the refitting of his ships after so tedious a voyage, and in refreshing his weather-beaten soldiers on a friendly coast. These indeed are but suppositions on both sides ; yet those of Ségrais seem better grounded : for the feast of Dido, when she entertained Æneas first,

has the appearance of a summer's night, which seems already almost ended, when he begins his story; therefore the love was made in autumn: the hunting followed properly when the heats of that scorching country were declining: the winter was passed in jollity, as the season and their love required; and he left her in the latter end of winter, as is already proved. This opinion is fortified by the arrival of Æneas at the mouth of the Tiber; which marks the season of the spring; that season being perfectly described by the singing of the birds saluting the dawn, and by the beauty of the place, which the poet seems to have painted expressly in the seventh Æneid:

*Aurora in roseis fulgebat lutea bigis:
Cum venti posuere,——
——Variæ, circumque suprague,
Assuetæ ripis volucres, et fluminis alveo,
Æthera mulcebant cantu.——*

The remainder of the action required but three months more: for, when Æneas went for succour to the Tuscan, he found their army in a readiness to march, and wanting only a commander; so that, according to this calculation, the Æneis takes not up above a year complete, and may be comprehended in less compass.

This, amongst other circumstances treated more at large by Ségrais, agrees with the rising of Orion, which caused the tempest described in the beginning of the first book. By some passages in the Pastorals, but more particularly in the Georgics, our poet is found to be an exact astronomer, according to the knowledge of that age. Now Ilioneus (whom Virgil twice employs in embassies, as the best speaker of the Trojans) attributes that tempest to Orion, in his speech to Dido,

Cum, subito assurgens fluctu, nimbosus Orion—

He must mean either the heliacal or achronical rising of that sign. The heliacal rising of a constellation is when it comes from under the rays of the sun, and begins to appear before daylight: the achronical rising, on the contrary, is when it appears at the close of day, and in opposition to the sun's diurnal course.

The heliacal rising of Orion is at present computed to

be about the sixth of July; and about that time it is, that he either causes or presages tempests on the seas.

Ségrais has observed further, that when Anna counsels Dido to stay Æneas during the winter, she speaks also of Orion—

Dum pelago desævit hyems, et aquosus Orion.

If therefore Ilioneus, according to our supposition, understand the heliacal rising of Orion, Anna must mean the achronical, which the different epithets given to that constellation seem to manifest. Ilioneus calls him *nimbosus*; Anna, *aquosus*. He is tempestuous in the summer, when he rises heliacally; and rainy in the winter, when he rises achronically. Your lordship will pardon me for the frequent repetition of these cant words, which I could not avoid in this abbreviation of Ségrais, who, I think, deserves no little commendation in this new criticism.

I have yet a word or two to say of Virgil's machines, from my own observation of them. He has imitated those of Homer, but not copied them. It was established, long before his time, in the Roman religion as well as in the Greek, that there were gods; and both nations, for the most part, worshiped the same deities: as did also the Trojans, from whom the Romans, I suppose, would rather be thought to derive the rites of their religion than from the Grecians; because they thought themselves descended from them. Each of those gods had his proper office, and the chief of them their particular attendants. Thus Jupiter had in propriety Ganymede and Mercury, and Juno had Iris. It was not for Virgil then to create new ministers: he must take what he found in his religion. It cannot therefore be said that he borrowed them from Homer, any more than Apollo, Diana, and the rest, whom he uses as he finds occasion for them, as the Grecian poet did: but he invents the occasions for which he uses them. Venus, after the destruction of Troy, had gained Neptune entirely to her party: therefore we find him busy in the beginning of the Æneis, to calm the tempest raised by Æolus, and afterwards conducting the Trojan fleet to Cumæ in safety, with the loss only of their pilot, for whom he bargains. I name those two examples (amongst

a hundred which I omit), to prove that Virgil, generally speaking, employed his machines in performing those things which might possibly have been done without them. What more frequent than a storm at sea, upon the rising of Orion. What wonder, if, amongst so many ships, there should one be overset, which was commanded by Orontes, though half the winds had not been there which Æolus employed? Might not Palinurus, without a miracle, fall asleep, and drop into the sea; having been overwearied with watching, and secure of a quiet passage, by his observation of the skies? At least Æneas, who knew nothing of the machine of Somnus, takes it plainly in this sense:

O nimum cælo et pelago confise sereno,
Nudus in ignotâ, Palinure, jacebis arenâ.

But machines sometimes are specious things to amuse the reader, and give a colour of probability to things otherwise incredible. And, besides, it soothed the vanity of the Romans, to find the gods so visibly concerned in all the actions of their predecessors. We, who are better taught by our religion, yet own every wonderful accident, which befalls us for the best, to be brought to pass by some special providence of Almighty God, and by the care of guardian angels: and from hence I might infer, that no heroic poem can be writ on the Epicurean principles; which I could easily demonstrate, if there were need to prove it, or I had leisure.

When Venus opens the eyes of her son Æneas, to behold the gods who combated against Troy in that fatal night when it was surprised, we share the pleasure of that glorious vision (which Tasso has not ill copied in the sacking of Jerusalem). But the Greeks had done their business; though neither Neptune, Juno, nor Pallas, had given them their divine assistance. The most crude machine which Virgil uses, is in the episode of Camilla, where Opis, by the command of her mistress, kills Aruns. The next is in the twelfth Æneid, where Venus cures her son Æneas. But, in the last of these, the poet was driven to a necessity; for Turnus was to be slain that very day; and Æneas, wounded as he was, could not have engaged him in single combat, unless his hurt had been miraculously

healed. And the poet had considered, that the dittany which she brought from Crete, could not have wrought so speedy an effect, without the juice of ambrosia, which she mingled with it. After all, that his machine might not seem too violent, we see the hero limping after Turnus. The wound was skinned; but the strength of his thigh was not restored. But what reason had our author to wound Æneas at so critical a time? and how came the cuisses to be worse tempered than the rest of his armour, which was all wrought by Vulcan and his journeymen? These difficulties are not easily to be solved, without confessing that Virgil had not life enough to correct his work; though he had reviewed it, and found those errors, which he resolved to mend: but, being prevented by death, and not willing to leave an imperfect work behind him, he ordained, by his last testament, that his Æneis should be burned. As for the death of Aruns, who was shot by a goddess, the machine was not altogether so outrageous, as the wounding of Mars and Venus by the sword of Diomedes. Two divinities, one would have thought, might have pleaded their prerogative of impassibility, or at least not have been wounded by any mortal hand; beside that the *χρῆς* which they shed, was so very like our common blood, that it was not to be distinguished from it, but only by the name and colour. As for what Horace says in his 'Art of Poetry,' that no machines are to be used, unless on some extraordinary occasion,

Nec deus intersit, nisi dignus vindice nodus—

that rule is to be applied to the theatre, of which he is then speaking, and means no more than this; that when the knot of the play is to be untied, and no other way is left for making the discovery—then, and not otherwise, let a god descend upon a rope, and clear the business to the audience; but this has no relation to the machines which are used in an epic poem.

In the last place, for the Dira, or flying pest, which, flapping on the shield of Turnus, and fluttering about his head, disheartened him in the duel, and presaged to him his approaching death, I might have placed it more properly amongst the objections; for the critics, who lay

want of courage to the charge of Virgil's hero, quote this passage as a main proof of their assertion. They say our author had not only secured him before the duel, but also, in the beginning of it, had given him the advantage of impenetrable arms, and in his sword (for that of Turnus was not his own, which was forged by Vulcan for his father, but a weapon which he had snatched in haste and by mistake, belonging to his charioteer Metiscus); that, after all this, Jupiter, who was partial to the Trojan, and distrustful of the event (though he had hung the balance, and given it a jog of his hand to weigh down Turnus), thought convenient to give the Fates a collateral security, by sending the screech-owl to discourage him: for which they quote these words of Virgil:

——— Non me tua fervida terrent
Dicta, ferox: dñ me terrent, et Jupiter hostis.

In answer to which, I say, that this machine is one of those which the poet uses only for ornament, and not out of necessity. Nothing can be more beautiful or more poetical than his description of the three Diræ, or, the setting of the balance, which our Milton has borrowed from him, but employed to a different end: for first he makes God Almighty set the scales for Gabriel and Satan, when he knew no combat was to follow; then he makes the Good Angel's scale descend, and the Devil's mount, quite contrary to Virgil, if I have translated the three verses according to my author's sense—

Jupiter ipse duas æquato examine lances
Sustinet; et fata imponit diversa duorum:
Quem damnet labor, et quo vergat pondere lethum—

for I have taken these words, *quem damnet labor*, in the sense which Virgil gives them in another place—*damnabis tu quoque votis*—to signify a prosperous event. Yet I dare not condemn so great a genius as Milton: for I am much mistaken if he alludes not to the text in Daniel, where Belshazzar was put into the balance, and found too light. This is digression; and I return to my subject. I said above, that these two machines of the balance and the Dira were only ornamental; and that the success of the duel had been the same without them: for when

Æneas and Turnus stood fronting each other before the altar, Turnus looked dejected, and his colour faded in his face, as if he desponded of the victory before the fight; and not only he, but all his party, when the strength of the two champions was judged by the proportion of their limbs, concluded it was *impar pugna*, and that their chief was overmatched; whereupon Juturna (who was of the same opinion) took this opportunity to break the treaty and renew the war. Juno herself had plainly told the nymph beforehand, that her brother was to fight

Imparibus fatis, nec dīs nec viribus æquis;

so that there was no need of an apparition to fright Turnus: he had the presage within himself of his impending destiny. The Dira only served to confirm him in his first opinion, that it was his destiny to die in the ensuing combat: and in this sense are those words of Virgil to be taken,

—Non me tua fervida terrent
Dicta, ferrox: di me terrent, et Jupiter hostia.

I doubt not but the adverb *solum* is to be understood: 'It is not your [threats] *only* that *give* me this concernment; but I find also, by this portent, that Jupiter is my enemy: for Turnus fled before, when his first sword was broken, till his sister supplied him with a better; which indeed he could not use, because Æneas kept him at a distance with his spear. I wonder Ruæus saw not this, where he charges his author so unjustly for giving Turnus a second sword to no purpose. How could he fasten a blow, or make a thrust, when he was not suffered to approach? Besides, the chief errand of the Dira was to warn Juturna from the field: for she could have brought the chariot again, when she saw her brother worsted in the duel. I might further add, that Æneas was so eager in the fight, that he left the city, now almost in his possession, to decide his quarrel with Turnus by the sword: whereas Turnus had manifestly declined the combat, and suffered his sister to convey him as far from the reach of his enemy as she could—I say, not only suffered her, but consented to it; for it is plain he knew her, by these words:

O soror, et dudum agnovi, cum prima per artem
 Fœdera turbasti, teque hæc in bella dedisti;
 Et nunc necquidquam fallis dea.

I have dwelt so long on this subject, that I must contract what I have to say in reference to my translation; unless I would swell my preface into a volume, and make it formidable to your lordship, when you see so many pages yet behind. And indeed what I have already written, either in justification or praise of Virgil, is against myself, for presuming to copy, in my coarse English, the thoughts and beautiful expressions of this inimitable poet, who flourished in an age when his language was brought to its last perfection, for which it was particularly owing to him and Horace. I will give your lordship my opinion, that those two friends had consulted each other's judgment, wherein they should endeavour to excel; and they seem to have pitched on propriety of thought, elegance of words, and harmony of numbers. According to this model, Horace writ his Odes and Epodes: for his Satires and Epistles, being intended wholly for instruction, required another style—

Ornari res ipsa negat, contenta doceri—

and therefore, as he himself professes, are *sermoni propiora*, nearer prose than verse. But Virgil, who never attempted the lyric verse, is everywhere elegant, sweet, and flowing in his hexameters. His words are not only chosen, but the places in which he ranks them for the sound. He who removes them from the station wherein their master set them, spoils the harmony. What he says of the Sibyl's prophecies may be as properly applied to every word of his; they must be read in order as they lie; the least breath discomposes them, and somewhat of their divinity is lost. I cannot boast that I have been thus exact in my verses; but I have endeavoured to follow the example of my master, and am the first Englishman, perhaps, who made it his design to copy him in his numbers, his choice of words, and his placing them for the sweetness of the sound. On this last consideration, I have shunned the *cæsura* as much as possibly I could: for, wherever that is used, it gives a roughness to the

verse; of which we can have little need in a language which is overstocked with consonants. Such is not the Latin, where the vowels and consonants are mixed in proportion to each other: yet Virgil judged the vowels to have somewhat of an over-balance, and therefore tempers their sweetness with *casuras*. Such difference there is in tongues, that the same figure, which roughens one, gives majesty to another: and that was it which Virgil studied in his verses. Ovid uses it but rarely; and hence it is that his versification cannot so properly be called sweet, as luscious. The Italians are forced upon it once or twice in every line, because they have a redundancy of vowels in their language. Their metal is so soft, that it will not coin without alloy to harden it. On the other side (for the reason already named), it is all we can do to give sufficient sweetness to our language: we must not only choose our words for elegance, but for sound; to perform which, a mastery in the language is required; the poet must have a magazine of words, and have the art to manage his few vowels to the best advantage, that they may go the further. He must also know the nature of the vowels—which are more sonorous, and which more soft and sweet—and so dispose them as his present occasions require: all which, and a thousand secrets of versification beside, he may learn from Virgil, if he will take him for his guide. If he be above Virgil, and is resolved to follow his own *verve* (as the French call it), the proverb will fall heavily upon him: ‘Who teaches himself, has a fool for his master.’

Virgil employed eleven years upon his *Æneis*: yet he left it, as he thought himself, imperfect; which when I seriously consider, I wish that, instead of three years which I have spent in the translation of his works, I had four years more allowed me to correct my errors, that I might make my version somewhat more tolerable than it is: for a poet cannot have too great a reverence for his readers, if he expects his labours should survive him. Yet I will neither plead my age nor sickness in excuse of the faults which I have made: that I wanted time, is all that I have to say; for some of my subscribers grew so clamorous, that I could no longer defer the publication. I hope,

from the candour of your lordship, and your often experienced goodness to me, that, if the faults are not too many, you will make allowances with Horace :

—Si plura nitent in carmine, non ego paucis
Offendar maculis, quas aut incuria fudit,
Aut humana parum cavit natura.—

You may please also to observe, that there is not, to the best of my remembrance, one vowel gaping on another for want of a *cæsura*, in this whole poem: but, where a vowel ends a word, the next begins either with a consonant, or what is its equivalent; for our *w* and *h* aspirate, and our diphthongs, are plainly such. The greatest latitude I take is in the letter *y*, when it concludes a word, and the first syllable of the next begins with a vowel. Neither need I have called this a latitude, which is only an explanation of this general rule—that no vowel can be cut off before another, when we cannot sink the pronunciation of it; as *he, she, me, I, &c.* Virgil thinks it sometimes a beauty to imitate the licence of the Greeks, and leave two vowels opening on each other, as in that verse of the third Pastoral,

Et succus pecori, et lac subducitur agnis.

But, *nobis non licet esse tam disertis*, at least if we study to refine our numbers. I have long had by me the materials of an English '*Prosodia*,' containing all the mechanical rules of versification, wherein I have treated, with some exactness, of the feet, the quantities, and the pauses. The French and Italians know nothing of the two first; at least their best poets have not practised them. As for the pauses, Malherbe first brought them into France within this last century: and we see how they adorn their Alexandrines. But, as Virgil propounds a riddle, which he leaves unsolved—

Dic, quibus in terris, inscripti nomina regum
Nascantur flores; et Phyllida solus habeto—

so I will give your lordship another, and leave the exposition of it to your acute judgment. I am sure there are few who make verses, have observed the sweetness of these two lines in Cooper's Hill—

Though deep, yet clear; though gentle, yet not dull;
Strong without rage: without o'erflowing, full ¹⁴—

and there are yet fewer who can find the reason of that sweetness. I have given it to some of my friends in conversation; and they have allowed the criticism to be just. But, since the evil of false quantities is difficult to be cured in any modern language; since the French and the Italians, as well as we, are yet ignorant what feet are to be used in heroic poetry; since I have not strictly observed those rules myself, which I can teach others; since I pretend to no dictatorship among my fellow-poets; since, if I should instruct some of them to make wellrunning verses, they want genius to give them strength as well as sweetness; and, above all, since your lordship has advised me not to publish that little which I know, I look on your counsel as your command, which I shall observe inviolably, till you shall please to revoke it, and leave me at liberty to make my thoughts public. In the meantime, that I may arrogate nothing to myself, I must acknowledge that Virgil in Latin, and Spenser in English, have been my masters. Spenser has also given me the boldness to make use sometimes of his Alexandrine line, which we call, though improperly, the Pindaric, because Mr. Cowley has often employed it in his odes. It adds a certain majesty to the verse, when it is used with judgment, and stops the sense from overflowing into another line. Formerly the French, like us, and the Italians, had but five feet, or ten syllables in their heroic verse; but, since Ronsard's time (as I suppose), they found their tongue too weak to support their epic poetry, without the addition of another foot. That indeed had given it somewhat of the run and measure of a trimeter; but it runs with more activity than strength: their language is not strung with sinews, like our English: it has the nimbleness of a greyhound, but not the bulk and body of a mastiff. Our men and our verses overbear them by their

¹⁴ Scott of Amwell well observes, that Dryden praised these lines, and then every body praised them. There is a disquisition on them by Hughes, an essay by Say, and Dr. Johnson honoured them with lavish commendation: yet the lines in question are equalled in sweetness by many hundreds in our language, written both before and since.

Critical Essays, 1785.

weight; and *Pondere, non numero*, is the British motto. The French have set up purity for the standard of their language; and a masculine vigour is that of ours. Like their tongue is the genius of their poets, light and trifling in comparison of the English; more proper for sonnets, madrigals, and elegies, than heroic poetry. The turn on thoughts and words is their chief talent; but the epic poem is too stately to receive those little ornaments. The painters draw their nymphs in thin and airy habits: but the weight of gold and of embroideries is reserved for queens and goddesses. Virgil is never frequent in those turns, like Ovid; but much more sparing of them in his *Æneis* than in his *Pastorals* and *Georgics*:

Ignoscenda quidem, scirent si ignoscere manes.

That turn is beautiful indeed; but he employs it in the story of Orpheus and Eurydice, not in his great poem. I have used that licence in his *Æneis* sometimes; but I own it as my fault. It was given to those who understand no better. It is like Ovid's

Semivirumque bovem, semibovemque virum.

The poet found it before his critics, but it was a darling sin, which he would not be persuaded to reform. The want of genius, of which I have accused the French, is laid to their charge by one of their own great authors, though I have forgotten his name, and where I read it. If rewards could make good poets, their great master¹⁵ has not been wanting on his part in his bountiful encouragements: for he is wise enough to imitate Augustus, if he had a Maro. The triumvir and proscriber had descended to us in a more hideous form than they now appear, if the emperor had not taken care to make friends of him and Horace. I confess, the banishment of Ovid was a blot in his escutcheon; yet he was only banished; and who knows but his crime was capital, and then his exile was a favour? Ariosto, who, with all his faults, must be acknowledged a great poet, has put these words into the mouth of an evangelist¹⁶; but whether they will pass for Gospel now, I cannot tell:

¹⁵ Louis the fourteenth.

¹⁶ St. John.

Non fa sì santo ni benigno Augusto,
Come la tuba di Virgilio suona.
L'haver havuto in poesia buon gusto,
La proscrittione iniqua gli perdona.

But heroic poetry is not of the growth of France, as it might be of England, if it were cultivated. Spenser wanted only to have read the rules of Bossu; for no man was ever born with a greater genius, or had more knowledge to support it. But the performance of the French is not equal to their skill; and hitherto we have wanted skill to perform better. Ségrais, whose preface is so wonderfully good, yet is wholly destitute of elevation; though his version is much better than that of the two brothers, or any of the rest who have attempted Virgil. Hannibal Caro is a great name amongst the Italians; yet his translation of the *Æneis* is most scandalously mean, though he has taken the advantage of writing in blank verse, and freed himself from the shackles of modern rhyme, (if it be modern; for Le Clerc has told us lately, and I believe has made it out, that David's Psalms were written in as errant rhyme as they are translated). Now, if a Muse cannot run when she is unfettered, it is a sign she has but little speed. I will not make a digression here, though I am strangely tempted to it: but will only say, that he who can write well in rhyme, may write better in blank verse. Rhyme is certainly a constraint even to the best poets, and those who make it with most ease; though perhaps I have as little reason to complain of that hardship as any man, excepting Quarles and Withers¹⁷. What it adds to sweetness, it takes away from sense; and he who loses the least by it may be called a gainer. It often makes us swerve from an author's meaning; as, if a mark be set up for an archer at a great distance, let him aim as exactly as he can, the least wind will take his arrow, and divert it from the white. I return to our Italian translator of the *Æneis*: he is a foot-poet, he lacquies by the side of Virgil at the best, but never mounts behind him. Dr. Morelli¹⁸, who is no mean critic in our poetry, and therefore may be pre-

¹⁷ This general slur upon these poets has been decided by several modern critics to be uncandid and unjust.

¹⁸ A learned physician.

sumed to be a better in his own language, has confirmed me in this opinion by his judgment; and thinks, withal, that he has often mistaken his master's sense. I would say so, if I durst, but am afraid I have committed the same fault more often, and more grossly: for I have forsaken Ruæus (whom generally I follow) in many places, and made expositions of my own in some, quite contrary to him; of which I will give but two examples, because they are so near each other, in the tenth Æneid—

Sorti Pater æquus utrique.

Pallas says it to Turnus, just before they fight. Ruæus thinks that the word *Pater* is to be referred to Evander the father of Pallas. But how could he imagine that it was the same thing to Evander, if his son were slain, or if he overcame? The poet certainly intended Jupiter, the common father of mankind; who, as Pallas hoped, would stand an impartial spectator of the combat, and not be more favourable to Turnus than to him. The second is not long after it, and both before the duel is begun. They are the words of Jupiter, who comforts Hercules for the death of Pallas, which was immediately to ensue, and which Hercules could not hinder (though the young hero had addressed his prayers to him for his assistance), because the gods cannot control destiny.—The verse follows—

Sic ait; atque oculos Rutulorum rejicit arvis—

which the same Ruæus thus construes: ‘Jupiter, after he had said this, immediately turned his eyes to the Rutulian fields, and beholds the duel.’ I have given this place another exposition, that he turned his eyes from the field of combat, that he might not behold a sight so displeasing to him. The word *rejicit*, I know, will admit of both senses; but Jupiter, having confessed that he could not alter fate, and being grieved he could not, in consideration of Hercules—it seems to me that he should avert his eyes, rather than take pleasure in the spectacle. But of this I am not so confident as the other, though I think I have followed Virgil's sense.

What I have said, though it has the face of arrogance, yet is intended for the honour of my country; and there-

fore I will boldly own, that this English translation has more of Virgil's spirit in it, than either the French or the Italian. Some of our countrymen have translated episodes, and other parts of Virgil, with great success; as particularly your lordship, whose version of Orpheus and Eurydice is eminently good. Amongst the dead authors, the Silenus of my Lord Roscommon cannot be too much commended. I say nothing of Sir John Denham, Mr. Waller, and Mr. Cowley: it is the utmost of my ambition to be thought their equal, or not to be much inferior to them, and some others of the living. But it is one thing to take pains on a fragment, and translate it perfectly; and another thing to have the weight of a whole author on my shoulders. They who believe the burden light, let them attempt the fourth, sixth, or eighth Pastoral; the first or fourth Georgic; and amongst the *Æneids*, the fourth, the fifth, the seventh, the ninth, the tenth, the eleventh, or the twelfth: for in these I think I have succeeded best.

Long before I undertook this work, I was no stranger to the original. I had also studied Virgil's design, his disposition of it, his manners, his judicious management of the figures, the sober retrenchments of his sense, which always leaves somewhat to gratify our imagination, on which it may enlarge at pleasure; but, above all, the elegance of his expression, and the harmony of his numbers: for, as I have said in a former dissertation¹⁹, the words are, in poetry, what the colours are in painting; if the design be good, and the draught be true, the colouring is the first beauty that strikes the eye. Spenser and Milton are the nearest, in English, to Virgil and Horace in the Latin; and I have endeavoured to form my style by imitating their masters. I will further own to you, my lord, that my chief ambition is to please those readers who have discernment enough to prefer Virgil before any other poet in the Latin tongue. Such spirits as he desired to please, such would I choose for my judges, and would stand or fall by them alone. Ségrais has distinguished the readers of poetry, according to their capacity of judging, into three classes (he might have said the same of writers too, if he had pleased). In the lowest

¹⁹ See his Preface to Fresnoy's Art of Painting.

form he places those whom he calls *les petits esprits*—such things as our upper-gallery audience in a playhouse, who like nothing but the husk and rind of wit; prefer a quibble, a conceit, an epigram, before solid sense and elegant expression: these are mob readers. If Virgil and Martial stood for parliament men, we know already who would carry it. But, though they make the greatest appearance in the field, and cry the loudest, the best on't is, they are but a sort of French Hugonots, or Dutch boors, brought over in herds, but not naturalized: who have not land of two pounds *per annum* in Parnassus, and therefore are not privileged to poll. Their authors are of the same level; fit to represent them on a mountebank's stage, or to be masters of the ceremonies in a bear-garden. Yet these are they who have the most admirers. But it often happens, to their mortification, that, as their readers improve their stock of sense (as they may by reading better books, and by conversation with men of judgment), they soon forsake them: and when the torrent from the mountain falls no more, the swelling writer is reduced into his shallow bed, like the Mançanares at Madrid, with scarce water to moisten his own pebbles. There are a middle sort of readers (as we hold there is a middle state of souls), such as have a further insight than the former, yet have not the capacity of judging right (for I speak not of those who are bribed by a party, and know better, if they were not corrupted; but I mean a company of warm young men, who are not yet arrived so far as to discern the difference betwixt fustian, or ostentatious sentences, and the true sublime). These are above liking Martial, or Owen's Epigrams, but they would certainly set Virgil below Statius or Lucan. I need not say their poets are of the same taste with their admirers. They affect greatness in all they write; but it is a bladdered greatness, like that of the vain man whom Seneca describes—an ill habit of body, full of humours, and swelled with dropsy. Even these too desert their authors, as their judgment ripens. The young gentlemen themselves are commonly misled by their pedagogue at school, their tutor at the university, or their governor in their travels: and many of these three sorts are the most

positive blockheads in the world. How many of these flatulent writers have I known, who have sunk in their reputation, after seven or eight editions of their works; for indeed they are poets only for young men. They had great success at their first appearance; but 'not being of God,' (as a wit said formerly), they could not stand.

I have already named two sorts of judges; but Virgil wrote for neither of them: and, by his example, I am not ambitious of pleasing the lowest or the middle form of readers.

He chose to please the most judicious—souls of the highest rank and truest understanding. These are few in number; but whoever is so happy as to gain their approbation, can never lose it, because they never give it blindly. Then they have a certain magnetism in their judgment, which attracts others to their sense. Every day they gain some new proselyte, and in time become the church. For this reason, a well weighed judicious poem, which at its first appearance gains no more upon the world than to be just received, and rather not blamed than much applauded, insinuates itself by insensible degrees into the liking of the reader: the more he studies it, the more it grows upon him; every time he takes it up, he discovers some new graces in it. And whereas poems, which are produced by the vigour of imagination only, have a gloss upon them at the first, which time wears off: the works of judgment are like the diamond; the more they are polished, the more lustre they receive. Such is the difference betwixt Virgil's *Æneis* and Marini's *Adone*. And, if I may be allowed to change the metaphor, I would say, that Virgil is like the Fame which he describes:

Mobilitate viget, viresque acquirit eundo.

Such a sort of reputation is my aim, though in a far inferior degree, according to my motto in the title-page—*Sequiturque patrem non passibus æquis*: and therefore I appeal to the highest court of judicature, like that of the peers, of which your lordship is so great an ornament.

Without this ambition, which I own, of desiring to please the *judices natos*, I could never have been able to

have done any thing at this age, when the fire of poetry is commonly extinguished in other men. Yet Virgil has given me the example of Entellus for my encouragement; when he was well heated, the younger champion could not stand before him. And we find the elder contended not for the gift, but for the honour—*nec dona moror*: for Dampier has informed us, in his *Voyages*, that the air of the country which produces gold is never wholesome.

I had long since considered, that the way to please the best judges, is not to translate a poet literally, and Virgil least of any other; for, his particular beauty lying in his choice of words, I am excluded from it by the narrow compass of our heroic verse, unless I would make use of monosyllables only, and those clogged with consonants, which are the dead weight of our mother tongue. It is possible, I confess, though it rarely happens, that a verse of monosyllables may sound harmoniously; and some examples of it I have seen. My first line of the *Æneis* is not harsh—

Arms, and the man I sing, who, forced by Fate, &c.

But a much better instance may be given from the last line of Manilius, made English by our learned and judicious Mr. Creech—

Nor could the world have borne so fierce a flame—

where the many liquid consonants are placed so artfully, that they give a pleasing sound to the words, though they are all of one syllable.

It is true, I have been sometimes forced upon it in other places of this work; but I never did it out of choice: I was either in haste, or Virgil gave me no occasion for the ornament of words; for it seldom happens but a monosyllable line turns verse to prose: and even that prose is rugged and unharmonious. Philarchus, I remember, taxes Balzac for placing twenty monosyllables in file, without one dissyllable betwixt them. The way I have taken is not so straight as metaphrase, nor so loose as paraphrase: some things too I have omitted, and sometimes have added of my own. Yet the omissions, I hope, are but of circumstances, and such as would have no grace in English; and the additions, I also hope, are easily de-

duced from Virgil's sense. They will seem (at least I have the vanity to think so) not stuck into him, but growing out of him. He studies brevity more than any other poet: but he had the advantage of a language wherein much may be comprehended in a little space. We, and all the modern tongues, have more articles and pronouns, besides signs of tenses and cases, and other barbarities on which our speech is built by the faults of our forefathers. The Romans founded theirs upon the Greek: and the Greeks, we know, were labouring many hundred years upon their language, before they brought it to perfection. They rejected all those signs, and cut off as many articles as they could spare; comprehending in one word what we are constrained to express in two; which is one reason why we cannot write so concisely as they have done. The word *pater*, for example, signifies not only a father, but your father, my father, his or her father, all included in a word.

This inconvenience is common to all modern tongues; and this alone constrains us to employ more words than the ancients needed. But having before observed, that Virgil endeavours to be short, and at the same time elegant, I pursue the excellence, and forsake the brevity: for there he is like ambergris, a rich perfume, but of so close and glutinous a body, that it must be opened with inferior scents of musk or civet, or the sweetness will not be drawn out into another language.

On the whole matter, I thought fit to steer betwixt the two extremes of paraphrase and literal translation; to keep as near my author as I could, without losing all his graces, the most eminent of which are in the beauty of his words; and those words, I must add, are always figurative. Such of these as would retain their elegance in our tongue, I have endeavoured to graft on it; but most of them are of necessity to be lost, because they will not shine in any but their own. Virgil has sometimes two of them in a line; but the scantiness of our heroic verse is not capable of receiving more than one; and that too must expiate for many others which have none. Such is the difference of the languages, or such my want of skill in choosing words. Yet I may presume to

say (and I hope with as much reason as the French translator), that, taking all the materials of this divine author, I have endeavoured to make Virgil speak such English as he would himself have spoken, if he had been born in England, and in this present age. I acknowledge, with Ségrais, that I have not succeeded in this attempt according to my desire: yet I shall not be wholly without praise, if in some sort I may be allowed to have copied the clearness, the purity, the easiness, and the magnificence, of his style. But I shall have occasion to speak further on this subject before I end the Preface.

When I mentioned the Pindaric line, I should have added, that I take another licence in my verses: for I frequently make use of triplet rhymes, and for the same reason—because they bound the sense. And therefore I generally join these two licences together, and make the last verse of the triplet a Pindaric: for, besides the majesty which it gives, it confines the sense within the barriers of three lines, which would languish if it were lengthened into four. Spenser is my example for both these privileges of English verses; and Chapman has followed him in his translation of Homer. Mr. Cowley has given into them after both; and all succeeding writers after him. I regard them now as the Magna Charta of heroic poetry, and am too much an Englishman to lose what my ancestors have gained for me. Let the French and Italians value themselves on their regularity: strength and elevation are our standard. I said before, and I repeat it, that the affected purity of the French has unsinewed their heroic verse. The language of an epic poem is almost wholly figurative: yet they are so fearful of a metaphor, that no example of Virgil can encourage them to be bold with safety. Sure they might warm themselves by that sprightly blaze, without approaching it so close as to singe their wings; they may come as near it as their master. Not that I would discourage that purity of diction in which he excels all other poets. But he knows how far to extend his franchises, and advances to the verge, without venturing a foot beyond it. On the other side, (without being injurious to the memory of our English²⁰ Pindar) I will presume to say, that his meta-

²⁰ Cowley.

phors are sometimes too violent, and his language is not always pure. But, at the same time, I must excuse him: for, through the iniquity of the times, he was forced to travel, at an age when, instead of learning foreign languages, he should have studied the beauties of his mother-tongue, which, like all other speeches, is to be cultivated early, or we shall never write it with any kind of elegance. Thus, by gaining abroad, he lost at home: like the painter in the Arcadia, who, going to see a skirmish, had his arms lopped off, and returned (says Sir Philip Sydney), well instructed how to draw a battle, but without a hand to perform his work.

There is another thing in which I have presumed to deviate from him and Spenser. They both make hemistichs (or half-verses), breaking off in the middle of a line. I confess there are not many such in the *Fairy Queen*; and even those few might be occasioned by his unhappy choice of so long a stanza. Mr. Cowley had found out, that no kind of staff is proper for an heroic poem, as being all too lyrical: yet, though he wrote in couplets, where rhyme is freer from constraint, he frequently affects half-verses: of which we find not one in Homer, and I think not in any of the Greek poets, or the Latin, excepting only Virgil; and there is no question but he thought he had Virgil's authority for that licence. But I am confident, our poet never meant to leave him, or any other such a precedent; and I ground my opinion on these two reasons: first, we find no example of a hemistich in any of his *Pastorals* or *Georgics*; for he had given the last finishing strokes to both these poems: but his *Æneis* he left so incorrect, at least so short of that perfection at which he aimed, that we know how hard a sentence he passed upon it: and in the second place, I reasonably presume that he intended to have filled up all those hemistichs, because in one of them we find the sense imperfect:

Quem tibi jam Troja—————

which some foolish grammarian has ended for him with a half-line of nonsense—

peperit fumante Cræusa:

for *Ascanius* must have been born some years before the

burning of that city; which I need not prove. On the other side, we find also, that he himself filled up one line in the sixth *Æneid*, the enthusiasm seizing him, while he was reading to Augustus,

Misenum Æoliden, quo non præstantior alter
 Ere ciere viros

to which he added, in that transport, *Martemque accendere cantu*; and never was any line more nobly finished; for the reasons which I have given in the book of painting. On these considerations I have shunned hemistichs; not being willing to imitate Virgil to a fault, like Alexander's courtiers, who affected to hold their necks awry, because he could not help it. I am confident your lordship is by this time of my opinion, and that you will look on those half-lines hereafter, as the imperfect products of a hasty Muse—like the frogs and serpents in the Nile: part of them kindled into life, and part a lump of unformed unanimated mud.

I am sensible that many of my whole verses are as imperfect as those halves, for want of time to digest them better: but give me leave to make the excuse of Boccace, who, when he was upbraided that some of his novels had not the spirit of the rest, returned this answer—that Charlemagne, who made the paladins, was never able to raise an army of them. The leaders may be heroes; but the multitude must consist of common men.

I am also bound to tell your lordship, in my own defence, that, from the beginning of the first *Georgic* to the end of the last *Æneid*, I found the difficulty of translation growing on me in every succeeding book: for Virgil, above all poets, had a stock, which I may call almost inexhaustible, of figurative, elegant, and sounding words. I, who inherit but a small portion of his genius, and write in a language so much inferior to the Latin, have found it very painful to vary phrases, when the same sense returns upon me. Even he himself, whether out of necessity or choice, has often expressed the same thing in the same words, and often repeated two or three whole verses which he had used before. Words are not so easily coined as money; and yet we see that the credit, not

only of banks, but of exchequers, cracks, when little comes in, and much goes out. Virgil called upon me in every line for some new word; and I paid so long, that I was almost bankrupt: so that the latter end must needs be more burdensome than the beginning or the middle; and consequently the twelfth Æneid cost me double the time of the first and second. What had become of me, if Virgil had taxed me with another book? I had certainly been reduced to pay the public in hammered money, for want of milled; that is, in the same old words which I had used before: and the receivers must have been forced to have taken any thing, where there was so little to be had.

Besides this difficulty (with which I have struggled, and made a shift to pass it over), there is one remaining, which is insuperable to all translators. We are bound to our author's sense, though with the latitudes already mentioned (for I think it not so sacred, as that one *iota* must not be added or diminished, on pain of anathema). But slaves we are, and labour on another man's plantation; we dress the vineyard, but the wine is the owner's: if the soil be sometimes barren, then we are sure of being scourged: if it be fruitful, and our care succeeds, we are not thanked: for the proud reader will only say, the poor drudge has done his duty. But this is nothing to what follows: for, being obliged to make his sense intelligible, we are forced to untune our own verses, that we may give his meaning to the reader. He who invents, is master of his thoughts and words: he can turn and vary them as he pleases, till he renders them harmonious: but the wretched translator has no such privilege; for, being tied to the thoughts, he must make what music he can in the expression: and, for this reason, it cannot always be so sweet as that of the original. There is a beauty of sound, as Ségrais has observed, in some Latin words, which is wholly lost in any modern language. He instances in that *mollis amaracus*, on which Venus lays Cupid in the first Æneid. If I should translate it *sweet-marjoram*, as the word signifies, the reader would think I had mistaken Virgil: for those village words, as I may call them, give us a mean idea of the thing: but the sound of the Latin

is so much more pleasing, by the just mixture of the vowels with the consonants, that it raises our fancies to conceive somewhat more noble than a common herb, and to spread roses under him, and strew lilies over him: a bed not unworthy the grandson of the goddess.

If I cannot copy his harmonious numbers, how shall I imitate his noble flights, where his thoughts and words are equally sublime?

Quem

—quisquis studet æmulari,

—ceratis ope Dædaleâ

Nititur pennis, vitreo daturus

Nomina ponto.

What modern language, or what poet, can express the majestic beauty of this one verse, amongst a thousand others?

Aude, hospes, contemnere opea, et te quoque dignum

Finge deo—

For my part, I am lost in the admiration of it: I condemn the world when I think on it, and myself when I translate it.

Lay by Virgil, I beseech your lordship and all my better sort of judges, when you take my version; and it will appear a passable beauty when the original Muse is absent. But, like Spenser's false Florimel made of snow, it melts and vanishes when the true one comes in sight. I will not excuse but justify myself for one pretended crime, with which I am liable to be charged by false critics, not only in this translation, but in many of my original poems—that I latinize too much. It is true, that, when I find an English word significant and sounding, I neither borrow from the Latin nor any other language; but, when I want at home, I must seek abroad.

If sounding words are not of our growth and manufacture, who shall hinder me to import them from a foreign country? I carry not out the treasure of the nation, which is never to return; but what I bring from Italy, I spend in England: here it remains, and here it circulates: for, if the coin be good, it will pass from one hand to another. I trade both with the living and the dead, for the enrichment of our native language. We have enough in England to supply our necessity; but, if we will have things of

magnificence and splendour, we must get them by commerce. Poetry requires ornament; and that is not to be had from our old Tenton monosyllables: therefore, if I find any elegant word in a classic author, I propose it to be naturalized, by using it myself; and if the public approves of it, the bill passes. But every man cannot distinguish between pedantry and poetry: every man therefore is not fit to innovate. Upon the whole matter, a poet must first be certain that the word he would introduce is beautiful in the Latin, and is to consider, in the next place, whether it will agree with the English idiom; after this, he ought to take the opinion of judicious friends, such as are learned in both languages: and lastly, since no man is infallible, let him use this licence very sparingly; for, if too many foreign words are poured in upon us, it looks as if they were designed not to assist the natives, but to conquer them.

I am now drawing towards a conclusion, and suspect your lordship is very glad of it. But permit me first to own what helps I have had in this undertaking. The late Earl of Lauderdale²¹ sent me over his new translation of the *Æneis*, which he had ended before I engaged in the same design. Neither did I then intend it: but some proposals being afterwards made me by my bookseller, I desired his lordship's leave, that I might accept them, which he freely granted: and I have his letter yet to show, for that permission. He resolved to have printed his work (which he might have done two years before I could publish mine), and had performed it, if death had not prevented him. But having his manuscript in my hands, I consulted it as often as I doubted of my author's sense: for no man understood Virgil better than that learned nobleman. His friends, I hear, have yet another and more correct copy of that translation by them; which had they pleased to have given the public, the judges must have been convinced that I have not flattered him. Besides this help, which was not inconsiderable, Mr. Congreve has done me the favour to review the *Æneis*, and compare my version with the original. I shall never be ashamed to own that this excellent young man has

²¹ Richard, fourth Earl.

showed me many faults, which I have endeavoured to correct. It is true, he might have easily found more; and then my translation had been more perfect.

Two other worthy friends²² of mine, who desire to have their names concealed, seeing me straitened in my time, took pity on me, and gave me the Life of Virgil, the two Prefaces to the Pastorals and the Georgics, and all the Arguments in prose to the whole translation; which, perhaps, has caused a report, that the two first poems are not mine. If it had been true, that I had taken their verses for my own, I might have gloried in their aid; and like Terence, have fathered the opinion that Scipio and Lælius joined with me. But the same style being continued through the whole, and the same laws of versification observed, are proofs sufficient, that this is one man's work: and your lordship is too well acquainted with my manner, to doubt that any part of it is another's.

That your lordship may see I was in earnest when I promised to hasten to an end, I will not give the reasons why I writ not always in the proper terms of navigation, land-service, or in the cant of any profession. I will only say that Virgil has avoided those proprieties, because he writ not to mariners, soldiers, astronomers, gardeners, peasants, &c. but to all in general, and in particular to men and ladies of the first quality, who have been better bred than to be too nicely knowing in the terms. In such cases, it is enough for a poet to write so plainly that he may be understood by his readers; to avoid impropriety, and not affect to be thought learned in all things.

I have omitted the four preliminary lines of the first *Æneid*, because I think them inferior to any four others in the whole poem, and consequently believe they are not Virgil's. There is too great a gap betwixt the adjective *vicina* in the second line, and the substantive *arva* in the latter end of the third, which keeps his meaning in obscurity too long, and is contrary to the clearness of his style.

Ut quamvis avido

is too ambitious an ornament to be his; and

Gratum opus agricolis,

are all words unnecessary, and independent of what he said before.

²² Chetwood and Addison.

——— Horrentia Martis
Arma——

is worse than any of the rest. *Horrentia* is such a flat epithet, as Tully would have given us in his verses. It is a mere filler, to stop a vacancy in the hexameter, and connect the preface to the work of Virgil. Our author seems to sound a charge, and begins like the clangour of a trumpet—

Arma, virumque cano, Trojæ qui primus ab oris—

scarce a word without an *r*, and the vowels for the greater part sonorous. The prefacer began with *Ille ego*, which he was constrained to patch up in the fourth line with *at nunc*, to make the sense cohere. And, if both those words are not notorious botches, I am much deceived; though the French translator thinks otherwise. For my own part, I am rather of the opinion that they were added by Tucca and Varius, than retrenched.

I know it may be answered, by such as think Virgil the author of the four lines, that he asserts his title to the *Æneis* in the beginning of this work, as he did to the two former in the last lines of the fourth *Georgic*. I will not reply otherwise to this, than by desiring them to compare these four lines with the four others, which we know are his, because no poet but he alone could write them. If they cannot distinguish creeping from flying, let them lay down Virgil, and take up Ovid, *de Ponto*, in his stead. My master needed not the assistance of that preliminary poet to prove his claim. His own majestic mien discovers him to be the king, amidst a thousand courtiers. It was a superfluous office; and therefore I would not set those verses in the front of Virgil, but have rejected them to my own preface.

I, who before, with shepherds in the groves,
Sang, to my oaten pipe, their rural loves,
And, issuing thence, compell'd the neighbouring field
A plenteous crop of rising corn to yield,
Manured the glebe, and stock'd the fruitful plain,
(A poem grateful to the greedy swain), &c.

If there be not a tolerable line in all these six, the prefacer gave me no occasion to write better. This is a just apology in this place. But I have done great wrong to *Virgil* in the whole translation: want of time, the inferior.

rity of our language, the inconvenience of rhyme, and all the other excuses I have made, may alleviate my fault, but cannot justify the boldness of my undertaking. What avails it me to acknowledge freely that I have not been able to do him right in any line? for even my own confession makes against me; and it will always be returned upon me, 'Why then did you attempt it?' To which no other answer can be made, than that I have done him less injury than any of his former libellers.

What they called his picture, had been drawn at length, so many times, by the daubers of almost all nations, and still so unlike him, that I snatched up the pencil with disdain; being satisfied beforehand, that I could make some small resemblance of him, though I must be content with a worse likeness. A sixth Pastoral, a *Pharmaceutria*, a single *Orpheus*, and some other features, have been exactly taken: but those holiday-authors writ for pleasure; and only showed us what they could have done, if they would have taken pains to perform the whole.

Be pleased, my lord, to accept with your wonted goodness this unworthy present which I make you. I have taken off one trouble from you, of defending it, by acknowledging its imperfections: and though some part of them are covered in the verse (as Erichthonius rode always in a chariot, to hide his lameness), such of them as cannot be concealed, you will please to connive at, though, in the strictness of your judgment, you cannot pardon. If Homer was allowed to nod sometimes in so long a work, it will be no wonder if I often fall asleep. You took my *Aureng-zebe* into your protection, with all his faults: and I hope here cannot be so many; because I translate an author who gives me such examples of correctness. What my jury may be, I know not; but it is good for a criminal to plead before a favourable judge—if I had said partial, would your lordship have forgiven me? or will you give me leave to acquaint the world that I have many times been obliged to your bounty since the Revolution? Though I never was reduced to beg a charity, nor ever had the impudence to ask one, either of your lordship, or your noble kinsman the Earl of Dorset, much less of any other; yet, when I least expected it, you have

both remembered me: so inherent it is in your family not to forget an old servant. It looks rather like ingratitude on my part, that, where I have been so often obliged, I have appeared so seldom to return my thanks, and where I was also so sure of being well received. Somewhat of laziness was in the case, and somewhat too of modesty; but nothing of disrespect or unthankfulness. I will not say that your lordship has encouraged me to this presumption, lest, if my labours meet with no success in public, I may expose your judgment to be censured. As for my own enemies, I shall never think them worth an answer; and if your lordship has any, they will not dare to arraign you for want of knowledge in this art, till they can produce somewhat better of their own than your 'Essay on Poetry.' It was on this consideration, that I have drawn out my preface to so great a length. Had I not addressed to a poet and a critic of the first magnitude, I had myself been taxed for want of judgment, and shamed my patron for want of understanding. But neither will you, my lord, so soon be tired as any other, because the discourse is on your art; neither will the learned reader think it tedious, because it is *ad Cicerum*. At least when he begins to be weary, the church doors are open. That I may pursue the allegory with a short prayer after a long sermon—

May you live happily and long, for the service of your country, the encouragement of good letters, and the ornament of poetry! which cannot be wished more earnestly by any man than by

Your lordship's
Most humble, most obliged,
And most obedient servant,

JOHN DRYDEN.

THE ÆNEIS.

BOOK I.

The Argument.

The Trojans, after a seven years' voyage, set sail for Italy, but are overtaken by a dreadful storm, which Æolus raises at Juno's request. The tempest sinks one, and scatters the rest. Neptune drives off the winds, and calms the sea. Æneas, with his own ship and six more, arrives safe at an African port. Venus complains to Jupiter of her son's misfortunes. Jupiter comforts her, and sends Mercury to procure him a kind reception among the Carthaginians. Æneas, going out to discover the country, meets his mother in the shape of a huntress, who conveys him in a cloud to Carthage, where he sees his friends whom he thought lost, and receives a kind entertainment from the queen. Dido, by a device of Venus, begins to have a passion for him, and, after some discourse with him, desires the history of his adventures since the siege of Troy, which is the subject of the two following books.

ARMS and the man I sing, who, forced by Fate,
And haughty Juno's unrelenting hate,
Expell'd and exiled, left the Trojan shore.
Long labours, both by sea and land, he bore ;
And in the doubtful war, before he won
The Latian realm, and built the destined town ;

His banish'd gods restored to rites divine,
And settled sure succession in his line :
From whence the race of Alban fathers come,
And the long glories of majestic Rome.

O Muse! the causes and the crimes relate ;
What goddess was provoked, and whence her hate ;
For what offence the queen of heaven began
To persecute so brave, so just a man ;
Involved his anxious life in endless cares,
Exposed to wants, and hurried into wars !
Can heavenly minds such high resentment show,
Or exercise their spite in human woe ?

Against the Tiber's mouth, but far away,
An ancient town was seated on the sea—
A Tyrian colony—the people made
Stout for the war, and studious for their trade :
Carthage the name—beloved by Juno more
Than her own Argos, or the Samian shore.
Here stood her chariot ; here, if Heaven were kind,
The seat of awful empire she design'd.
Yet she had heard an ancient rumour fly
(Long cited by the people of the sky),
That times to come should see the Trojan race
Her Carthage ruin, and her towers deface ;
Nor thus confined, the yoke of sovereign sway
Should on the necks of all the nations lay.
She ponder'd this, and fear'd it was in fate ;
Nor could forget the war she waged of late
For conquering Greece against the Trojan state.
Besides, long causes working in her mind,
And secret seeds of envy, lay behind :
Deep graven in her heart the doom remain'd
Of partial Paris, and her form disdain'd ;

The grace bestow'd on ravish'd Ganymed,
Electra's glories, and her injured bed.
Each was a cause alone; and all combined
To kindle vengeance in her haughty mind.
For this, far distant from the Latian coast,
She drove the remnants of the Trojan host:
And seven long years the unhappy wandering train
Were toss'd by storms, and scatter'd through
the main.

Such time, such toil, required the Roman name,
Such length of labour for so vast a frame.

Now scarce the Trojan fleet, with sails and oars,
Had left behind the fair Sicilian shores,
Entering with cheerful shouts the watery reign,
And ploughing frothy furrows in the main;
When, labouring still with endless discontent,
The queen of heaven did thus her fury vent—

‘Then am I vanquish'd? must I yield? (said she)
And must the Trojans reign in Italy?
So Fate will have it; and Jove adds his force;
Nor can my power divert their happy course.
Could angry Pallas, with revengeful spleen,
The Grecian navy burn, and drown the men?
She, for the fault of one offending foe,
The bolts of Jove himself presumed to throw:
With whirlwinds from beneath she toss'd the ship,
And bare exposed the bosom of the deep:
Then—as an eagle gripes the trembling game—
The wretch, yet hissing with her father's flame,
She strongly seized, and, with a burning wound
Transfix'd and naked, on a rock she bound.
But I, who walk in awful state above,
The majesty of heaven, the sister-wife of Jove,

For length of years my fruitless force employ
Against the thin remains of ruin'd Troy!
What nations now to Juno's power will pray,
Or offerings on my slighted altars lay?

Thus raged the goddess: and, with fury fraught,
The restless regions of the storms she sought,
Where, in a spacious cave of living stone,
The tyrant Æolus, from his airy throne,
With power imperial curbs the struggling winds,
And sounding tempests in dark prisons binds;
This way, and that, the' impatient captives tend,
And, pressing for release, the mountains rend.
High in his hall the' undaunted monarch stands,
And shakes his sceptre, and their rage commands;
Which did he not, their unresisted sway
Would sweep the world before them in their way;
Earth, air, and seas, through empty space would
roll,

And heaven would fly before the driving soul.
In fear of this, the father of the gods
Confined their fury to those dark abodes,
And lock'd them safe within, oppress'd with
mountain loads;

Imposed a king, with arbitrary sway,
To loose their fetters, or their force allay;
To whom the suppliant queen her prayers address'd,

And thus the tenor of her suit express'd—
'O Æolus! for to thee the king of heaven
The power of tempests and of winds has given;
Thy force alone their fury can restrain,
And smooth the waves, or swell the troubled
main—

A race of wandering slaves, abhorr'd by me,
With prosperous passage cut the Tuscan sea :
To fruitful Italy their course they steer,
And, for their vanquish'd gods, design new temples there.

Raise all thy winds : with night involve the skies ;
Sink or disperse my fatal enemies.

Twice seven, the charming daughters of the main,
Around my person wait, and bear my train :
Succeed my wish, and second my design,
The fairest, Deiopeia, shall be thine,
And make thee father of a happy line.'

To this the god—'Tis yours, O queen ! to will
The work, which duty binds me to fulfil.
These airy kingdoms, and this wide command,
Are all the presents of your bounteous hand :
Yours is my sovereign's grace ; and, as your guest,
I sit with gods at their celestial feast,
Raise tempests at your pleasure, or subdue ;
Dispose of empire, which I hold from you.'

He said, and hurl'd against the mountain side
His quivering spear, and all the god applied.
The raging winds rush through the hollow wound,
And dance aloft in air, and skim along the ground ;
Then, settling on the sea, the surges sweep,
Raise liquid mountains, and disclose the deep.
South, East, and West, with mix'd confusion roar,
And roll the foaming billows to the shore.
The cables crack ; the sailors' fearful cries
Ascend ; and sable night involves the skies ;
And heaven itself is ravish'd from their eyes.
Loud peals of thunder from the poles ensue ;
Then flashing fires the transient light renew ;

The face of things a frightful image bears ;
And present death in various forms appears.
Struck with unusual fright, the Trojan chief,
With lifted hands and eyes invokes relief ;
And 'Thrice and four times happy those (he cried)
That under Ilian walls, before their parents, died !
Tydides, bravest of the Grecian train !
Why could not I by that strong arm be slain,
And lie by noble Hector on the plain,
Or great Sarpedon, in those bloody fields,
Where Simois rolls the bodies and the shields
Of heroes, whose dismember'd hands yet bear
The dart aloft, and clench the pointed spear ?

Thus while the pious prince his fate bewails,
Fierce Boreas drove against his flying sails,
And rent the sheets : the raging billows rise,
And mount the tossing vessel to the skies :
Nor can the shivering oars sustain the blow ;
The galley gives her side, and turns her prow ;
While those astern, descending down the steep,
Through gaping waves behold the boiling deep.
Three ships were hurried by the southern blast,
And on the secret shelves with fury cast.
Those hidden rocks the' Ausonian sailors knew :
They call'd them ' Altars,' when they rose in view,
And show'd their spacious backs above the flood.
Three more fierce Eurys, in his angry mood,
Dash'd on the shallows of the moving sand,
And in mid ocean left them moor'd aland.
Orontes' bark, that bore the Lycian crew,
(A horrid sight!) e'en in the hero's view,
From stem to stern by waves was overborne ;
The trembling pilot, from his rudder torn,

Was headlong hurl'd : thrice round the ship was
toss'd,

Then bulged at once, and in the deep was lost ;
And here and there above the waves were seen
Arms, pictures, precious goods, and floating men.
The stoutest vessel to the storm gave way,
And suck'd through loosen'd planks the rushing
Ilioneus was her chief: Aletes old, [sea.
Achates faithful, Abas young and bold,
Endured not less : their ships, with gaping seams,
Admit the deluge of the briny streams.

Meantime imperial Neptune heard the sound
Of raging billows breaking on the ground.
Displeased, and fearing for his watery reign,
He rear'd his awful head above the main,
Serene in majesty,—then roll'd his eyes
Around the space of earth, and seas, and skies.
He saw the Trojan fleet dispersed, distress'd,
By stormy winds and wintry heaven oppress'd.
Full well the god his sister's envy knew,
And what her aims and what her arts pursue.
He summon'd Eurus and the Western blast,
And first an angry glance on both he cast,
Then thus rebuked—' Audacious winds! from
whence

This bold attempt, this rebel insolence?
Is it for you to ravage seas and land,
Unauthorized by my supreme command?
To raise such mountains on the troubled main?
Whom I—but first 'tis fit the billows to restrain :
And then you shall be taught obedience to my
reign.

Hence! to your lord my royal mandate bear—
The realms of ocean and the fields of air

Are mine, not his. By fatal lot to me
The liquid empire fell, and trident of the sea.
His power to hollow caverns is confined :
There let him reign, the gaoler of the wind,
With hoarse commands his breathing subjects call,
And boast and bluster in his empty hall.' [sea,
He spoke—and, while he spoke, he smooth'd the
Dispell'd the darkness, and restored the day.
Cymothoë, Triton, and the seagreen train
Of beauteous nymphs, the daughters of the main,
Clear from the rocks the vessels with their hands :
The god himself with ready trident stands,
And opes the deep, and spreads the moving sands ;
Then heaves them off the shoals.—Where'er he
guides

His finny coursers, and in triumph rides,
The waves unruffle, and the sea subsides.
As, when in tumults rise the' ignoble crowd,
Mad are their motions, and their tongues are loud ;
And stones and brands in rattling volleys fly,
And all the rustic arms that fury can supply :
If then some grave and pious man appear,
They hush their noise, and lend a listening ear :
He soothes with sober words their angry mood,
And quenches their innate desire of blood :
So, when the father of the flood appears,
And o'er the seas his sovereign trident rears,
Their fury falls : he skims the liquid plains,
High on his chariot, and with loosen'd reins
Majestic moves along, and awful peace maintains.
The weary Trojans ply their shatter'd oars
To nearest land, and make the Libyan shores.
Within a long recess there lies a bay :
An island shades it from the rolling sea,

And forms a port secure for ships to ride :
Broke by the jutting land, on either side,
In double streams the briny waters glide,
Betwixt two rows of rocks : a silvan scene
Appears above, and groves for ever green :
A grot is form'd beneath, with mossy seats,
To rest the Nereïds, and exclude the heats.
Down through the crannies of the living walls,
The crystal streams descend in murmuring falls.
No halsers need to bind the vessels here,
Nor bearded anchors ; for no storms they fear.
Seven ships within this happy harbour meet,
The thin remainders of the scatter'd fleet.
The Trojans, worn with toils, and spent with woes,
Leap on the welcome land, and seek their wish'd
repose.

First, good Achates, with repeated strokes
Of clashing flints, their hidden fire provokes :
Short flame succeeds : a bed of wither'd leaves
The dying sparkles in their fall receives :
Caught into life, in fiery fumes they rise,
And, fed with stronger food, invade the skies.
The Trojans, dropping wet, or stand around
The cheerful blaze, or lie along the ground.
Some dry their corn infected with the brine,
Then grind with marbles, and prepare to dine.
Æneas climbs the mountain's airy brow,
And takes a prospect of the seas below,
If Capys thence, or Antheus, he could spy,
Or see the streamers of Caïcus fly.
No vessels were in view : but, on the plain,
Three beamy stags command a lordly train
Of branching heads : the more ignoble throng
Attend their stately steps, and slowly graze along.

He stood ; and, while secure they fed below,
He took the quiver and the trusty bow
Achates used to bear : the leaders first
Hę laid along, and then the vulgar pierced :
Nor ceased his arrows, till the shady plain
Seven mighty bodies with their blood distain.
For the seven ships he made an equal share,
And to the port return'd, triumphant from the war,
The jars of generous wine (Acestes' gift,
When his Trinacrian shores the navy left)
He set abroach, and for the feast prepared,
In equal portions with the venison shared.
Thus, while he dealt it round, the pious chief
With cheerful words allay'd the common grief—
' Endure and conquer : Jove will soon dispose,
To future good, our past and present woes.
With me, the rocks of Scylla you have tried :
The' inhuman Cyclops, and his den defied.
What greater ills hereafter can you bear !
Resume your courage, and dismiss your care.
An hour will come, with pleasure to relate
Your sorrows past, as benefits of Fate.
Through various hazards and events we move
To Latium, and the realms foredoom'd by Jove.
Call'd to the seat (the promise of the skies)
Where Trojan kingdoms once again may rise,
Endure the hardships of your present state ;
Live, and reserve yourself for better fate.'

These words he spoke, but spoke not from
his heart :

His outward smiles conceal'd his inward smart.
The jolly crew, unmindful of the past,
The quarry share, their plenteous dinner haste,

Some strip the skin ; some portion out the spoil ;
The limbs, yet trembling, in the caldrons boil ;
Some on the fire the reeking entrails broil.
Stretch'd on the grassy turf, at ease they dine,
Restore their strength with meat, and cheer their
souls with wine.

Their hunger thus appeased, their care attends
The doubtful fortune of their absent friends :
Alternate hopes and fears their minds possess,
Whether to deem them dead, or in distress.
Above the rest, Æneas mourns the fate
Of brave Orontes, and the' uncertain state
Of Gyas, Lycas, and of Amycus.—
The day, but not their sorrows, ended thus ;
When, from aloft, almighty Jove surveys
Earth, air, and shores, and navigable seas :
At length on Libyan realms he fix'd his eyes—
Whom, pondering thus on human miseries,
When Venus saw, she with a lowly look,
Not free from tears, her heavenly sire bespoke—
' O king of gods and men ! whose awful hand
Disperses thunder on the seas and land ;
Disposes all with absolute command ;
How could my pious son thy power incense ?
Or what, alas ! is vanish'd Troy's offence ?
Our hope of Italy not only lost,
On various seas by various tempests toss'd,
But shut from every shore, and barr'd from
every coast.

You promised once a progeny divine
Of Romans, rising from the Trojan line,
In aftertimes should hold the world in awe,
And to the land and ocean give the law.

How is your doom reversed, which eased my care
When Troy was ruin'd in that cruel war!
Then fates to fates I could oppose : but now,
When Fortune still pursues her former blow,
What can I hope? What worse can still succeed?
What end of labours has your will decreed?
Antenor, from the midst of Grecian hosts,
Could pass secure, and pierce the' Illyrian coasts,
Where, rolling down the steep, Timavus raves,
And through nine channels disembogues his
waves.

At length he founded Padua's happy seat,
And gave his Trojans a secure retreat :
There fix'd their arms, and there renew'd their
name,

And there in quiet rules, and crown'd with fame.
But we, descended from your sacred line,
Entitled to your heaven and rites divine,
Are banish'd earth, and for the wrath of one
Removed from Latium, and the promised throne.
Are these our sceptres? these our due rewards?
And is it thus that Jove his plighted faith regards?

To whom the father of the' immortal race,
Smiling with that serene indulgent face
With which he drives the clouds and clears the
skies,

First gave a holy kiss ; then thus replies—
' Daughter, dismiss thy fears : to thy desire,
The fates of thine are fix'd, and stand entire.
Thou shalt behold thy wish'd Lavinian walls ;
And, ripe for heaven, when Fate Æneas calls,
Then shalt thou bear him up, sublime, to me :
No counsels have reversed my firm decree.

And, lest new fears disturb thy happy state,
Know, I have search'd the mystic rolls of Fate :
Thy son (nor is the' appointed season far)
In Italy shall wage successful war,
Shall tame fierce nations in the bloody field,
And sovereign laws impose, and cities build,
Till, after every foe subdued, the sun
Thrice through the signs his annual race shall run :
This is his time prefix'd. Ascanius then,
Now call'd Iulus, shall begin his reign.
He thirty rolling years the crown shall wear,
Then from Lavinium shall the seat transfer,
And, with hard labour, Alba-longa build.—
The throne with his succession shall be fill'd
Three hundred circuits more : then shall be seen
Ilia the fair, a priestess and a queen,
Who, full of Mars, in time, with kindly throes,
Shall at a birth two goodly boys disclose.
The royal babes a tawny wolf shall drain :
Then Romulus his grandsire's throne shall gain,
Of martial towers the founder shall become,
The people Romans call, the city Rome.
To them no bounds of empire I assign,
Nor term of years to their immortal line.
E'en haughty Juno, who, with endless broils,
Earth, seas, and heaven, and Jove himself, turmoils,
At length atoned, her friendly power shall join,
To cherish and advance the Trojan line.
The subject world shall Rome's dominion own,
And, prostrate, shall adore the nation of the gown.
An age is ripening in revolving fate,
When Troy shall overturn the Grecian state,
And sweet revenge her conquering sons shall call,
To crush the people that conspired her fall.

Then Cæsar from the Julian stock shall rise,
Whose empire ocean, and whose fame the skies,
Alone shall bound ; whom, fraught with eastern
spoils,

Our heaven the just reward of human toils
Securely shall repay with rites divine ;
And incense shall ascend before his sacred shrine.
Then dire debate, and impious war, shall cease,
And the 'stern age be soften'd into peace :
Then banish'd Faith shall once again return,
And Vestal fires in hallow'd temples burn ;
And Remus with Quirinus shall sustain
The righteous laws, and fraud and force restrain.
Janus himself before his fane shall wait,
And keep the dreadful issues of his gate
With bolts and iron bars : within remains
Imprison'd Fury, bound in brazen chains :
High on a trophy raised, of useless arms,
He sits, and threats the world with vain alarms.'

He said, and sent Cyllenius with command
To free the ports, and ope the Punic land
To Trojan guests ; lest, ignorant of fate,
The queen might force them from her town and
state.

Down from the steep of heaven Cyllenius flies,
And cleaves with all his wings the yielding skies.
Soon on the Libyan shore descends the god,
Performs his message, and displays his rod.
The surly murmurs of the people cease ;
And as the Fates required, they give the peace.
The queen herself suspends the rigid laws,
The Trojans pities, and protects their cause.

Meantime, in shades of night Æneas lies :
Care seized his soul, and sleep forsook his eyes.

But when the sun restored the cheerful day,
He rose, the coast and country to survey,
Anxious and eager to discover more.—
It look'd a wild uncultivated shore :
But, whether humankind, or beasts alone,
Possess'd the new-found region, was unknown.
Beneath a ledge of rocks his fleet he hides :
Tall trees surround the mountain's shady sides :
The bending brow above a safe retreat provides.
Arm'd with two pointed darts he leaves his
friends ;

And true Achates on his steps attends.
Lo ! in the deep recesses of the wood,
Before his eyes his goddess mother stood—
A huntress in her habit and her mien :
Her dress a maid, her air confess'd a queen.
Bare were her knees, and knots her garments bind ;
Loose was her hair, and wanton'd in the wind ;
Her hand sustain'd a bow ; her quiver hung behind.
She seem'd a virgin of the Spartan blood :
With such array Harpalyce bestrode
Her Thracian courser, and outstripp'd the rapid
flood.

' Ho ! strangers ! have you lately seen (she said)
One of my sisters, like myself array'd,
Who cross'd the lawn, or in the forest stray'd ?
A painted quiver at her back she bore ;
Varied with spots, a lynx's hide she wore ;
And at full cry pursued the tusky boar.'

Thus Venus : thus her son replied again—
' None of your sisters have we heard or seen,
O virgin ! or what other name you bear
Above that style—O more than mortal fair !

Your voice and mien celestial birth betray !
If, as you seem, the sister of the day,
Or one at least of chaste Diana's train,
Let not an humble suppliant sue in vain ;
But tell a stranger, long in tempests toss'd,
What earth we tread, and who commands the
coast?

Then on your name shall wretched mortals call,
And offer'd victims at your altars fall,—
' I dare not (she replied) assume the name
Of goddess, or celestial honours claim :
For Tyrian virgins bows and quivers bear,
And purple buskins o'er their ankles wear.
Know, gentle youth, in Libyan lands you are—
A people rude in peace, and rough in war.
The rising city, which from far you see,
Is Carthage, and a Tyrian colony.
Phœnician Dido rules the growing state,
Who fled from Tyre to shun her brother's hate.
Great were her wrongs, her story full of fate ;
Which I will sum in short. Sichæus, known
For wealth, and brother to the Punic throne,
Possess'd fair Dido's bed ; and either heart
At once was wounded with an equal dart.
Her father gave her, yet a spotless maid ;
Pygmalion then the Tyrian sceptre sway'd—
One who condemn'd divine and human laws.
Then strife ensued, and cursed gold the cause.
The monarch, blinded with desire of wealth,
With steel invades his brother's life by stealth ;
Before the sacred altar made him bleed,
And long from her conceal'd the cruel deed.
Some tale, some new pretence, he daily coin'd,
To sooth his sister, and delude her mind.

At length, in dead of night, the ghost appears
Of her unhappy lord : the spectre stares,
And, with erected eyes, his bloody bosom bares.
The cruel altars, and his fate he tells,
And the dire secret of his house reveals :
Then warns the widow, and her household gods,
To seek a refuge in remote abodes.

Last, to support her in so long a way,
He shows her where his hidden treasure lay.
Admonish'd thus, and seized with mortal fright,
The queen provides companions of her flight :
They meet, and all combine to leave the state,
Who hate the tyrant, or who fear his hate.
They seize a fleet, which ready rigg'd they find ;
Nor is Pygmalion's treasure left behind.
The vessels, heavy laden, put to sea

With prosperous winds : a woman leads the way.
I know not, if by stress of weather driven,
Or was their fatal course disposed by Heaven :
At last they landed, where from far your eyes
May view the turrets of new Carthage rise ;
There bought a space of ground, which (Byrsa
call'd

From the bull's hide) they first enclosed, and wall'd.
But whence are you ? what country claims your
birth ?

What seek you, strangers, on this Libyan earth ?

To whom, with sorrow streaming from his eyes,
And deeply sighing thus her son replies—
' Could you with patience hear, or I relate,
O nymph ! the tedious annals of our fate,
Through such a train of woes if I should run,
The day would sooner than the tale be done.

From ancient Troy, by force expell'd, we came—
If you by chance have heard the Trojan name.
On various seas by various tempests toss'd,
At length we landed on your Libyan coast.
The good Æneas am I call'd—a name,
While Fortune favour'd, not unknown to fame.
My household gods, companions of my woes,
With pious care I rescued from our foes.
To fruitful Italy my course was bent;
And from the king of heaven is my descent.
With twice ten sail I cross'd the Phrygian sea;
Fate and my mother goddess led my way.
Scarce seven, the thin remainders of my fleet,
From storms preserved, within your harbour meet.
Myself distress'd, an exile, and unknown,
Debarr'd from Europe, and from Asia thrown,
In Libyan deserts wander thus alone.'

His tender parent could no longer bear,
But, interposing, sought to sooth his care :
' Whoe'er you are—not unbeloved by Heaven,
Since on our friendly shore your ships are driven—
Have courage: to the gods permit the rest,
And to the queen expose your just request.
Now take this earnest of success for more:
Your scatter'd fleet is join'd upon the shore;
The winds are changed, your friends from danger
Or I renounce my skill in augury. [free:
Twelve swans behold in beauteous order move,
And stoop, with closing pinions from above;
Whom late the bird of Jove had driven along,
And through the clouds pursued the scattering
Now, all united in a goodly team, [throng;
They skim the ground, and seek the quiet stream.

As they, with joy returning, clap their wings,
And ride the circuit of the skies in rings;
Not otherwise your ships, and every friend,
Already hold the port, or with swift sails descend.
No more advice is needful; but pursue
The path before you, and the town in view.'

Thus having said, she turn'd, and made appear
Her neck refulgent, and dishevel'd hair,
Which, flowing from her shoulders, reach'd the
ground,
And widely spread ambrosial scents around.
In length of train descends her sweeping gown:
And, by her graceful walk, the queen of love is
known.

The prince pursued the parting deity
With words like these—' Ah! whither do you fly?
Unkind and cruel! to deceive your son
In borrow'd shapes, and his embrace to shun;
Never to bless my sight, but thus unknown;
And still to speak in accents not your own.'
Against the goddess these complaints he made,
But took the path, and her commands obey'd.
They march obscure: for Venus kindly shrouds
With mists their persons, and involves in clouds,
That, thus unseen, their passage none might stay,
Or force to tell the causes of their way.
This part perform'd, the goddess flies sublime,
To visit Paphos, and her native clime,
Where garlands ever green and ever fair,
With vows are offer'd, and with solemn prayer:
A hundred altars in her temple smoke:
A thousand bleeding hearts her power invoke.

They climb the next ascent, and, looking down,
Now at a nearer distance view the town.

The prince with wonder sees the stately towers
(Which late were huts, and shepherds' homely
bowers),

The gates and streets; and hears, from every part,
The noise and busy concourse of the mart.

The toiling Tyrians on each other call,
To ply their labour: some extend the wall;

Some build the citadel; the brawny throng
Or dig, or push unwieldy stones along.

Some for their dwellings choose a spot of ground,
Which, first design'd, with ditches they surround.

Some laws ordain; and some attend the choice
Of holy senates, and elect by voice.

Here some design a mole, while others there
Lay deep foundations for a theatre;

From marble quarries mighty columns hew,
For ornaments of scenes, and future view.

Such is their toil, and such their busy pains,
As exercise the bees in flowery plains,

When winter pass'd, and summer scarce begun,
Invites them forth to labour in the sun:

Some lead their youth abroad, while some condense
Their liquid store, and some in cells dispense:

Some at the gate stand ready to receive
The golden burden, and their friends relieve:

All, with united force, combine to drive
The lazy drones from the laborious hive:

With envy stung, they view each other's deeds;
The fragrant work with diligence proceeds.

'Thrice happy you, whose walls already rise!'

Æneas said, and view'd, with lifted eyes,

Their lofty towers: then entering at the gate,
Conceal'd in clouds (prodigious to relate),

He mix'd, unmark'd, among the busy throng,
Borne by the tide, and pass'd unseen along.

Full in the centre of the town there stood,
Thick set with trees, a venerable wood:
The Tyrians landing near this holy ground,
And digging here, a prosperous omen found:
From under earth a courser's head they drew,
Their growth and future fortune to foreshow:
This fated sign their foundress Juno gave,
Of a soil fruitful, and a people brave.
Sidonian Dido here with solemn state
Did Juno's temple build, and consecrate,
Enrich'd with gifts, and with a golden shrine;
But more the goddess made the place divine.
On brazen steps the marble threshold rose,
And brazen plates the cedar beams enclose:
The rafters are with brazen coverings crown'd;
The lofty doors on brazen hinges sound.
What first Æneas in this place beheld,
Revived his courage, and his fear expell'd.
For—while, expecting there the queen, he raised
His wondering eyes, and round the temple gazed,
Admired the fortune of the rising town,
The striving artists, and their arts' renown—
He saw in order painted on the wall,
Whatever did unhappy Troy befall—
The wars that fame around the world had blown,
All to the life, and every leader known.
There Agamemnon, Priam here, he spies,
And fierce Achilles, who both kings defies.
He stopp'd, and weeping said—'O friend! e'en
The monuments of Trojan woes appear! [here
Our known disasters fill e'en foreign lands;
See there, where old unhappy Priam stands!
E'en the mute walls relate the warrior's fame,
And Trojan griefs the Tyrians' pity claim.'

He said—(his tears a ready passage find)
Devouring what he saw so well design'd;
And with an empty picture fed his mind;
For there he saw the fainting Grecians yield,
And here the trembling Trojans quit the field,
Pursued by fierce Achilles through the plain,
On his high chariot driving o'er the slain.
The tents of Rhesus next his grief renew,
By their white sails betray'd to nightly view;
And wakeful Diomed, whose cruel sword
The sentries slew, nor spared their slumbering lord,
Then took the fiery steeds, ere yet the food
Of Troy they taste, or drink the Xanthian flood.
Elsewhere he saw where Troilus defied
Achilles, and unequal combat tried;
Then, where the boy disarm'd, with loosen'd reins,
Was by his horses hurried o'er the plains,
Hung by the neck and hair; and, dragg'd around,
The hostile spear yet sticking in his wound,
With tracks of blood inscribed the dusty ground.

Meantime the Trojan dames, oppress'd with woe,
To Pallas' fane in long procession go,
In hopes to reconcile their heavenly foe:
They weep; they beat their breasts; they rend
their hair,

And rich embroider'd vests for presents bear:
But the stern goddess stands unmoved with prayer.
Thrice round the Trojan walls Achilles drew
The corpse of Hector, whom in fight he slew.
Here Priam sues; and there, for sums of gold,
The lifeless body of his son is sold.
So sad an object, and so well express'd,
Drew sighs and groans from the grieved hero's
breast,

To see the figure of his lifeless friend,
And his old sire his helpless hands extend.
Himself he saw amidst the Grecian train,
Mix'd in the bloody battle on the plain:
And swarthy Memnon in his arms he knew,
His pompous ensigns, and his Indian crew.
Penthesilea there with haughty grace
Leads to the wars an Amazonian race:
In their right hands a pointed dart they wield;
The left, for ward, sustains the lunar shield.
Athwart her breast a golden belt she throws,
Amidst the press alone provokes a thousand foes,
And dares her maiden arms to manly force oppose.
Thus while the Trojan prince employs his eyes,
Fix'd on the walls with wonder and surprise,
The beauteous Dido, with a numerous train,
And pomp of guards, ascends the sacred fane.
Such on Eurotas' banks, or Cynthus' height,
Diana seems: and so she charms the sight,
When in the dance the graceful goddess leads
The choir of nymphs, and overtops their heads.
Known by her quiver, and her lofty mien,
She walks majestic, and she looks their queen:
Latona sees her shine above the rest,
And feeds with secret joy her silent breast.
Such Dido was; with such becoming state,
Amidst the crowd, she walks serenely great.
Their labour to her future sway she speeds,
And passing with a gracious glance proceeds,
Then mounts the throne, high placed before the
shrine:
In crowds around the swarming people join.
She takes petitions, and dispenses laws,
Hears and determines every private cause:

Their tasks in equal portions she divides,
And, where unequal, there by lot decides.
Another way by chance Æneas bends
His eyes, and unexpected sees his friends,
Antheus, Sergestus grave, Cloanthus strong,
And at their backs a mighty Trojan throng,
Whom late the tempest on the billows toss'd,
And widely scatter'd on another coast.
The prince, unseen, surprised with wonder stands,
And longs, with joyful haste, to join their hands:
But, doubtful of the wish'd event, he stays,
And from the hollow cloud his friends surveys,
Impatient till they told their present state,
And where they left their ships, and what their
fate,

And why they came, and what was their request;
For these were sent commission'd by the rest,
To sue for leave to land their sickly men,
And gain admission to the gracious queen.
Entering, with cries they fill'd the holy fane;
Then thus, with lowly voice, Ilioneus began—
'O queen! indulged by favour of the gods
To found an empire in these new abodes;
To build a town; with statutes to restrain
The wild inhabitants beneath thy reign—
We wretched Trojans, toss'd on every shore,
From sea to sea, thy clemency implore.
Forbid the fires our shipping to deface;
Receive the' unhappy fugitives to grace,
And spare the remnant of a pious race!
We come not with design of wasteful prey,
To drive the country, force the swains away;
Nor such our strength, nor such is our desire;
The vanquish'd dare not to such thoughts aspire.

A land there is, Hesperia named of old—
The soil is fruitful, and the men are bold—
The' Cœnотrians held it once—by common fame,
Now call'd Italia, from the leader's name.
To that sweet region was our voyage bent,
When winds, and every warring element,
Disturb'd our course, and far from sight of land,
Cast our torn vessels on the moving sand:
The sea came on; the South, with mighty roar,
Dispersed and dash'd the rest upon the rocky
shore.

Those few you see escaped the storm, and fear,
Unless you interpose, a shipwreck here.
What men, what monsters, what inhuman race,
What laws, what barbarous customs of the place,
Shut up a desert shore to drowning men,
And drive us to the cruel seas again?
If our hard fortune no compassion draws,
Nor hospitable rites, nor human laws,
The gods are just, and will revenge our cause.
Æneas was our prince—a juster lord,
Or nobler warrior, never drew a sword—
Observant of the right, religious of his word.
If yet he lives, and draws this vital air,
Nor we his friends of safety shall despair,
Nor you, great queen, these offices repent,
Which he will equal, and perhaps augment.
We want not cities, nor Sicilian coasts,
Where king Acestes Trojan lineage boasts.
Permit our ships a shelter on your shores,
Refitted from your woods with planks and oars,
That, if our prince be safe, we may renew
Our destined course, and Italy pursue,

But if, O best of men! the Fates ordain
That thou art swallow'd in the Libyan main,
And if our young Iulus be no more,
Dismiss our navy from your friendly shore,
That we to good Acestes may return,
And with our friends our common losses mourn.'
Thus spoke Ilioneus: the Trojan crew
With cries and clamours his request renew.
The modest queen a while, with downcast eyes,
Ponder'd the speech, then briefly thus replies—
' Trojans! dismiss your fears: my cruel fate,
And doubts attending an unsettled state,
Force me to guard my coast from foreign foes.
Who has not heard the story of your woes,
The name and fortune of your native place,
The fame and valour of the Phrygian race?
We Tyrians are not so devoid of sense,
Nor so remote from Pallas's influence.
Whether to Latin shores your course is bent,
Or, driven by tempests from your first intent,
You seek the good Acestes' government,
Your men shall be received; your fleet repair'd,
And sail with ships of convey for your guard:
Or would you stay, and join your friendly powers
To raise and to defend the Tyrian towers,
My wealth, my city, and myself, are yours.
And would to Heaven the storm, you felt, would
bring
On Carthaginian coasts your wandering king.
My people shall, by my command, explore
The ports and creeks of every winding shore,
And towns, and wilds, and shady woods, in quest
Of so renown'd and so desired a guest.'

Raised in his mind the Trojan hero stood,
And long'd to break from out his ambient cloud:
Achates found it, and thus urged his way—
' From whence, O goddess born, this long delay?
What more can you desire, your welcome sure,
Your fleet in safety, and your friends secure?
One only wants: and him we saw in vain
Oppose the storm, and swallow'd in the main.
Orontes in his fate our forfeit paid:
The rest agrees with what your mother said.'
Scarce had he spoken, when the cloud gave way,
The mists flew upward, and dissolved in day.
The Trojan chief appear'd in open sight,
August in visage, and serenely bright.
His mother-goddess, with her hands divine,
Had form'd his curling locks, and made his temples shine,
And given his rolling eyes a sparkling grace,
And breathed a youthful vigour on his face;
Like polish'd ivory, beauteous to behold,
Or Parian marble, when enchased in gold:
Thus radiant from the circling cloud he broke,
And thus with manly modesty he spoke—
' He whom you seek am I; by tempests toss'd,
And saved from shipwreck on your Libyan coast;
Presenting, gracious queen, before your throne,
A prince that owes his life to you alone.
Fair majesty! the refuge and redress
Of those whom Fate pursues, and wants oppress!
You, who your pious offices employ
To save the reliques of abandon'd Troy;
Receive the shipwreck'd on your friendly shore,
With hospitable rites relieve the poor;
Associate in your town a wandering train,
And strangers in your palace entertain.

What thanks can wretched fugitives return,
Who scatter'd through the world in exile mourn?
The gods (if gods to goodness are inclined—
If acts of mercy touch their heavenly mind),
And, more than all the gods, your generous heart,
Conscious of worth, requite its own desert!
In you this age is happy, and this earth;
And parents more than mortal gave you birth.
While rolling rivers into seas shall run,
And round the space of heaven the radiant sun;
While trees the mountain tops with shades supply,
Your honour, name, and praise, shall never die.
Whate'er abode my fortune has assign'd,
Your image shall be present in my mind.'
Thus having said, he turn'd with pious haste,
And joyful his expecting friends embraced:
With his right hand Ilioneus was¹ graced,
Sergestus with the left; then to his breast
Cloanthus and the noble Gyas press'd:
And so by turns descended to the rest.

The Tyrian queen stood fix'd upon his face,
Pleased with his motions, ravish'd with his grace;
Admired his fortunes, more admired the man;
Then recollected stood; and thus began—
'What fate, O goddess-born! what angry powers
Have cast you shipwreck'd on our barren shores?
Are you the great Æneas known to fame,
Who from celestial seed your lineage claim?
The same Æneas, whom fair Venus bore
To famed Anchises on the' Idæan shore?
It calls into my mind, though then a child,
When Teucer came, from Salamis exiled,
And sought my father's aid, to be restored:
My father Belus then with fire and sword

¹ Dr. Carey judiciously substitutes *he*.

Invaded Cyprus, made the region bare,
And, conquering, finish'd the successful war.
From him the Trojan siege I understood,
The Grecian chiefs, and your illustrious blood.
Your foe himself the Dardan valour praised,
And his own ancestry from Trojans raised.
Enter, my noble guest! and you shall find,
If not a costly welcome, yet a kind :
For I myself, like you, have been distress'd,
Till Heaven afforded me this place of rest.
Like you, an alien in a land unknown,
I learn to pity woes so like my own.'
She said, and to the palace led her guest,
Then offer'd incense, and proclaim'd a feast.
Nor yet less careful for her absent friends,
Twice ten fat oxen to the ships she sends :
Besides a hundred boars, a hundred lambs,
With bleating cries, attend their milky dams :
And jars of generous wine, and spacious bowls,
She gives, to cheer the sailors' drooping souls.
Now purple hangings clothe the palace walls,
And sumptuous feasts are made in splendid halls :
On Tyrian carpets, richly wrought, they dine ;
With loads of massy plate the sideboards shine,
And antique vases, all of gold emboss'd
(The gold itself inferior to the cost
Of curious work), where on the sides were seen
The fights and figures of illustrious men,
From their first founder to the present queen.

The good Æneas, whose paternal care
Iulus' absence could no longer bear,
Dispatch'd Achates to the ships in haste,
To give a glad relation of the past,
And, fraught with precious gifts, to bring the boy
Snatch'd from the ruins of unhappy Troy—

A robe of tissue, stiff with golden wire ;
An upper vest, once Helen's rich attire,
From Argos by the famed adultress brought,
With golden flowers and winding foliage wrought,
Her mother Leda's present, when she came
To ruin Troy, and set the world on flame ;
The sceptre Priam's eldest daughter bore,
Her orient necklace, and the crown she wore
Of double texture, glorious to behold ;
One order set with gems, and one with gold.
Instructed thus, the wise Achates goes,
And, in his diligence, his duty shows.

But Venus, anxious for her son's affairs,
New counsels tries, and new designs prepares :
That Cupid should assume the shape and face
Of sweet Ascanius, and the sprightly grace ;
Should bring the presents, in her nephew's stead,
And in Eliza's veins the gentle poison shed :
For much she fear'd the Tyrians, double tongued,
And knew the town to Juno's care belong'd.
These thoughts by night her golden slumbers
broke,

And thus, alarm'd, to winged Love she spoke—
' My son, my strength, whose mighty power alone
Controls the thunderer on his awful throne,
To thee thy much afflicted mother flies,
And on thy succour and thy faith relies. [wife,
Thou know'st, my son, how Jove's revengeful
By force and fraud, attempts thy brother's life :
And often hast thou mourn'd with me his pains.
Him Dido now with blandishment detains ;
But I suspect the town where Juno reigns.
For this, 'tis needful to prevent her art,
And fire with love the proud Phœnician's heart—

A love so violent, so strong, so sure,
That neither age can change, nor art can cure.
How this may be perform'd, now take my mind ;
Ascanius by his father is design'd
To come, with presents laden, from the port,
To gratify the queen, and gain the court.
I mean to plunge the boy in pleasing sleep,
And, ravish'd, in Idalian bowers to keep,
Or high Cythera, that the sweet deceit
May pass unseen, and none prevent the cheat.
Take thou his form and shape. I beg the grace,
But only for a night's revolving space,
Thyself a boy, assume a boy's dissembled face ;
That when, amidst the fervour of the feast,
The Tyrian hugs and fonds thee on her breast,
And with sweet kisses in her arms constrains,
Thou mayst infuse thy venom in her veins.'
The god of love obeys, and sets aside
His bow and quiver, and his plumy pride :
He walks Iulus in his mother's sight,
And in the sweet resemblance takes delight.

The goddess then to young Ascanius flies,
And in a pleasing slumber seals his eyes :
Lull'd in her lap, amidst a train of Loves,
She gently bears him to her blissful groves,
Then with a wreath of myrtle crowns his head,
And softly lays him on a flowery bed.
Cupid meantime assumed his form and face,
Following Achates with a shorter pace,
And brought the gifts. The queen already sat
Amidst the Trojan lords, in shining state,
High on a golden bed : her princely guest
Was next her side ; in order sat the rest.

Then canisters with bread are heap'd on high ;
The' attendants water for their hands supply,
And, having wash'd, with silken towels dry.
Next fifty handmaids in long order bore
The censers, and with fumes the gods adore ;
Then youths and virgins, twice as many, join
To place the dishes, and to serve the wine.
The Tyrian train, admitted to the feast,
Approach, and on the painted couches rest.
All on the Trojan gifts with wonder gaze,
But view the beauteous boy with more amaze,
His rosy-colour'd cheeks, his radiant eyes,
His motions, voice, and shape, and all the god's
disguise ;

Nor pass unpraised the vest and veil divine,
Which wandering foliage and rich flowers entwine.
But, far above the rest, the royal dame
(Already doom'd to love's disastrous flame),
With eyes insatiate, and tumultuous joy,
Beholds the presents, and admires the boy.
The guileful god, about the hero long,
With children's play, and false embraces, hung ;
Then sought the queen : she took him to her arms
With greedy pleasure, and devour'd his charms.
Unhappy Dido little thought what guest,
How dire a god, she drew so near her breast.
But he, not mindless of his mother's prayer,
Works in the pliant bosom of the fair, [care.
And moulds her heart anew, and blots her former
The dead is to the living love resign'd ;
And all Æneas enters in her mind.

Now, when the rage of hunger was appeased,
The meat removed and every guest was pleased,

The golden bowls with sparkling wine are crown'd,
And through the palace cheerful cries resound.
From gilded roofs depending lamps display
Nocturnal beams, that emulate the day.

A golden bowl, that shone with gems divine,
The queen commanded to be crown'd with wine—
The bowl that Belus used, and all the Tyrian line.
Then, silence through the hall proclaim'd, she
'O hospitable Jove! we thus invoke, [spoke—
With solemn rites, thy sacred name and power:
Bless to both nations this auspicious hour;
So may the Trojan and the Tyrian line
In lasting concord from this day combine.

Thou, Bacchus, god of joys and friendly cheer,
And gracious Juno, both be present here!

And you, my lords of Tyre, your vows address
To Heaven, with mine, to ratify the peace.'
The goblet then she took, with nectar crown'd
(Sprinkling the first libations on the ground),
And raised it to her mouth with sober grace,
Then, sipping, offer'd to the next in place.

'Twas Bitias whom she call'd—a thirsty soul:
He took the challenge, and embraced the bowl,
With pleasure swill'd the gold, nor ceased to draw,
Till he the bottom of the brimmer saw.

The goblet goes around: Iöpas brought
His golden lyre, and sung what ancient Atlas
taught—

The various labours of the wandering moon,
And whence proceed the eclipses of the sun;
The original of men and beasts; and whence
The rains arise, and fires their warmth dispense,
And fix'd and erring stars dispose their influence;

What shakes the solid earth ; what cause delays
The summer nights, and shortens winter days.
With peals of shouts the Tyrians praise the song :
Those peals are echoed by the Trojan throng.
The' unhappy queen with talk prolong'd the night,
And drank large draughts of love with vast delight ;
Of Priam much inquired, of Hector more ;
Then ask'd what arms the swarthy Memnon wore,
What troops he landed on the Trojan shore ;
The steeds of Diomede varied the discourse,
And fierce Achilles, with his matchless force :
At length, as Fate and her ill stars required,
To hear the series of the war desired.
' Relate at large, my godlike guest (she said),
The Grecian stratagems, the town betray'd :
The fatal issue of so long a war,
Your flight, your wanderings, and your woes,
declare :
For, since on every sea, on every coast,
Your men have been distress'd, your navy toss'd,
Seven times the sun has either tropic view'd,
The winter banish'd, and the spring renew'd.'

BOOK II.

The Argument.

Æneas relates how the city of *Troy* was taken, after a ten years' siege, by the treachery of *Sinon*, and the stratagem of a wooden horse. He declares the fixed resolution he had taken not to survive the ruin of his country, and the various adventures he met with in defence of it. At last having been before advised by *Hector's* ghost, and now by the appearance of his mother *Venus*, he is prevailed upon to leave the town, and settle his household gods in another country. In order to this, he carries off his father on his shoulders, and leads his little son by the hand, his wife following him behind. When he comes to the place appointed for the general rendezvous, he finds a great confluence of people, but misses his wife, whose ghost afterwards appears to him, and tells him the land which was designed for him.

ALL were attentive to the godlike man,
When from his lofty couch he thus began—
' Great queen, what you command me to relate,
Renews the sad remembrance of our fate:
An empire from its old foundations rent,
And every woe the Trojans underwent;
A peopled city made a desert place;
All that I saw, and part of which I was;
Not e'en the hardest of our foes could hear,
Nor stern Ulysses tell, without a tear.
And now the latter watch of wasting night,
And setting stars, to kindly rest invite.
But, since you take such interest in our woe,
And *Troy's* disastrous end desire to know,
I will restrain my tears, and briefly tell
What in our last and fatal night befell.

‘ By destiny compell’d, and in despair,
The Greeks grew weary of the tedious war,
And, by Minerva’s aid, a fabric rear’d,
Which like a steed of monstrous height appear’d;
The sides were plank’d with pine: they feign’d
it made

For their return, and this the vow they paid.
Thus they pretend, but in the hollow side,
Selected numbers of their soldiers hide:
With inward arms the dire machine they load;
And iron bowels stuff the dark abode.
In sight of Troy lies Tenedos, an isle
(While Fortune did on Priam’s empire smile)
Renown’d for wealth; but since a faithless bay,
Where ships exposed to wind and weather lay,
There was their fleet conceal’d. We thought,
for Greece

Their sails were hoisted, and our fears release.
The Trojans, coop’d within their walls so long,
Unbar their gates, and issue in a throng,
Like swarming bees, and with delight survey
The camp deserted where the Grecians lay:
The quarters of the several chiefs they show’d—
Here Phœnix, here Achilles, made abode;
Here join’d the battles; there the navy rode.
Part on the pile their wandering eyes employ—
The pile by Pallas raised to ruin Troy.
Thymœtes first (’tis doubtful whether hired,
Or so the Trojan destiny required)
Moved that the ramparts might be broken down,
To lodge the monster fabric in the town.
But Capys, and the rest of sounder mind,
The fatal present to the flames design’d,

Or to the watery deep; at least to bore
The hollow sides, and hidden frauds explore.
The giddy vulgar, as their fancies guide,
With noise say nothing, and in parts divide.
Laocoön, follow'd by a numerous crowd,
Ran from the fort, and cried, from far, aloud—
“ O wretched countrymen! what fury reigns?
What more than madness has possess'd your
brains? [gone?

Think you the Grecians from your coasts are
And are Ulysses' arts no better known?
This hollow fabric either must enclose,
Within its blind recess, our secret foes;
Or 'tis an engine raised above the town,
To' o'erlook the walls, and then to batter down.
Somewhat is sure design'd by fraud or force -
Trust not their presents, nor admit the horse.”
Thus having said, against the steed he threw
His forceful spear, which, hissing as it flew,
Pierced through the yielding planks of jointed
And trembling in the hollow belly stood. [wood,
The sides, transpierced, return a rattling sound;
And groans of Greeks enclosed come issuing
through the wound.

And, had not Heaven the fall of Troy design'd,
Or had not men been fated to be blind, [mind:
Enough was said and done to' inspire a better
Then had our lances pierced the treacherous wood,
And Ilian towers and Priam's empire stood.
Meantime, with shouts, the Trojan shepherds bring
A captive Greek in bands, before the king—
Taken, to take—who made himself their prey,
To' impose on their belief, and Troy betray;

Fix'd on his aim, and obstinately bent
To die undaunted or to circumvent.
About the captive, tides of Trojans flow;
All press to see, and some insult the foe.
Now hear how well the Greeks their wiles dis-
Behold a nation in a man comprised. [guised:
Trembling the miscreant stood: unarm'd and
bound,

He stared, and roll'd his haggard eyes around;
Then said, "Alas! what earth remains, what sea
Is open to receive unhappy me?

What fate a wretched fugitive attends,
Scorn'd by my foes, abandon'd by my friends!"

He said, and sigh'd, and cast a rueful eye:

Our pity kindles, and our passions die.

We cheer the youth to make his own defence,

And freely tell us what he was, and whence:

What news he could impart we long to know,

And what to credit from a captive foe. [e'er

'His fear at length dismiss'd, he said, "What-

My fate ordains, my words shall be sincere:

I neither can nor dare my birth disclaim:

Greece is my country, Sinon is my name.

Though plunged by Fortune's power in misery,

'Tis not in Fortune's power to make me lie.

If any chance has hither brought the name

Of Palamedes, not unknown to fame,

Who suffer'd from the malice of the times,

Accused and sentenced for pretended crimes,

Because the fatal wars he would prevent;

Whose death the wretched Greeks too late la-

Me, then a boy, my father, poor, and bare [ment—

Of other means, committed to his care,

His kinsman and companion in the war.

While Fortune favour'd, while his arms support
The cause, and ruled the counsels of the court,
I made some figure there; nor was my name
Obscure, nor I without my share of fame.
But when Ulysses, with fallacious arts,
Had made impression in the people's hearts,
And forged a treason in my patron's name
(I speak of things too far divulged by fame),
My kinsman fell. Then I, without support,
In private mourn'd his loss, and left the court.
Mad as I was, I could not bear his fate
With silent grief, but loudly blamed the state,
And cursed the direful author of my woes.—
'Twas told again; and hence my ruin rose.
I threaten'd, if indulgent Heaven once more
Would land me safely on my native shore,
His death with double vengeance to restore.
This moved the murderer's hate; and soon ensued
The' effects of malice from a man so proud.
Ambiguous rumours through the camp he spread,
And sought, by treason, my devoted head;
New crimes invented; left unturn'd no stone,
To make my guilt appear, and hide his own;
Till Calchas was by force and threatening
wrought—

But why—why dwell I on that anxious thought?
If on my nation just revenge you seek,
And 'tis to' appear a foe, to' appear a Greek;
Already you my name and country know:
Assuage your thirst of blood, and strike the blow:
My death will both the kingly brothers please,
And set insatiate Ithacus at ease.”
This fair unfinish'd tale, these broken starts,
Raised expectations in our longing hearts;
Unknowing as we were in Grecian arts.

His former trembling once again renew'd,
With acted fear, the villain thus pursued—
“ Long had the Grecians (tired with fruitless care,
And wearied with an unsuccessful war)
Resolved to raise the siege, and leave the town :
And, had the gods permitted, they had gone.
But oft the wintry seas, and southern winds,
Withstood their passage home, and changed their
minds.

Portents and prodigies their souls amazed ;
But most, when this stupendous pile was raised :
Then flaming meteors, hung in air, were seen,
And thunders rattled through a sky serene.
Dismay'd, and fearful of some dire event,
Eurypylus to' inquire their fate was sent.
He from the gods this dreadful answer brought :
' O Grecians, when the Trojan shores you sought,
Your passage with a virgin's blood was bought :
So must your safe return be bought again ;
And Grecian blood once more atone the main.'
The spreading rumour round the people ran ;
All fear'd, and each believed himself the man.
Ulysses took the' advantage of their fright ;
Call'd Calchas, and produced in open sight,
Then bade him name the wretch, ordain'd by Fate
The public victim, to redeem the state.
Already some presaged the dire event,
And saw what sacrifice Ulysses meant.
For twice five days the good old seer withstood
The' intended treason, and was dumb to blood,
Till, tired with endless clamours and pursuit
Of Ithacus, he stood no longer mute,
But, as it was agreed, pronounced that I
Was destined by the wrathful gods to die.

All praised the sentence, pleased the storm should
On one alone, whose fury threaten'd all. [fall
The dismal day was come: the priests prepare
Their leaven'd cakes, and fillets for my hair.
I follow'd Nature's laws, and must avow,
I broke my bonds, and fled the fatal blow.
Hid in a weedy lake all night I lay,
Secure of safety when they sail'd away.
But now what further hopes for me remain,
To see my friends or native soil again :
My tender infants, or my careful sire,
Whom they returning will to death require;
Will perpetrate on them their first design,
And take the forfeit of their heads for mine?
Which, O ! if pity mortal minds can move,
If there be faith below, or gods above,
If innocence and truth can claim desert,
Ye Trojans, from an injured wretch avert."

'False tears true pity move: the king commands
To loose his fetters, and unbind his hands,
Then adds these friendly words—" Dismiss thy
fears :

Forget the Greeks: be mine as thou wert theirs;
But truly tell, was it for force or guile,
Or some religious end, you raised the pile?"
Thus said the king.—He, full of fraudulent arts,
This well invented tale for truth imparts—
" Ye lamps of heaven! (he said, and lifted high
His hands now free)—thou venerable sky!
Inviolable powers, adored with dread!
Ye fatal fillets, that once bound this head!
Ye sacred altars, from whose flames I fled!
Be all of you adjured; and grant I may,
Without a crime the' ungrateful Greeks betray,

Reveal the secrets of the guilty state,
And justly punish whom I justly hate!
But you, O king, preserve the faith you gave,
If I, to save myself, your empire save.
The Grecian hopes, and all the' attempts they
Were only founded on Minerva's aid. [made,
But from the time when impious Diomede,
And false Ulysses, that inventive head,
Her fatal image from the temple drew,
The sleeping guardians of the castle slew,
Her virgin statue with their bloody hands
Polluted, and profaned her holy bands;
From thence the tide of fortune left their shore,
And ebb'd much faster than it flow'd before :
Their courage languish'd, as their hopes decay'd :
And Pallas, now averse, refused her aid.
Nor did the goddess doubtfully declare
Her alter'd mind, and alienated care,
When first her fatal image touch'd the ground,
She sternly cast her glaring eyes around,
That sparkled as they roll'd, and seem'd to threat :
Her heavenly limbs distill'd a briny sweat.
Thrice from the ground she leap'd, was seen to
wield
Her brandish'd lance, and shake her horrid shield.
Then Calchas bade our host for flight prepare,
And hope no conquest from the tedious war,
Till first they sail'd for Greece; with prayers
besought
Her injured power, and better omens brought.
And, now their navy ploughs the watery main,
Yet, soon expect it on your shores again,
With Pallas pleased; as Calchas did ordain.
But first, to reconcile the blue-eyed maid
For her stolen statue and her tower betray'd,

Warn'd by the seer, to her offended name
We raised and dedicate this wondrous frame,
So lofty, lest through your forbidden gates
It pass, and intercept our better fates :
For, once admitted there, our hopes are lost ;
And Troy may then a new Palladium boast :
For so religion and the gods ordain,
That, if you violate with hands profane
Minerva's gift, your town in flames shall burn ;
(Which omen, O ye gods, on Græcia turn !)
But if it climb, with your assisting hands,
The Trojan walls, and in the city stands,
Then Troy shall Argos and Mycenæ burn,
And the reverse of fate on us return."

' With such deceits he gain'd their easy hearts,
Too prone to credit his perfidious arts.
What Diomede, nor Thetis' greater son,
A thousand ships, nor ten years' siege, had done—
False tears and fawning words the city won.

' A greater omen, and of worse portent,
Did our unwary minds with fear torment,
Concurring to produce the dire event.
Laocoön, Neptune's priest by lot that year,
With solemn pomp then sacrificed a steer :
When (dreadful to behold !) from sea we spied
Two serpents, rank'd abreast, the seas divide,
And smoothly sweep along the swelling tide.
Their flaming crests above the waves they show ;
Their bellies seem to burn the seas below ;
Their speckled tails advance to steer their course,
And on the sounding shore the flying billows force.
And now the strand, and now the plain, they held ;
Their ardent eyes with bloody streaks were fill'd ;

Their nimble tongues they brandish'd as they came,
And lick'd their hissing jaws that sputter'd flame.
We fled amazed; their destined way they take,
And to Laocoön and his children make;
And first around the tender boys they wind,
Then with their sharpen'd fangs their limbs and
bodies grind.

The wretched father, running to their aid
With pious haste, but vain, they next invade;
Twice round his waist their winding volumes roll'd;
And twice about his gasping throat they fold.
The priest thus doubly choked—their crests
divide,

And towering o'er his head in triumph ride.
With both his hands he labours at the knots;
His holy fillets the blue venom blots:
His roaring fills the fitting air around.
Thus, when an ox receives a glancing wound,
He breaks his bands, the fatal altar flies,
And with loud bellowings break the yielding skies.
Their tasks perform'd, the serpents quit their prey,
And to the tower of Pallas make their way:
Couch'd at her feet, they lie protected there,
By her large buckler and protended spear.
Amazement seizes all: the general cry
Proclaims Laocoön justly doom'd to die,
Whose hand the will of Pallas had withstood,
And dared to violate the sacred wood.
All vote to' admit the steed, that vows be paid,
And incense offer'd, to the' offended maid.
A spacious breach is made: the town lies bare:
Some hoisting levers, some the wheels, prepare,
And fasten to the horse's feet: the rest
With cables haul along the' unwieldy beast.

Each on his fellow for assistance calls;
At length the fatal fabric mounts the walls,
Big with destruction. Boys with chaplets crown'd,
And choirs of virgins, sing and dance around.
Thus raised aloft, and then descending down,
It enters o'er our heads, and threatens the town.
O sacred city, built by hands divine!
O valiant heroes of the Trojan line!
Four times he struck: as oft the clashing sound
Of arms was heard, and inward groans rebound.
Yet, mad with zeal, and blinded with our fate,
We haul along the horse in solemn state;
Then place the dire portent within the tower.
Cassandra cried, and cursed the' unhappy hour;
Foretold our fate; but, by the gods' decree,
All heard, and none believed, the prophecy.
With branches we the fanes adorn, and waste,
In jollity, the day ordain'd to be the last.
Meantime the rapid heavens roll'd down the light,
And on the shaded ocean rush'd the night:
Our men, secure, nor guards, nor centries held;
But easy sleep their weary limbs compell'd.
The Grecians had embark'd their naval powers
From Tenedos, and sought our well known shores,
Safe under covert of the silent night,
And guided by the' imperial galley's light;
When Sinon, favour'd by the partial gods,
Unlock'd the horse, and oped his dark abodes;
Restored to vital air our hidden foes,
Who joyful from their long confinement rose.
Thessander bold, and Sthenelus their guide,
And dire Ulysses, down the cable slide:
Then Thoas, Athamas, and Pyrrhus, haste;
Nor was the Podalirian hero last,

Nor injured Menelaüs, nor the famed
Epeus, who the fatal engine framed.
A nameless crowd succeed; their forces join
To'invade the town, oppress'd with sleep and wine.
Those few they find awake, first meet their fate;
Then to their fellows they unbar the gate.

'Twas in the dead of night, when sleep repairs
Our bodies worn with toils, our minds with cares,
When Hector's ghost before my sight appears :
A bloody shroud he seem'd, and bathed in tears;
Such as he was, when, by Pelides slain,
Thessalian coursers dragg'd him o'er the plain.
Swoln were his feet, as when the thongs were thrust
Through the bored holes : his body black with dust;
Unlike that Hector who return'd from toils
Of war triumphant, in Æacian spoils ;
Or him, who made the fainting Greeks retire,
And launch'd against their navy Phrygian fire.
His hair and beard stood stiffen'd with his gore :
And all the wounds he for his country bore,
Now stream'd afresh, and with new purple ran.
I wept to see the visionary man,
And, while my trance continued, thus began—
“ O light of Trojans, and support of Troy,
Thy father's champion, and thy country's joy!
O, long expected by thy friends! from whence
Art thou so late return'd for our defence?
Do we behold thee, wearied as we are
With length of labours, and with toils of war?
After so many funerals of thy own,
Art thou restored to thy declining town?
But say, what wounds are these? what new dis-
grace
Deforms the manly features of thy face?”

‘To this the spectre no reply did frame,
But answer’d to the cause for which he came,
And, groaning from the bottom of his breast,
This warning, in these mournful words, express’d—

“ O goddess-born! escape, by timely flight,
The flames and horrors of this fatal night.
The foes already have possess’d the wall:
Troy nods from high, and totters to her fall.
Enough is paid to Priam’s royal name,
More than enough to duty and to fame.
If by a mortal hand my father’s throne
Could be defended, ’twas by mine alone.
Now Troy to thee commends her future state,
And gives her gods companions of thy fate:
From their assistance happier walls expect,
Which, wandering long, at last thou shalt erect.”
He said, and brought me from their bless’d abodes,
The venerable statues of the gods,
With ancient Vesta from the sacred choir,
The wreaths and relics of the’ immortal fire.

‘ Now peals of shouts come thundering from afar,
Cries, threats, and loud laments, and mingled war:
The noise approaches, though our palace stood
Aloof from streets, encompass’d with a wood.
Louder, and yet more loud, I hear the’ alarms
Of human cries distinct, and clashing arms.
Fear broke my slumbers; I no longer stay,
But mount the terrace, thence the town survey,
And hearken what the frightful sounds convey.
Thus—when a flood of fire by wind is borne,
Crackling it rolls, and mows the standing corn;
Or deluges, descending on the plains,
Sweep o’er the yellow year, destroy the pains
Of labouring oxen, and the peasant’s gains;

Unroot the forest oaks, and bear away
Flocks, folds, and trees, an undistinguish'd prey—
The shepherd climbs the cliff, and sees from far
The wasteful ravage of the watery war.
Then Hector's faith was manifestly clear'd;
And Grecian frauds in open light appear'd.
The palace of Deiphobus ascends
In smoky flames, and catches on his friends.
Ucalegon burns next: the seas are bright
With splendour not their own, and shine with
Trojan light.

New clamours and new clangors now arise,
The sound of trumpets mix'd with fighting cries.
With frenzy seized, I run to meet the' alarms,
Resolved on death, resolved to die in arms,
But first to gather friends, with them to' oppose
(If Fortune favour'd) and repel the foes—
Spurr'd by my courage—by my country fired,
With sense of honour and revenge inspired.

‘Panthûs, Apollo's priest, a sacred name,
Had scaped the Grecian swords, and pass'd the
flame:

With relics loaden, to my doors he fled,
And by the hand his tender grandson led.
“What hope, O Panthûs? whither can we run?
Where make a stand? and what may yet be done?”
Scarce had I said, when Panthûs, with a groan,
“Troy is no more, and Ilium was a town!
The fatal day, the' appointed hour is come,
When wrathful Jove's irrevocable doom
Transfers the Trojan state to Grecian hands.
The fire consumes the town, the foe commands;
And armed hosts, an unexpected force,
Break from the bowels of that fatal horse.

Within the gates, proud Sinon throws about
The flames ! and foes, for entrance, press without,
With thousand others whom I fear to name,
More than from Argos or Mycenæ came.
To several posts their parties they divide :
Some block the narrow streets, some scour the
wide :

The bold they kill, the' unwary they surprise :
Who fights finds death, and death finds him
who flies.

The warders of the gate but scarce maintain
The' unequal combat, and resist in vain."

' I heard; and Heaven, that wellborn souls
inspires,

Prompts me, through lifted swords and rising fires
To run, where clashing arms and clamour calls,
And rush undaunted to defend the walls.

Ripheus and Iphytus by my side engage,
For valour one renown'd, and one for age.

Dymas and Hypanis by moonlight knew
My motions and my mien, and to my party drew ;
With young Chorcæbus, who by love was led
To win renown and fair Cassandra's bed :

And lately brought his troops to Priam's aid,
Forewarn'd in vain by the prophetic maid ;
Whom when I saw resolved in arms to fall,
And that one spirit animated all ;

" Brave souls ! (said I)—but brave, alas ! in vain—
Come, finish what our cruel fates ordain.

You see the desperate state of our affairs ;
And heaven's protecting powers are deaf to
prayers.

The passive gods behold the Greeks defile
Their temples, and abandon to the spoil

Their own abodes; we, feeble few, conspire
To save a sinking town, involved in fire.
Then let us fall, but fall amidst our foes :
Despair of life the means of living shows.”
So bold a speech encouraged their desire
Of death, and added fuel to their fire.

‘ As hungry wolves, with raging appetite,
Scour through the fields, nor fear the stormy
night—

Their whelps at home expect the promised food,
And long to temper their dry chaps in blood—
So rush’d we forth at once. Resolved to die,
Resolved, in death, the last extremes to try,
We leave the narrow lanes behind, and dare
The’ unequal combat in the public square :
Night was our friend; our leader was Despair.
What tongue can tell the slaughter of that night?
What eyes can weep the sorrows and affright?
An ancient and imperial city falls;
The streets are fill’d with frequent funerals :
Houses and holy temples float in blood;
And hostile nations make a common flood.
Not only Trojans fall; but, in their turn,
The vanquish’d triumph, and the victors mourn.
Ours take new courage from despair and night;
Confused the fortune is, confused the fight.
All parts resound with tumults, plaints, and fears;
And grisly Death in sundry shapes appears.
Androgeos fell among us, with his band,
Who thought us Grecians newly come to land.
“ From whence (said he), my friends, this long
delay?

You loiter, while the spoils are borne away :
Our ships are laden with the Trojan store;
And you, like truants, come too late ashore.”

He said, but soon corrected his mistake,
Found, by the doubtful answers which we make.
Amazed, he would have shunn'd the' unequal fight;
But we, more numerous, intercept his flight.
As when some peasant in a bushy brake
Has with unwary footing press'd a snake!
He starts aside, astonish'd, when he spies
His rising crest, blue neck, and rolling eyes;
So from our arms surprised Androgeos flies—
In vain; for him and his we compass round,
Possess'd of fear, unknowing of the ground;
And of their lives an easy conquest found.
Thus Fortune on our first endeavour smiled.
Choræbus then, with youthful hopes beguiled,
Swoln with success, and of a daring mind,
This new invention fatally design'd:

“ My friends (said he), since Fortune shows the
way,

’Tis fit we should the’ auspicious guide obey.
For what has she these Grecian arms bestow’d,
But their destruction, and the Trojans’ good?
Then change we shields, and their devices bear:
Let fraud supply the want of force in war.
They find us arms.” This said, himself he dress’d
In dead Androgeos’ spoils, his upper vest,
His painted buckler, and his plumy crest.
Thus Rypheus, Dymas, all the Trojan train,
Lay down their own attire, and strip the slain.
Mix’d with the Greeks, we go with ill presage,
Flatter’d with hopes to glut our greedy rage
Unknown, assaulting whom we blindly meet,
And strew, with Grecian carcasses, the street.
Thus while their straggling parties we defeat,
Some to the shore and safer ships retreat;

And some, oppress'd with more ignoble fear,
Remount the hollow horse, and pant in secret
there.

‘ But, ah! what use of valour can be made,
When heaven’s propitious powers refuse their aid?
Behold the royal prophetess, the fair
Cassandra, dragg’d by her dishevel’d hair,
Whom not Minerva’s shrine, nor sacred bands,
In safety could protect from sacrilegious hands:
On heaven she cast her eyes, she sigh’d, she
cried—

’Twas all she could—her tender arms were tied.
So sad a sight Choræbus could not bear;
But, fired with rage, distracted with despair,
Amid the barbarous ravishers he flew.
Our leader’s rash example we pursue: [height,
But storms of stones, from the proud temple’s
Pour down, and on our batter’d helms alight:
We from our friends received this fatal blow,
Who thought us Grecians, as we seem’d in show.
They aim at the mistaken crests, from high;
And ours beneath the ponderous ruin lie.
Then, moved with anger and disdain, to see
Their troops dispersed, the royal virgin free,
The Grecians rally, and their powers unite,
With fury charge us, and renew the fight.
The brother kings with Ajax join their force,
And the whole squadron of Thessalian horse.

‘ Thus, when the rival winds their quarrel try,
Contending for the kingdom of the sky,
South, East, and West, on airy coursers borne—
The whirlwind gathers, and the woods are torn:
Then Nereus strikes the deep: the billows rise,
And, mix’d with ooze and sand, pollute the skies.

The troops we squander'd first, again appear
From several quarters, and inclose the rear.
They first observe, and to the rest betray,
Our different speech; our borrow'd arms survey.
Oppress'd with odds, we fall; Choroëbus first,
At Pallas' altar, by Peneleus pierced.
Then Ripheus follow'd, in the' unequal fight;
Just of his word, observant of the right:
Heaven thought not so. Dymas their fate attends,
With Hypanis, mistaken by their friends.
Nor, Panthûs, thee thy mitre, nor the bands
Of awful Phœbus, saved from impious hands.
Ye Trojan flames! your testimony bear,
What I perform'd and what I suffer'd there,
No sword avoiding in the fatal strife,
Exposed to death, and prodigal of life.
Witness, ye heavens! I live not by my fault:
I strove to have deserved the death I sought.
But, when I could not fight, and would have died,
Borne off to distance by the growing tide,
Old Iphitus and I were hurried thence,
With Pelias wounded, and without defence.
New clamours from the' invested palace ring:
We run to die, or disengage the king.
So hot the' assault, so high the tumult rose,
While ours defend, and while the Greeks oppose,
As all the Dardan and Argolic race
Had been contracted in that narrow space;
Or as all Ilium else were void of fear,
And tumult, war, and slaughter, only there.
Their targets in a tortoise cast, the foes,
Secure, advancing, to the turrets rose:
Some mount the scaling ladders; some, more
bold,
Swerve upwards, and by posts and pillars hold:

Their left hand gripes their bucklers in the ascent,
While with the right they seize the battlement.
From the demolish'd towers, the Trojans throw
Huge heaps of stones, that, falling, crush the foe :
And heavy beams and rafters from the sides,
(Such arms their last necessity provides !)
And gilded roofs, come tumbling from on high,
The marks of state, and ancient royalty.
The guards below, fix'd in the pass, attend
The charge undaunted, and the gate defend.
Renew'd in courage with recover'd breath,
A second time we ran to tempt our death,
To clear the palace from the foe, succeed
The weary living, and revenge the dead.
A postern door, yet unobserved and free,
Join'd by the length of a blind gallery,
To the king's closet led—a way well known
To Hector's wife, while Priam held the throne—
Through which she brought Astyanax unseen,
To cheer his grandsire, and his grandsire's queen.
Through this we pass, and mount the tower,
from whence

With unavailing arms the Trojans make defence.
From this the trembling king had oft descried
The Grecian camp, and saw their navy ride.
Beams from its lofty height with swords we hew,
Then, wrenching with our hands, the assault renew :
And, where the rafters on the columns meet,
We push them headlong with our arms and feet.
The lightning flies not swifter than the fall ;
Nor thunder louder than the ruin'd wall ;
Down goes the top at once ; the Greeks beneath
Are piecemeal torn, or pounded into death.
Yet more succeed, and more to death are sent :
We cease not from above, nor they below relent.

Before the gate stood Pyrrhus, threatening loud,
With glittering arms conspicuous in the crowd.
So shines, renew'd in youth, the crested snake,
Who slept in winter in a thorny brake.

And casting off his slough, when spring returns,
Now looks aloft, and with new glory burns,
Restored with poisonous herbs: his ardent sides
Reflect the sun; and, raised on spires, he rides
High o'er the grass: hissing he rolls along,
And brandishes by fits his forky tongue.

Proud Periphas, and fierce Automedon,
His father's charioteer, together run
To force the gate: the Scyrian infantry
Rush on in crowds, and the barr'd passage free.
Entering the court, with shouts the skies they
rend;

And flaming firebrands to the roofs ascend.
Himself, among the foremost, deals his blows,
And with his axe repeated strokes bestows
On the strong doors: then all their shoulders ply,
Till from the posts the brazen hinges fly.
He hews apace: the double bars at length
Yield to his axe, and unresisted strength.

A mighty breach is made: the rooms conceal'd
Appear, and all the palace is reveal'd—

The halls of audience, and of public state,

And where the lonely queen in secret sat.

Arm'd soldiers now by trembling maids are seen,

With not a door, and scarce a space, between.

The house is fill'd with loud laments and cries;

And shrieks of women rend the vaulted skies.

The fearful matrons run from place to place,

And kiss the thresholds and the posts embrace.

The fatal work inhuman Pyrrhus plies;

And all his father sparkles in his eyes.

Nor bars, nor fighting guards, his force sustain :
The bars are broken, and the guards are slain.
In rush the Greeks, and all the' apartments fill ;
Those few defendants whom they find, they kill.
Not with so fierce a rage the foaming flood
Roars when he finds his rapid course withstood ;
Bears down the dams with unresisted sway,
And sweeps the cattle and the cots away.
These eyes beheld him, when he march'd between
The brother kings : I saw the' unhappy queen,
The hundred wives, and where old Priam stood,
To stain his hallow'd altar with his blood.
The fifty nuptial beds (such hopes had he,
So large a promise of a progeny),
The posts of plated gold, and hung with spoils,
Fell the reward of the proud victor's toils.
Where'er the raging fire had left a space,
The Grecians enter, and possess the place.
 ' Perhaps you may of Priam's fate inquire.
He—when he saw his regal town on fire,
His ruin'd palace, and his entering foes,
On every side inevitable woes—
In arms disused invests his limbs decay'd
Like them, with age ; a late and useless aid.
His feeble shoulders scarce the weight sustain :
Loaded, not arm'd, he creeps along with pain,
Despairing of success, ambitious to be slain !
Uncover'd but by heaven, there stood in view
An altar : near the hearth a laurel grew, [round
Dodder'd with age, whose boughs encompass
The household gods, and shade the holy ground.
Here Hecuba, with all her helpless train
Of dames, for shelter sought, but sought in vain.
Driven like a flock of doves along the sky,
Their images they hug, and to their altars fly.

The queen, when she beheld her trembling lord,
And hanging by his side a heavy sword, [mind!
“What rage (she cried) has seized my husband’s
What arms are these, and to what use design’d?
These times want other aids! were Hector here,
E’en Hector now in vain, like Priam, would
appear.

With us, one common shelter thou shalt find,
Or in one common fate with us be join’d.”
She said, and with a last salute embraced
The poor old man, and by the laurel placed.
Behold! Polites, one of Priam’s sons,
Pursued by Pyrrhus, there for safety runs.
Through swords and foes, amazed and hurt, he flies
Through empty courts, and open galleries.
Him Pyrrhus, urging with his lance, pursues,
And often reaches, and his thrusts renews.
The youth, transfix’d, with lamentable cries,
Expires before his wretched parents’ eyes:
Whom gasping at his feet, when Priam saw,
The fear of death gave place to Nature’s law;
And, shaking more with anger than with age,
“The gods (said he) requite thy brutal rage!
As sure they will, barbarian, sure they must,
If there be gods in heaven, and gods be just—
Who takest in wrongs an insolent delight;
With a son’s death to infect a father’s sight.
Not he, whom thou and lying fame conspire
To call thee his—not he, thy vaunted sire,
Thus used my wretched age: the gods he fear’d,
The laws of nature and of nations heard.
He cheer’d my sorrows, and, for sums of gold,
The bloodless carcass of my Hector sold;
Pitied the woes a parent underwent,
And sent me back in safety from his tent.”

‘ This said, his feeble hand a javelin threw,
Which, fluttering, seem’d to loiter as it flew :
Just, and but barely, to the mark it held,
And faintly tinkled on the brazen shield.

‘ Then Pyrrhus thus—“Go thou from me to fate,
And to my father my foul deeds relate. [sire,
Now die!”—With that he dragg’d the trembling
Sliddering through clotter’d blood and holy mire
(The mingled paste his murder’d son had made),
Haul’d from beneath the violated shade,
And on the sacred pile the royal victim laid.
His right hand held his bloody falchion bare,
His left he twisted in his hoary hair ;
Then, with a speeding thrust, his heart he found ;
The lukewarm blood came rushing through the
wound,

And sanguine streams distain’d the sacred ground.
Thus Priam fell, and shared one common fate
With Troy in ashes, and his ruin’d state—
He, who the sceptre of all Asia sway’d,
Whom monarchs like domestic slaves obey’d,
On the bleak shore now lies the’ abandon’d king,
A headless carcass, and a nameless thing¹.

‘ Then, not before, I felt my crudled blood
Congeal with fear : my hair with horror stood :
My father’s image fill’d my pious mind,
Lest equal years might equal fortune find.
Again I thought on my forsaken wife,
And trembled for my son’s abandon’d life.
I look’d about, but found myself alone,
Deserted at my need ! My friends were gone.
Some spent with toil, some with despair oppress’d,
Leap’d headlong from the heights ; the flames
consumed the rest.

¹ This line is taken from Sir John Denham.

Thus wandering in my way without a guide,
The graceless Helen in the porch I spied
Of Vesta's temple; there she lurk'd alone;
Muffled she sat, and, what she could, unknown:
But, by the flames that cast their blaze around,
The common bane of Greece and Troy I found.
For Ilium burn'd, she dreads the Trojan sword;
More dreads the vengeance of her injured lord;
E'en by those gods, who refuged her, abhor'd.
Trembling with rage, the strumpet I regard,
Resolved to give her guilt the due reward.
" Shall she triumphant sail before the wind,
And leave in flames unhappy Troy behind?
Shall she her kingdom and her friends review,
In state attended with a captive crew,
While unrevenged the good old Priam falls,
And Grecian fires consume the Trojan walls?
For this the Phrygian fields and Xanthian flood
Were swell'd with bodies, and were drunk with
blood?

'Tis true, a soldier can small honour gain,
And boast no conquest, from a woman slain:
Yet shall the fact not pass without applause,
Of vengeance taken in so just a cause.
The punish'd crime shall set my soul at ease,
And murmuring manes of my friends appease."
Thus while I rave, a gleam of pleasing light
Spread o'er the place; and shining heavenly bright,
My mother stood reveal'd before my sight—
Never so radiant did her eyes appear;
Not her own star confess'd a light so clear—
Great in her charms, as when on gods above
She looks, and breathes herself into their love.
She held my hand, the destined blow to break;
Then from her rosy lips began to speak—

“ My son ! from whence this madness, this neglect-
Of my commands, and those whom I protect?
Why this unmanly rage? Recall to mind
Whom you forsake, what pledges leave behind.
Look if your helpless father yet survive,
Or if Ascanius or Creüsa live.

Around your house the greedy Grecians err ;
And these had perish'd in the nightly war,
But for my presence and protecting care.
Not Helen's face, nor Paris, was in fault :
But by the gods was this destruction brought.
Now cast your eyes around, while I dissolve
The mists and films that mortal eyes involve,
Purge from your sight the dross, and make you see
The shape of each avenging deity.
Enlighten'd thus, my just commands fulfil,
Nor fear obedience to your mother's will.
Where yon disorder'd heap of ruin lies,
Stones rent from stones—where clouds of dust
arise,—

Amid that smother, Neptune holds his place,
Below the wall's foundation drives his mace,
And heaves the building from the solid base.
Look, where, in arms, imperial Juno stands
Full in the Scæan gate, with loud commands
Urging on shore the tardy Grecian bands.
See! Pallas, of her snaky buckler proud,
Bestrides the tower, refulgent through the cloud :
See! Jove new courage to the foe supplies,
And arms against the town the partial deities.
Haste hence, my son! this fruitless labour end :
Haste, where your trembling spouse and sire
attend : [befriend.”
Haste! and a mother's care your passage shall

She said, and swiftly vanish'd from my sight,
Obscure in clouds, and gloomy shades of night.
I look'd, I listen'd; dreadful sounds I hear;
And the dire forms of hostile gods appear.
Troy sunk in flames I saw (nor could prevent),
And Ilium from its old foundations rent—
Rent like a mountain ash, which dared the winds,
And stood the sturdy strokes of labouring hinds.
About the roots the cruel axe resounds;
The stumps are pierced with oft repeated wounds:
The war is felt on high: the nodding crown
Now threatens a fall, and throws the leafy honours
down.

To their united force it yields, though late, [fate;
And mourns with mortal groans the' approaching
The roots no more their upper load sustain:
But down she falls, and spreads a ruin through
the plain. [fire:

' Descending thence, I scape through foes and
Before the goddess, foes and flames retire.
Arrived at home, he, for whose only sake,
Or most for his, such toils I undertake—
The good Anchises—whom, by timely flight,
I purposed to secure on Ida's height—
Refused the journey, resolute to die,
And add his funerals to the fate of Troy,
Rather than exile and old age sustain.
" Go you, whose blood runs warm in every vein.
Had Heaven decreed that I should life enjoy,
Heaven had decreed to save unhappy Troy.
'Tis, sure, enough, if not too much, for one,
Twice to have seen our Ilium overthrown.
Make haste to save the poor remaining crew;
And give this useless corpse a long adieu.

These weak old hands suffice to stop my breath :
At least the pitying foes will aid my death,
To take my spoils, and leave my body bare :
As for my sepulchre, let Heaven take care.

"Tis long since I, for my celestial wife,
Loathed by the gods, have dragg'd a lingering life ;
Since every hour and moment I expire,
Blasted from heaven by Jove's avenging fire."

This oft repeated, he stood fix'd to die :

Myself, my wife, my son, my family,
Entreat, pray, beg, and raise a doleful cry—

"What! will he still persist, on death resolve,
And in his ruin all his house involve?"

He still persists his reasons to maintain ;

Our prayers, our tears, our loud laments, are vain.

Urged by despair, again I go to try
The fate of arms, resolved in fight to die.

What hope remains, but what my death must give?

"Can I without so dear a father live?

You term it prudence, what I baseness call :

Could such a word from such a parent fall?

If Fortune please, and so the gods ordain,

That nothing should of ruin'd Troy remain,

And you conspire with Fortune to be slain ;

The way to death is wide, the' approaches near ;

For soon relentless Pyrrhus will appear,

Reeking with Priam's blood—the wretch who slew

The son (inhuman) in the father's view,

And then the sire himself to the dire altar drew.

O goddess mother! give me back to Fate ;

Your gift was undesired, and came too late.

Did you, for this, unhappy me convey

Through foes and fires, to see my house a prey?

Shall I my father, wife, and son, behold

Weltering in blood, each other's arms infold?

Haste! gird my sword, though spent and over-
come :

’Tis the last summons to receive our doom.

I hear thee, Fate! and I obey thy call!

Not unrevenge’d the foe shall see my fall.

Restore me to the yet unfinish’d fight :

My death is wanting to conclude the night.”

Arm’d once again, my glittering sword I wield,

While the’ other hand sustains my weighty shield;

And forth I rush to seek the’ abandon’d field.

I went; but sad Creüsa stopp’d my way,

And cross the threshold in my passage lay,

Embraced my knees, and, when I would have gone,

Show’d me my feeble sire, and tender son.

“ If death be your design—at least (said she)

Take us along, to share your destiny.

If any further hopes in arms remain,

This place, these pledges of your love, maintain.

To whom do you expose your father’s life,

Your son’s, and mine, your now forgotten wife?”

While thus she fills the house with clamorous cries,

Our hearing is diverted by our eyes :

For, while I held my son, in the short space

Betwixt our kisses and our last embrace,

(Strange to relate!) from young Iulus’ head

A lambent flame arose, which gently spread

Around his brows, and on his temples fed.

Amazed, with running water we prepare

To quench the sacred fire, and slake his hair;

But old Anchises, versed in omens, rear’d

His hands to heaven, and this request preferr’d :

“ If any vows, almighty Jove, can bend

Thy will—if piety can prayers commend—

Confirm the glad’ presage which thou art pleased
to send.”

Scarce had he said, when, on our left, we hear
A peal of rattling thunder roll in air :
There shot a streaming lamp along the sky,
Which on the winged lightning seem'd to fly :
From o'er the roof the blaze began to move,
And, trailing, vanish'd in the Idæan grove.
It swept a path in heaven, and shone a guide,
Then in a steaming stench of sulphur died.

The good old man with suppliant hands implored
The gods' protection, and their star adored.

"Now, now (said he), my son, no more delay !
I yield, I follow where Heaven shows the way.
Keep, O my country gods ! our dwellingplace,
And guard this relic of the Trojan race,
This tender child !—These omens are your own ;
And you can yet restore the ruin'd town.
At least accomplish what your signs foreshow :
I stand resign'd, and am prepared to go."

¶ He said.—The crackling flames appear on high ;
And driving sparkles dance along the sky.

With Vulcan's rage the rising winds conspire,
And near our palace roll the flood of fire.

"Haste, my dear father ! 'tis no time to wait,
And load my shoulders with a willing freight.

Whate'er befalls, your life shall be my care ;
One death, or one deliverance, we will share.

My hand shall lead our little son ; and you,
My faithful consort, shall our steps pursue.

Next, you, my servants, heed my strict commands :

Without the walls a ruined temple stands,

To Ceres hallow'd once : a cypress nigh

Shoots up her venerable head on high,

By long religion kept : there bend your feet :

And in divided parties let us meet.

Our country gods, the relics, and the bands,
Hold you, my father, in your guiltless hands :
In me 'tis impious, holy things to bear,
Red as I am with slaughter, new from war;
Till in some living stream I cleanse the guilt
Of dire debate, and blood in battle spilt.”
Thus ordering all that prudence could provide,
I clothe my shoulders with a lion's hide,
And yellow spoils ; then, on my bending back,
The welcome load of my dear father take ;
While on my better hand Ascanius hung,
And with unequal paces tripp'd along.
Creüsa kept behind : by choice we stray
Through every dark and every devious way.
I, who so bold and dauntless, just before,
The Grecian darts and shock of lances bore,
At every shadow now am seized with fear,
Not for myself, but for the charge I bear ;
Till, near the ruin'd gate arrived at last,
Secure, and deeming all the danger pass'd,
A frightful noise of trampling feet we hear.
My father, looking through the shades with fear,
Cried out, ‘ Haste, haste, my son ! the foes are
nigh ;
Their swords and shining armour I descry.’
Some hostile god, for some unknown offence,
Had sure bereft my mind of better sense ;
For, while through winding ways I took my flight,
And sought the shelter of the gloomy night,
Alas ! I lost Creüsa : hard to tell
If by her fatal destiny she fell,
Or weary sat, or wander'd with affright ;
But she was lost for ever to my sight.
I knew not, or reflected, till I meet
My friends at Ceres' now deserted seat.

We met : not one was wanting, only she
Deceived her friends, her son, and wretched me.
What mad expressions did my tongue refuse ?
Whom did I not, of gods or men, accuse ?
This was the fatal blow, that pain'd me more
Than all I felt from ruin'd Troy before.
Stung with my loss, and raving with despair,
Abandoning my now forgotten care,
Of counsel, comfort, and of hope, bereft,
My sire, my son, my country gods, I left.
In shining armour once again I sheath
My limbs, not feeling wounds, nor fearing death.
Then headlong to the burning walls I run,
And seek the danger I was forced to shun.
I tread my former tracks, through night explore
Each passage, every street I cross'd before.
All things were full of horror and affright,
And dreadful e'en the silence of the night.
Then to my father's house I make repair,
With some small glimpse of hope to find her there.
Instead of her, the cruel Greeks I met :
The house was fill'd with foes, with flames beset.
Driven on the wings of winds, whole sheets of fire,
Through air transported, to the roofs aspire.
From thence to Priam's palace I resort,
And search the citadel, and desert court.
Then, unobserved, I pass by Juno's church :
A guard of Grecians had possess'd the porch ;
There Phœnix and Ulysses watch the prey ;
And thither all the wealth of Troy convey—
The spoils which they from ransack'd houses
brought,
And golden bowls from burning altars caught,
The tables of the gods, the purple vests,
The people's treasure, and the pomp of priests.

A rank of wretched youths, with pinion'd hands,
And captive matrons, in long order stands.
Then, with ungovern'd madness, I proclaim,
Through all the silent streets, Creüsa's name :
Creüsa still I call : at length she hears, [pears—
And sudden, through the shades of night, ap-
Appears, no more Creüsa, nor my wife,
But a pale spectre, larger than the life.
Aghast, astonish'd, and struck dumb with fear,
I stood; like bristles rose my stiffen'd hair.
Then thus the ghost began to sooth my grief—
“Nor tears, nor cries, can give the dead relief.
Desist, my much loved lord, to' indulge your pain :
You bear no more than what the gods ordain.
My fates permit me not from hence to fly ;
Nor he, the great controller of the sky—
Long wandering ways for you the powers decree—
On land hard labours, and a length of sea.
Then, after many painful years are pass'd,
On Latium's happy shore you shall be cast,
Where gentle Tiber from his bed beholds
The flowery meadows, and the feeding folds.
There end your toils; and there your fates provide
A quiet kingdom, and a royal bride :
There Fortune shall the Trojan line restore ;
And you for lost Creüsa weep no more.
Fear not that I shall watch, with servile shame,
The' imperious looks of some proud Grecian dame,
Or, stooping to the victor's lust, disgrace
My goddess mother, or my royal race.
And now, farewell ! the parent of the gods
Restrains my fleeting soul in her abodes.
I trust our common issue to your care.”
She said, and gliding pass'd unseen in air.

I strove to speak, but horror tied my tongue ;
And thrice about her neck my arms I flung,
And, thrice deceived, on vain embraces hung.
Light as an empty dream at break of day,
Or as a blast of wind, she rush'd away.

‘ Thus having pass’d the night in fruitless pain,
I to my longing friends return again—
Amazed the’ augmented number to behold,
Of men and matrons mix’d, of young and old—
A wretched exiled crew together brought,
With arms appointed, and with treasure fraught,
Resolved, and willing, under my command,
To run all hazards both of sea and land.
The Morn began, from Ida, to display
Her rosy cheeks ; and Phosphor led the day :
Before the gates the Grecians took their post,
And all pretence of late relief was lost.
I yield to Fate, unwillingly retire,
And, loaded, up the hill convey my sire.’

BOOK III.

The Argument.

Æneas proceeds in his relation: he gives an account of the fleet with which he sailed, and the success of his first voyage to Thrace. From thence he directs his course to Delos, and asks the oracle what place the gods had appointed for his habitation? By a mistake of the oracle's answer, he settles in Crete. His household gods give him the true sense of the oracle in a dream. He follows their advice, and makes the best of his way for Italy. He is cast on several shores, and meets with very surprising adventures, till at length he lands on Sicily, where his father Anchises dies. This is the place which he was sailing from, when the tempest rose, and threw him upon the Carthaginian coast.

‘WHEN Heaven had overturn’d the Trojan state,
And Priam’s throne, by too severe a fate;
When ruin’d Troy became the Grecians’ prey,
And Ilium’s lofty towers in ashes lay;
Warn’d by celestial omens, we retreat,
To seek in foreign lands a happier seat.
Near old Antandros, and at Ida’s foot,
The timber of the sacred groves we cut,
And build our fleet—uncertain yet to find
What place the gods for our repose assign’d.
Friends daily flock; and scarce the kindly spring
Began to clothe the ground, and birds to sing,
When old Anchises summon’d all to sea:
The crew my father and the Fates obey.
With sighs and tears I leave my native shore,
And empty fields, where Ilium stood before.

My sire, my son, our less and greater gods,
All sail at once, and cleave the briny floods.
‘ Against our coast appears a spacious land,
Which once the fierce Lycurgus did command
(Thracia the name—the people bold in war—
Vast are their fields, and tillage is their care),
A hospitable realm, while Fate was kind,
With Troy in friendship and religion join’d,
I land, with luckless omens; then adore
Their gods, and draw a line along the shore:
I lay the deep foundations of a wall,
And Ænos, named from me, the city call.
To Dionæan Venus vows are paid,
And all the powers that rising labours aid;
A bull on Jove’s imperial altar laid.
Not far, a rising hillock stood in view:
Sharp myrtles, on the sides, and cornels grew,
There, while I went to crop the silvan scenes,
And shade our altar with their leafy greens,
I pull’d a plant—with horror I relate
A prodigy so strange, and full of fate—
The rooted fibres rose; and, from the wound,
Black bloody drops distill’d upon the ground.
Mute and amazed, my hair with terror stood;
Fear shrunk my sinews, and congeal’d my blood.
Mann’d once again, another plant I try:
That other gush’d with the same sanguine dye.
Then fearing guilt for some offence unknown,
With prayers and vows the Dryads I atone,
With all the sisters of the woods, and most
The god of arms, who rules the Thracian coast—
That they, or he, these omens would avert,
Release our fears, and better signs impart.

Clear'd, as I thought, and fully fix'd at length
To learn the cause, I tugg'd with all my strength:
I bent my knees against the ground: once more
The violated myrtle ran with gore.
Scarce dare I tell the sequel: from the womb
Of wounded earth, and caverns of the tomb,
A groan, as of a troubled ghost, renew'd
My fright, and then these dreadful words ensued—

“ Why dost thou thus my buried body rend?
O! spare the corpse of thy unhappy friend!
Spare to pollute thy pious hands with blood:
The tears distil not from the wounded wood;
But every drop this living tree contains,
Is kindred blood, and ran in Trojan veins,
O! fly from this unhospitable shore,
Warn'd by my Fate; for I am Polydore!
Here loads of lances, in my blood imbrued,
Again shoot upward, by my blood renew'd.”

‘ My faltering tongue and shivering limbs declare
My horror; and in bristles rose my hair.
When Troy with Grecian arms was closely pent,
Old Priam, fearful of the war's event,
This hapless Polydore to Thracia sent:
Loaded with gold, he sent his darling, far
From noise and tumults, and destructive war,
Committed to the faithless tyrant's care;
Who, when he saw the power of Troy decline,
Forsook the weaker, with the strong to join—
Broke every bond of nature and of truth,
And murder'd, for his wealth, the royal youth.
O sacred hunger of pernicious gold:
What bands of faith can impious lucre hold?

Now, when my soul had shaken off her fears,
I call my father, and the Trojan peers—
Relate the prodigies of Heaven—require
What he commands, and their advice desire,
All vote to leave that execrable shore,
Polluted with the blood of Polydore;
But, ere we sail, his funeral rites prepare,
Then, to his ghost, a tomb and altars rear.
In mournful pomp the matrons walk the round,
With baleful cypress and blue fillets crown'd,
With eyes dejected, and with hair unbound.
Then bowls of tepid milk and blood we pour,
And thrice invoke the soul of Polydore.

‘ Now when the raging storms no longer reign,
But southern gales invite us to the main,
We launch our vessels, with a prosperous wind,
And leave the cities and the shores behind.

‘ An island in the Ægean main appears:
Neptune and watery Doris claim it theirs,
It floated once, till Phœbus fix’d the sides
To rooted earth; and now it braves the tides.
Here, borne by friendly winds, we come ashore,
With needful ease our weary limbs restore,
And the Sun’s temple and his town adore.

‘ Anius the priest and king, with laurel crown’d,
His hoary locks with purple fillets bound,
Who saw my sire the Delian shore ascend,
Came forth with eager haste to meet his friend;
Invites him to his palace; and, in sign
Of ancient love, their plighted hands they join.
Then to the temple of the god I went,
And thus before the shrine my vows present—
“ Give, O Thymbræus! give a restingplace
To the sad relics of the Trojan race—

A seat secure, a region of their own,
A lasting empire, and a happier town.
Where shall we fix? where shall our labours end?
Whom shall we follow, and what fate attend?
Let not my prayers a doubtful answer find;
But in clear auguries unveil thy mind."
Scarce had I said: he shook the holy ground,
The laurels, and the lofty hills around;
And from the tripods rush'd a bellowing sound.
Prostrate we fell; confess'd the present god,
Who gave this answer from his dark abode—
"Undaunted youths! go, seek that mother earth
From which your ancestors derive their birth.
The soil that sent you forth, her ancient race,
In her old bosom, shall again embrace.
Through the wide world the' Æneian house shall
 reign,
And children's children shall the crown sustain."
Thus Phœbus did our future fates disclose;
A mighty tumult, mix'd with joy, arose.
All are concern'd to know what place the god
Assign'd, and where determined our abode.
My father; long revolving in his mind
The race and lineage of the Trojan kind,
Thus answer'd their demands—"Ye princes, hear
Your pleasing fortune, and dispel your fear.
The fruitful isle of Crete, well known to fame,
Sacred of old to Jove's imperial name,
In the mid ocean lies, with large command:
And on its plains a hundred cities stand.
Another Ida rises there; and we
From thence derive our Trojan ancestry.
From thence, as 'tis divulged by certain fame,
To the Rhœtean shores old Teucer came;

There fix'd, and there the seat of empire chose,
Ere Ilium and the Trojan towers arose.
In humble vales they built their soft abodes;
Till Cybele, the mother of the gods,
With tinkling cymbals charm'd the Idæan woods.
She secret rites and ceremonies taught,
And to the yoke the savage lions brought.
Let us the land, which Heaven appoints, explore;
Appease the winds, and seek the Cnossian shore.
If Jove assists the passage of our fleet,
The third propitious dawn discovers Crete."
Thus having said, the sacrifices laid
On smoking altars, to the gods he paid—
A bull to Neptune, an oblation due,
Another bull to bright Apollo, slew—
A milkwhite ewe, the western winds to please,
And one coal-black, to calm the stormy seas.
Ere this, a flying rumour had been spread,
That fierce Idomeneus from Crete was fled,
Expell'd and exiled: that the coast was free
From foreign or domestic enemy.
We leave the Delian ports, and put to sea;
By Naxos, famed for vintage, make our way;
Then green Donyssa pass; and sail in sight
Of Paros' isle, with marble quarries white.
We pass the scatter'd isles of Cyclades,
That, scarce distinguish'd, seem to stud the seas.
The shouts of sailors double near the shores;
They stretch their canvass, and they ply their oars.
"All hands aloft! for Crete! for Crete!" they cry,
And swiftly through the foamy billows fly.
Full on the promised land at length we bore,
With joy descending on the Cretan shore.

With eager haste a rising town I frame,
Which from the Trojan Pergamus I name;
The name itself was grateful:—I exhort
To found their houses, and erect a fort.
Our ships are haul'd upon the yellow strand:
The youth begin to till the labour'd land;
And I myself new marriages promote,
Give laws; and dwellings I divide by lot;
When rising vapours choke the wholesome air,
And blasts of noisome winds corrupt the year;
The trees devouring caterpillars burn;
Parch'd was the grass, and blighted was the corn:
Nor scape the beasts: for Sirius, from on high,
With pestilential heat infects the sky:
My men—some fall, the rest in fevers fry.
Again my father bids me seek the shore
Of sacred Delos, and the god implore,
To learn what end of woes we might expect,
And to what clime our weary course direct.

‘Twas night, when every creature, void of cares,
The common gift of balmy slumber shares:
The statues of my gods (for such they seem'd),
Those gods whom I from flaming Troy redeem'd,
Before me stood majestically bright,
Full in the beams of Phœbe's entering light.
Then thus they spoke, and eased my troubled mind:
“What from the Delian god thou go'st to find,
He tells thee here, and sends us to relate.
Those powers are we, companions of thy fate,
Who from the burning town by thee were brought,
Thy fortune follow'd, and thy safety wrought.
Through seas and lands as we thy steps attend,
So shall our care thy glorious race befriend,

An ample realm for thee thy fates ordain,
A town, that o'er the conquer'd world shall
reign.

Thou, mighty walls for mighty nations build;
Nor let thy weary mind to labours yield:
But change thy seat; for not the Delian god,
Nor we, have given thee Crete for our abode:
A land there is, Hesperia call'd of old
(The soil is fruitful, and the natives bold—
The' Ænotrians held it once), by later fame,
Now call'd Italia, from the leader's name.
Iasius there, and Dardanus, were born.
From thence we came, and thither must return.
Rise, and thy sire with these glad tidings greet.—
Search Italy for Jove denies thee Crete.”

‘Astonish’d at their voices and their sight
(Nor were they dreams, but visions of the night;
I saw, I knew their faces and descried,
In perfect view, their hair with fillets tied),
I started from my couch; a clammy sweat
On all my limbs, and shivering body, sat.
To heaven I lift my hands with pious haste,
And sacred incense in the flames I cast.
Thus to the gods their perfect honours done,
More cheerful to my good old sire I run,
And tell the pleasing news. In little space
He found his error of the double race,
Not, as before he deem’d, derived from Crete;
No more deluded by the doubtful seat;
Then said,—“ O son, turmoil’d in Trojan fate!
Such things as these Cassandra did relate.
This day revives within my mind, what she
Foretold of Troy renew’d in Italy,

And Latian lands: but who could then have thought
That Phrygian gods to Latium should be brought,
Or who believed what mad Cassandra taught?
Now let us go, where Phœbus leads the way.”
He said: and we with glad consent obey,
Forsake the seat: and, leaving few behind,
We spread our sails before the willing wind.
Now from the sight of land our galleys move,
With only seas around, and skies above;
When o’er our heads descends a burst of rain,
And night with sable clouds involves the main;
The ruffling winds the foamy billows raise:
The scatter’d fleet is forced to several ways:
The face of heaven is ravish’d from our eyes;
And in redoubled peals the roaring thunder flies.
Cast from our course, we wander in the dark;
No stars to guide, no point of land to mark.
E’en Palinurus no distinction found [around.
Betwixt the night and day; such darkness reign’d
Three starless nights the doubtful navy strays
Without distinction, and three sunless days:
The fourth renews the light; and from our shrouds
We view a rising land, like distant clouds:
The mountain tops confirm the pleasing sight,
And curling smoke ascending from their height.
The canvass falls; their oars the sailors ply:
From the rude strokes the whirling waters fly.
At length I land upon the Strophades,
Safe from the danger of the stormy seas.
Those isles are compass’d by the Ionian main;
The dire abode where the foul Harpies reign,
Forced by the winged warriors to repair
To their old homes, and leave their costly fare.

Monsters more fierce offended Heaven ne'er sent
From hell's abyss, for human punishment—
With virgin faces, but with wombs obscene,
Foul paunches, and with ordure still unclean;
With claws for hands, and looks for ever lean.

' We landed at the port, and soon beheld
Fat herds of oxen graze the flowery field:
And wanton goats without a keeper stray'd.—
With weapons we the welcome prey invade,
Then call the gods for partners of our feast,
And Jove himself the chief invited guest.
We spread the tables on the greensward ground:
We feed with hunger; and the bowls go round;
When from the mountain tops, with hideous cry,
And clattering wings the hungry Harpies fly:
They snatch the meat, defiling all they find,
And, parting, leave a loathsome stench behind.
Close by a hollow rock, again we sit,
New dress the dinner, and the beds refit,
Secure from sight, beneath a pleasing shade,
Where tufted trees a native arbour made.
Again the holy fires on altars burn;
And once again the ravenous birds return,
Or from the dark recesses where they lie,
Or from another quarter of the sky—
With filthy claws their odious meal repeat,
And mix their loathsome ordures with their¹
meat.

I bid my friends for vengeance then prepare,
And with the hellish nation wage the war.
They, as commanded, for the fight provide,
And in the grass their glittering weapons hide:

¹ Dr. Carey reads *our*.

Then, when along the crooked shore we hear
Their clattering wings, and saw the foes appear,
Misenus sounds a charge: we take the' alarm,
And our strong hands with swords and bucklers
In this new kind of combat, all employ [arm.
Their utmost force, the monsters to destroy—
In vain:—the fated skin is proof to wounds;
And from their plumes the shining sword rebounds.
At length rebuff'd, they leave their mangled prey,
And their stretch'd pinions to the skies display.
Yet one remain'd—the messenger of Fate,
High on a craggy cliff Celæno sate,
And thus her dismal errand did relate—
“What! not contented with our oxen slain,
Dare you with Heaven an impious war maintain,
And drive the Harpies from their native reign?
Heed therefore what I say; and keep in mind,
What Jove decrees, what Phœbus has design'd,
And I, the Furies' queen, from both relate—
You seek the' Italian shores, foredoom'd by Fate:
The' Italian shores are granted you to find,
And a safe passage to the port assign'd.
But know, that, ere your promised walls you build,
My curses shall severely be fulfill'd.—
Fierce famine is your lot—for this misdeed,
Reduced to grind the plates on which you feed.”
She said, and to the neighbouring forest flew.
Our courage fails us, and our fears renew.
Hopeless to win by war, to prayers we fall,
And on the' offended Harpies humbly call,
And (whether gods or birds obscene they were)
Our vows, for pardon and for peace, prefer.
But old Anchises, offering sacrifice,
And lifting up to heaven his hands and eyes,

Adored the greater gods—"Avert (said he)
These omens! render vain this prophecy,
And from the impending curse a pious people free."
Thus having said, he bids us put to sea:
We loose from shore our halsters, and obey,
And soon with swelling sails pursue our watery
way.

Amidst our course Zacynthian woods appear;
And next by rocky Neritos we steer:
We fly from Ithaca's detested shore,
And curse the land which dire Ulysses bore.
At length Leucate's cloudy top appears,
And the Sun's temple, which the sailor fears.
Resolved to breathe a while from labour past,
Our crooked anchors from the prow we cast,
And joyful to the little city haste.
Here, safe beyond our hopes, our vows we pay
To Jove, the guide and pattern of our way.
The customs of our country we pursue,
And Trojan games on Actian shores renew.
Our youth their naked limbs besmear with oil,
And exercise the wrestlers' noble toil—
Pleased to have sail'd so long before the wind,
And left so many Grecian towns behind.
The sun had now fulfill'd his annual course,
And Boreas on the sea display'd his force:
I fix'd upon the temple's lofty door
The brazen shield which vanquish'd Abas bore;
The verse beneath my name and action speaks:
"These arms Æneas took from conquering
Greeks."

Then I command to weigh; the seamen ply
Their sweeping oars; the smoking billows fly.
The sight of high Phæacia soon we lost,
And skimm'd along Epirus' rocky coast.

Then to Chaonia's port our course we bend,
And, landed, to Buthrotus' heights ascend.
Here wondrous things were loudly blazed by
Fame—

How Helenus revived the Trojan name,
And reign'd in Greece; that Priam's captive son
Succeeded Pyrrhus in his bed and throne:
And fair Andromache, restored by Fate,
Once more was happy in a Trojan mate.
I leave my galleys riding in the port,
And long to see the new Dardanian court.
By chance, the mournful queen, before the gate,
Then solemnized her former husband's fate.
Green altars, raised of turf, with gifts she crown'd;
And sacred priests in order stand around,
And thrice the name of hapless Hector sound.
The grove itself resembles Ida's wood;
And Simois seem'd the well-dissembled flood.
But when, at nearer distance, she beheld
My shining armour, and my Trojan shield,
Astonish'd at the sight, the vital heat
Forsakes her limbs, her veins no longer beat:
She faints, she falls, and scarce recovering
strength,

Thus, with a faltering tongue, she speaks at
length—

“Are you alive, O goddess-born?—(she said)
Or if a ghost, then where is Hector's shade?”
At this she cast a loud and frightful cry.—
With broken words I made this brief reply:
“All of me that remains, appears in sight;
I live; if living be to loathe the light—
No phantom; but I drag a wretched life;
My fate resembling that of Hector's wife,

What have you suffer'd since you lost your lord?
By what strange blessing are you now restored?
Still are you Hector's? or is Hector fled,
And his remembrance lost in Pyrrhus' bed?"

With eyes dejected, in a lowly tone,
After a modest pause, she thus begun—
" Oh, only happy maid of Priam's race,
Whom death deliver'd from the foe's embrace!
Commanded on Achilles' tomb to die,
Not forced, like us, to hard captivity,
Or in a haughty master's arms to lie.

In Grecian ships, unhappy we were borne,
Endured the victor's lust, sustain'd the scorn:

Thus I submitted to the lawless pride
Of Pyrrhus, more a handmaid than a bride.
Cloy'd with possession, he forsook my bed,
And Helen's lovely daughter sought to wed;
Then me to Trojan Helenus resign'd,
And his two slaves in equal marriage join'd;
Till young Orestes, pierced with deep despair,
And longing to redeem the promised fair,
Before Apollo's altar slew the ravisher.

By Pyrrhus' death the kingdom we regain'd;
At least one half with Helenus remain'd.

Our part, from Chaon, he Chaonia calls,
And names, from Pergamus, his rising walls.

But you what fates have landed on our coast?
What gods have sent you, or what storms have
toss'd?

Does young Ascanius life and health enjoy,
Saved from the ruins of unhappy Troy?
O! tell me how his mother's loss he bears,
What hopes are promised from his blooming years,
How much of Hector in his face appears."

She spoke ; and mix'd her speech with mournful
cries ;

And fruitless tears came trickling from her eyes.
At length her lord descends upon the plain,
In pomp, attended with a numerous train ;
Receives his friends, and to the city leads,
And tears of joy amidst his welcome sheds.
Proceeding on, another Troy I see,
Or, in less compass, Troy's epitome.

A rivulet by the name of Xanthus ran :
And I embrace the Scæan gate again.
My friends in porticos were entertain'd ;
And feasts and pleasures through the city reign'd.
The tables fill'd the spacious hall around ;
And golden bowls with sparkling wine were
crown'd.

Two days we pass'd in mirth, till friendly gales,
Blown from the south, supplied our swelling sails,
Then to the royal seer I thus began—

“ O thou who know'st, beyond the reach of man,
The laws of Heaven, and what the stars decree,
Whom Phœbus taught unerring prophecy,
From his own tripod, and his holy tree—
Skill'd in the wing'd inhabitants of air,
What auspices their notes and flights declare—

O ! say—for all religious rites portend
A happy voyage, and a prosperous end ;
And every power and omen of the sky
Direct my course for destined Italy ;
But only dire Celæno, from the gods,
A dismal famine fatally forebodes—

O ! say what dangers I am first to shun,
What toils to vanquish, and what course to run.”

‘ The prophet first with sacrifice adores
The greater gods ; their pardon then implores ;

Unbinds the fillet from his holy head ;
To Phœbus next my trembling steps he led,
Full of religious doubts and awful dread.
Then, with his god possess'd, before the shrine,
These words proceeded from his mouth divine—
“ O goddess-born ! (for Heaven's appointed will,
With greater auspices of good than ill,
Foreshows thy voyage, and thy course directs ;
Thy fates conspire, and Jove himself protects)
Of many things, some few I shall explain,
Teach thee to shun the dangers of the main,
And how at length the promised shore to gain.
The rest the Fates from Helenus conceal,
And Juno's angry power forbids to tell.
First, then, that happy shore, that seems so nigh,
Will far from your deluded wishes fly :
Long tracts of seas divide your hopes from Italy :
For you must cruise along Sicilian shores,
And stem the currents with your struggling oars ;
Then round the' Italian coast your navy steer ;
And, after this, to Circè's island veer ;
And, last, before your new foundations rise,
Must pass the Stygian lake, and view the nether
skies.

Now mark the signs of future ease and rest ;
And bear them safely treasured in thy breast.
When, in the shady shelter of a wood,
And near the margin of a gentle flood,
Thou shalt behold a sow upon the ground,
With thirty sucking young encompass'd round ;
The dam and offspring white as falling snow—
These on thy city shall their name bestow ;
And there shall end thy labours and thy woe.
Nor let the threaten'd famine fright thy mind :
For Phœbus will assist ; and Fate the way will find.

Let not thy course to that ill coast be bent,
Which fronts from far the' Epirian continent :
Those parts are all by Grecian foes possess'd.
The savage Locrians here the shores infest.
There fierce Idomeneus his city builds,
And guards with arms the Salentinian fields ;
And on the mountain's brow Petilia stands,
Which Philoctetes with his troops commands.
E'en when thy fleet is landed on the shore,
And priests with holy vows the gods adore,
Then with a purple veil involve your eyes,
Lest hostile faces blast the sacrifice.
These rites and customs to the rest commend,
That to your pious race they may descend.

“ When, parted hence, the wind that ready waits
For Sicily, shall bear you to the straits
Where proud Pelorus opes a wider way,
Tack to the larboard, and stand off to sea :
Veer starboard sea and land. The' Italian shore
And fair Sicilia's coast were one, before
An earthquake caused the flaw : the roaring tides
The passage broke, that land from land divides ;
And, where the lands retired, the rushing ocean
rides.

Distinguish'd by the straits, on either hand,
Now rising cities in long order stand,
And fruitful fields : so much can time invade
The mouldering work, that beauteous Nature
made.—

Far on the right her dogs foul Scylla hides :
Charybdis roaring on the left presides,
And in her greedy whirlpool sucks the tides ;
Then spouts them from below : with fury driven,
The waves mount up, and wash the face of heaven.

But Scylla from her den, with open jaws,
The sinking vessel in her eddy draws,
Then dashes on the rocks.—A human face,
And virgin bosom, hides her tail's disgrace :
Her parts obscene below the waves descend,
With dogs enclosed ; and in a dolphin end.
'Tis safer then to bear aloof to sea,
And coast Pachynus, though with more delay,
Than once to view mishapen Scylla near,
And the loud yell of watery wolves to hear.

“ Besides, if faith to Helenus be due,
And if prophetic Phœbus tell me true,
Do not this precept of your friend forget,
Which therefore more than once I must repeat :
Above the rest great Juno's name adore ;
Pay vows to Juno ; Juno's aid implore.
Let gifts be to the mighty queen design'd ;
And mollify with prayers her haughty mind.
Thus, at the length, your passage shall be free,
And you shall safe descend on Italy.
Arrived at Cumæ, when you view the flood
Of black Avernus, and the sounding wood,
The mad prophetic Sibyl you shall find ;
Dark in a cave, and on a rock reclined,
She sings the fates, and, in her frantic fits,
The notes and names, inscribed, to leaves commits,
What she commits to leaves in order laid,
Before the cavern's entrance are display'd :
Unmoved they lie : but if a blast of wind
Without, or vapours issue from behind,
The leaves are borne aloft in liquid air ;
And she resumes no more her museful care,
Nor gathers from the rocks her scatter'd verse,
Nor sets in order what the winds disperse.

Thus many not succeeding, most upbraid
The madness of the visionary maid,
And with loud curses leave the mystic shade.

“Think it not loss of time a while to stay,
Though thy companions chide thy long delay;
Though summon’d to the seas, though pleasing
gales

Invite thy course, and stretch thy swelling sails:
But beg the sacred priestess to relate
With willing words, and not to write, thy fate.
The fierce Italian people she will show,
And all thy wars, and all thy future woe,
And what thou mayst avoid, and what must undergo.

She shall direct thy course, instruct thy mind,
And teach thee how the happy shores to find.
This is what Heaven allows me to relate:
Now part in peace; pursue thy better fate,
And raise, by strength of arms, the Trojan state.”

‘This when the priest with friendly voice declared,

He gave me license, and rich gifts prepared:
Bounteous of treasure, he supplied my want
With heavy gold, and polish’d elephant,
Then Dodonæan caldrons put on board,
And every ship with sums of silver stored.
A trusty coat of mail to me he sent,
Thrice chain’d with gold, for use and ornament;
The helm of Pyrrhus, added to the rest,
That flourish’d with a plume and waving crest.
Nor was my sire forgotten, nor my friends:
And large recruits he to my navy sends—
Men, horses, captains, arms, and warlike stores;
Supplies new pilots, and new sweeping oars.

Meantime, my sire commands to hoist our sails,
Lest we should lose the first auspicious gales.
The prophet bless'd the parting crew, and, last,
With words like these, his ancient friend embraced—

“ Old happy man, the care of gods above,
Whom heavenly Venus honour'd with her love,
And twice preserved thy life when Troy was lost!
Behold from far the wish'd Ausonian coast:
There land; but take a larger compass round;
For that before is all forbidden ground.
The shore that Phœbus has design'd for you,
At further distance lies, conceal'd from view.
Go happy hence, and seek your new abodes,
Bless'd in a son, and favour'd by the gods:
For I with useless words prolong your stay,
When southern gales have summon'd you away.”

‘ Nor less the queen our parting thence deplored,
Nor was less bounteous than her Trojan lord.

A noble present to my son she brought,
A robe with flowers on golden tissue wrought.
A Phrygian vest; and loads with gifts beside
Of precious texture, and of Asian pride.

“ Accept (she said) these monuments of love,
Which in my youth with happier hands I wove:
Regard these trifles for the giver's sake:

’Tis the last present Hector's wife can make.

Thou call'st my lost Astyanax to mind;

In thee, his features and his form I find.

His eyes so sparkled with a lively flame;

Such were his motions; such was all his frame;

And ah! had Heaven so pleased, his years had
been the same.”

‘With tears I took my last adieu, and said,
“Your fortune, happy pair, already made,
Leaves you no further wish. My different state,
Avoiding one, incurs another fate.
To you a quiet seat the gods allow:
You have no shores to search, no seas to plough,
Nor fields of flying Italy to chase—
Deluding visions, and a vain embrace!
You see another Simois, and enjoy
The labour of your hands, another Troy,
With better auspice than her ancient towers,
And less obnoxious to the Grecian powers.
If e’er the gods, whom I with vows adore,
Conduct my steps to Tiber’s happy shore—
If ever I ascend the Latian throne,
And build a city I may call my own—
As both of us our birth from Troy derive,
So let our kindred lines in concord live,
And both in acts of equal friendship strive.
Our fortunes, good or bad, shall be the same:
The double Troy shall differ but in name;
That what we now begin may never end,
But long to late posterity descend.”
‘Near the Ceraunian rocks our course we bore—
The shortest passage to the’ Italian shore.
Now had the sun withdrawn his radiant light,
And hills were hid in dusky shades of night:
We land, and, on the bosom of the ground,
A safe retreat and a bare lodging found.
Close by the shore we lay; the sailors keep
Their watches, and the rest securely sleep.
The night, proceeding on with silent pace,
Stood in her noon, and view’d with equal face
Her steepy rise, and her declining race.

Then wakeful Palinurus rose to spy
The face of heaven, and the nocturnal sky;
And listen'd every breath of air to try;
Observes the stars, and notes their sliding course,
The Pleiads, Hyads, and their watery force;
And both the Bears is careful to behold,
And bright Orion, arm'd with burnish'd gold.
Then, when he saw no threatening tempest nigh,
But a sure promise of a settled sky,
He gave the sign to weigh: we break our sleep,
Forsake the pleasing shore, and plough the deep.
And now the rising morn with rosy light
Adorns the skies, and puts the stars to flight;
When we from far, like bluish mists, descry
The hills, and then the plains, of Italy.
Achates first pronounced the joyful sound;
Then "Italy!" the cheerful crew rebound.
My sire Anchises crown'd a cup with wine,
And, offering, thus implored the powers divine—
"Ye gods, presiding over lands and seas,
And you who raging winds and waves appease,
Breathe on our swelling sails a prosperous wind,
And smooth our passage to the port assign'd."
The gentle gales their flagging force renew;
And now the happy harbour is in view.
Minerva's temple then salutes our sight,
Placed, as a landmark, on the mountain's height.
We furl our sails, and turn the prow to shore;
The curling waters round the galleys roar.
The land lies open to the raging east,
Then, bending like a bow, with rocks compress'd,
Shuts out the storms; the winds and waves
complain,
And vent their malice on the cliffs in vain.

The port lies hid within; on either side,
Two towering rocks the narrow mouth divide.
The temple, which aloft we view'd before,
To distance flies, and seems to shun the shore.
Scarce landed, the first omens I beheld
Were four white steeds that cropp'd the flowery
field.

“ War, war is threaten'd from this foreign ground
(My father cried), where warlike steeds are found.
Yet, since, reclaim'd, to chariots they submit,
And bend to stubborn yokes, and champ the bit,
Peace may succeed to war.”—Our way we bend
To Pallas, and the sacred hill ascend;
There prostrate to the fierce virago pray,
Whose temple was the landmark of our way.
Each with a Phrygian mantle veil'd his head,
And all commands of Helenus obey'd,
And pious rites to Grecian Juno paid.
These dues perform'd, we stretch our sails, and
stand

To sea, forsaking that suspected land.
From hence Tarentum's bay appears in view,
For Hercules renown'd, if fame be true.
Just opposite Lacinian Juno stands;
Caulonian towers, and Scylacæan strands
For shipwrecks fear'd. Mount Ætna thence we
spy,

Known by the smoky flames which cloud the sky.
Far off we hear the waves with surly sound
Invade the rocks, the rocks their groans rebound.
The billows break upon the sounding strand,
And roll the rising tide, impure with sand.
Then thus Anchises, in experience old—
“ 'Tis that Charybdis which the seer foretold,

And those the promised rocks ! Bear off to sea !"
With haste the frighted mariners obey.
First Palinurus to the larboard veer'd ;
Then all the fleet by his example steer'd.
To heaven aloft on ridgy waves we ride,
Then down to hell descend, when they divide :
And thrice our galleys knock'd the stony ground,
And thrice the hollow rocks return the sound,
And thrice we saw the stars that stood with
dews around.

The flagging winds forsook us, with the sun ;
And, wearied, on Cyclopian shores we run.
The port, capacious and secure from wind,
Is to the foot of thundering Ætna join'd.
By turns a pitchy cloud she rolls on high ;
By turns hot embers from her entrails fly,
And flakes of mountain flames, that lick the sky.
Oft from her bowels massy rocks are thrown,
And, shiver'd by the force, come piecemeal down.
Oft liquid lakes of burning sulphur flow,
Fed from the fiery springs that boil below.
Enceladus, they say, transfix'd by Jove,
With blasted limbs came tumbling from above ;
And, where he fell, the' avenging father drew
This flaming hill, and on his body threw.
As often as he turns his weary sides,
He shakes the solid isle, and smoke the heavens
hides.

In shady woods we pass the tedious night,
Where bellowing sounds and groans our souls
affright,
Of which no cause is offer'd to the sight.
For not one star was kindled in the sky ;
Nor could the moon her borrow'd light supply :

Scarce had the rising sun the day reveal'd;
Scarce had his heat the pearly dews dispell'd;
When from the woods there bolts, before our sight,
Somewhat betwixt a mortal and a sprite,
So thin, so ghastly meagre, and so wan,
So bare of flesh, he scarce resembled man.
This thing, all tatter'd, seem'd from far to' implore
Our pious aid, and pointed to the shore.
We look behind; then view his shaggy beard:
His clothes were tagg'd with thorns: and filth
his limbs besmear'd:

The rest in mien, in habit, and in face,
Appear'd a Greek: and such indeed he was.
He cast on us, from far, a frightful view,
Whom soon for Trojans and for foes he knew—
Stood still, and paused; then all at once began,
To stretch his limbs, and trembled as he ran.
Soon as approach'd, upon his knees he falls,
And thus with tears and sighs for pity calls—
“ Now, by the powers above, and what we share
From Nature's common gift, this vital air,
O Trojans, take me hence! I beg no more;
But bear me far from this unhappy shore.
’Tis true, I am a Greek, and further own,
Among your foes besieged the’ imperial town.
For such demerits if my death be due,
No more for this abandon'd life I sue:
This only favour let my tears obtain,
To throw me headlong in the rapid main:
Since nothing more than death my crime demands,
I die; content to die by human hands.”
He said, and on his knees my knees embraced:
I bade him boldly tell his fortune past,

His present state, his lineage, and his name,
The' occasion of his fears, and whence he came.
The good Anchises raised him with his hand ;
Who thus, encouraged, answer'd our demand—
“ From Ithaca, my native soil, I came
To Troy; and Achæmenides my name.
Me my poor father with Ulysses sent;
(Oh! had I stay'd, with poverty content!)
But, fearful for themselves, my countrymen
Left me forsaken in the Cyclops' den.
The cave, though large, was dark; the dismal floor
Was paved with mangled limbs and putrid gore.
Our monstrous host, of more than human size,
Erects his head, and stares within the skies.
Bellowing his voice, and horrid is his hue.
Ye gods, remove this plague from mortal view!
The joints of slaughter'd wretches are his food:
And for his wine he quaffs the streaming blood.
These eyes beheld, when with his spacious hand
He seized two captives of our Grecian band:
Stretch'd on his back, he dash'd against the stones
Their broken bodies, and their crackling bones:
With spouting blood the purple pavement swims,
While the dire glutton grinds the trembling limbs.
Not unrevenged Ulysses bore their fate,
Nor thoughtless of his own unhappy state;
For, gorged with flesh, and drunk with human wine,
While fast asleep the giant lay supine,
Snoring aloud, and belching from his maw
His indigested foam, and morsels raw—
We pray; we cast the lots, and then surround
The monstrous body, stretch'd along the ground:
Each, as he could approach him, lends a hand
To bore his eyeball with a flaming brand.

Beneath his frowning forehead lay his eye;
For only one did the vast frame supply—
But that a globe so large, his front it fill'd,
Like the sun's disk, or like a Grecian shield.
The stroke succeeds; and down the pupil bends:
This vengeance follow'd for our slaughter'd
friends.—

But haste, unhappy wretches! haste to fly!
Your cables cut, and on your oars rely!
Such, and so vast as Polypheme appears,
A hundred more this hated island bears:
Like him, in caves they shut their woolly sheep;
Like him, their herds on tops of mountains keep;
Like him, with mighty strides, they stalk from
steep to steep.

And now three moons their sharpen'd horns renew,
Since thus in woods and wilds, obscure from view,
I drag my loathsome days with mortal fright,
And in deserted caverns lodge by night;
Oft from the rocks a dreadful prospect see
Of the huge Cyclops, like a walking tree:
From far I hear his thundering voice resound,
And trampling feet that shake the solid ground.
Cornels and savage berries of the wood,
And roots and herbs, have been my meagre food.
While all around my longing eyes I cast,
I saw your happy ships appear at last.
On those I fix'd my hopes, to these I run:
'Tis all I ask, this cruel race to shun:
What other death you please, yourselves bestow."
Scarce had he said, when on the mountain's brow
We saw the giant shepherd stalk before
His following flock, and leading to the shore—

A monstrous bulk, deform'd, deprived of sight;
His staff a trunk of pine, to guide his steps aright;
His ponderous whistle from his neck descends;
His woolly care their pensive lord attends :

This only solace his hard fortune sends. [waves,
Soon as he reach'd the shore, and touch'd the
From his bored eye the guttering blood he laves :
He gnash'd his teeth, and groan'd : through seas
he strides;

And scarce the topmost billows touch'd his sides.

' Seized with a sudden fear, we run to sea,
The cables cut, and silent haste away;
The well-deserving stranger entertain; [main.
Then, buckling to the work, our oars divide the
The giant hearken'd to the dashing sound :
But, when our vessels out of reach he found,
He strided onward, and in vain essay'd
The' Ionian deep, and durst no further wade.
With that he roar'd aloud : the dreadful cry
Shakes earth and air and seas; the billows fly,
Before the bellowing noise, to distant Italy.
The neighbouring Ætna trembling all around,
The winding caverns echo to the sound.
His brother Cyclops hear the yelling roar,
And, rushing down the mountains, crowd the shore.
We saw their stern distorted looks, from far,
And one-eyed glance, that vainly threaten'd war—
A dreadful council ! with their heads on high
(The misty clouds about their foreheads fly)
Not yielding to the towering tree of Jove,
Or tallest cypress of Diana's grove.
New pangs of mortal fear our minds assail;
We tug at every oar, and hoist up every sail,
And take the' advantage of the friendly gale.

Forewarn'd by Helenus, we strive to shun
Charybdis' gulf, nor dare to Scylla run.
An equal fate on either side appears:
We, tacking to the left, are free from fears:
For, from Pelorus' point, the North arose,
And drove us back where swift Pantagias flows.
His rocky mouth we pass; and make our way
By Tapsus, and Megara's winding bay.
This passage Achemenides had shown,
Tracing the course which he before had run.
Right o'er-against Plemmyrium's watery strand,
There lies an isle, once call'd the Ortygian land.
Alpheüs, as old fame reports, has found
From Greece a secret passage under ground,
By love to beauteous Arethusä led; [bed.
And, mingling here, they roll in the same sacred
As Helenus enjoin'd, we next adore
Diana's name, protectress of the shore.
With prosperous gales we pass the quiet sounds
Of still Helorus, and his fruitful bounds.
Then, doubling cape Pachynus, we survey
The rocky shore extended to the sea.
The town of Camerine from far we see,
And fenny lake, undrain'd by Fate's decree.
In sight of the Geloan fields we pass,
And the large walls where mighty Gela was;
Then Agragas, with lofty summits crown'd,
Long for the race of warlike steeds renown'd.
We pass'd Selinus, and the palmy land,
And widely shun the Lilybæan strand,
Unsafe, for secret rocks and moving sand.
At length on shore the weary fleet arrived,
Which Drepanum's unhappy port received.

Here, after endless labours, often toss'd
By raging storms, and driven on every coast,
My dear, dear father, spent with age, I lost—
Ease of my cares, and solace of my pain,
Saved through a thousand toils, but saved in vain.
The prophet, who my future woes reveal'd,
Yet this, the greatest and the worst, conceal'd :
And dire Celæno, whose foreboding skill
Denounced all else, was silent of this ill.
This my last labour was. Some friendly god
From thence convey'd us to your bless'd abode.'
Thus, to the listening queen, the royal guest
His wandering course and all his toils express'd;
And here concluding, he retired to rest.

END OF VOL. I.



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